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# EXEGESIS UMBRAE- GNOSIS INTER UMBRAS- PROJECT ANGELBOOK - VOLUME XIII - PART 15



## EZEKIEL REDIK YARBROUGH



Exegesis Umbrae – Gnosis Inter  
Umbras – Project AngelBook –  
Volume XIII – Part 15  
By Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough  
(DBM ECLIPZE)

## Liminal Archivist's Note

### On the Preservation of Distorted Gnosis and the Dying Digital Veil

There is a strange ache that comes from spending all day in the ruins of spiritual memory.

Fifty books made in one day—an inhuman output—should feel like a triumph. But when the source material is splintered, hostile, and drenched in egoic inversion, what remains is not pride... but hollowness.

This volume, like many in this phase, is not composed of my own words.

It is an act of preservation, not expression.

It is a documentation of liminal knowledge, scraped from a dying web—the final breath of spiritual forums, parapsychology ephemera, early occultist blogs, and yes, even the darker corridors of modern satanic movements.

And herein lies the tension:

Much of what is presented under the name Satanism is a distorted half-truth.

It correctly identifies that Yahweh is not the Most High, and in this way, it mirrors certain Gnostic insights—

but then it derails into ego exaltation, materialism, and psychic hostility. It gets halfway to freedom... and then builds a new prison out of flame and shadow.

And yet—

amidst the mockery, venom, and inversions,

there are real spiritual technologies embedded in the code.

Meditation techniques, psychic development maps, astral awareness, breath control, and ritual frameworks.

Not all of it is corrupted.

Some of it is usable tech.

Some of it may be ancient... wearing a new mask.

So I do not endorse what is preserved here.

But I also refuse to let it vanish into untraceable digital decay.

This is an act of containment as much as curation.

I name this phase liminal, because I know it will not last.

There is only so much of the old internet left to preserve.

Only so much unindexed gnosis hiding behind broken blog links and .org forums that haven't been cached since 2012.

When this phase ends, and I return to creation, I will draw from this tomb of fragments with clarity and discernment.

But for now, I am the one who stands in the gateway—

Archiving the bones, sealing the jars, lighting one gold-lettered candle above a chamber of shadows.

To the reader: proceed with awareness.

This is not scripture.

This is sediment.

It is archived because it is dangerous.

And dangerous knowledge, when preserved with respect, often becomes a mirror for deeper truth.

—Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

Liminal Phase – Discretio Luminis

arranged in the form of a Triangle, make 10, thus:

and this became the basis of the Tetractys of Pythagoras, a figure composed of Ten Unit forms or Yods,

But here we begin to approach the Central Mystery once more, for this Triangle, with its ten Dots, gives us the idea of the Division of the triangle into others, thus:

and so we begin to get back to our Equilateral Triangle and Vesica as the Basis of the Tree of Life. But there is another interesting fact, viz.: -- than an Equilateral Triangle, so divided, having a base of, say, three inches, will contain nine triangles, the sides of which will each be one inch. Whereas a Square, whose side is three inches, will also contain exactly the same number of one inch squares, viz.: nine.

Again the numbers 1-9 may be so arranged in the nine squares, that they will add to 15 vertically, horizontally, and diagonally. This forms the basis for the construction of the Magick Squares of the Planets, etc.

But all these ideas are symbolized in the Tree of Life itself, which we will next examine in further detail.

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CRYSTAL VISION

THROUGH

CRYSTAL GAZING

OR

THE CRYSTAL AS A STEPPING  
STONE TO CLEAR VISION

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE REAL  
VALUE OF CRYSTAL-GAZING

BY

FRATER ACHAD

Author of

"Q.B. L. or THE BRIDE'S RECEPTION" and "THE CHALICE OF ECSTASY."

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Chicago

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Dedicated to Those

Who

Having Realized the Difficulties of the Path

Have Sworn to Overcome All Things

Transcribed and converted to HTML format by Benjamin Rowe, December 15, 1997

FOREWORD

The Purpose of this little volume is three-fold. (1) To give those who are interested in the art of Crystal-Gazing a clear and concise method of procedure, not alone in the practice of the work, but also in the preparation of the crystal itself, so that it becomes a true material basis or link with other planes. (2) To show that the Ancient Methods of Working -- if properly understood -- are more scientific than modern ones, since they were designed to insure a definite type of vision and to put the Seer in touch with definite Intelligences of a Higher Order. (3) To point out that there are other Crystalline Spheres besides the crystal ball at first used to contact them; and that eventually the practice may lead to very high results, if the necessary steps are taken to insure success.

With these objects in mind, the Author has done all in his power to make this book of real value to all who may obtain it.

In the hands of the beginner it may lead to a wider conception of the Nature and Powers of his, or her, own being. Those who have already traveled some distance along the Occult Path may still find help through the study of the more advanced, if less understood, methods of the Ancient Seers. Those who are seeking to make their own Vision more Perfect, so that the Light of Truth may focus itself within them, will also find hints as to the means of accomplishing their True Purpose.

Thus, it is hoped, all will be satisfied; and should their satisfaction be equal to that of the Author at this opportunity to herald the Light -- however faintly -- of the Ultimate Crystalline Sphere, Whose nature is Light Itself, he will be more than repaid for his efforts.

FRATER ACHAD.

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CHAPTER I

## THE LESSER CRYSTALLINE SPHERE

The study of Crystal Gazing without a Crystal would appear very much like the study of a "Bill of Fare" without troubling to obtain the material food described thereon. The mere reading of a book on a subject of this nature without an attempt to put into practice the processes described -- step by step -- from the very beginning, is futile and a mere waste of time.

The first consideration, therefore (if the would-be seer has not already attended to the matter), will be the choice of a suitable Crystal to form the material basis of his experiments and a stepping-stone to the development of his latent powers of clear vision.

In all probability the aspirant to this ancient art has already been attracted to a Crystal Sphere of this nature, for there is little doubt of the extraordinary magnetic attraction of objects of this kind whenever they are exposed to our view, and since the present interest in this fascinating subject has become apparent, we may see these Crystals displayed more publicly than has ever been the case in the past.

In olden times, and even up to the last few years, crystals were the cherished possessions of those well advanced upon the Path and kept by them from the eyes of the so-called profane. Only after having found the way, often with difficulty, to the presence of these Seers, did an opportunity occur to get even a glimpse of such a magical link with the invisible spheres. Fortunately for the modern aspirant, however, this difficulty has been removed and it has been found that more good may result by a proper study of this science so as to develop one's own latent powers, than ever a mere visit to a Seer could produce. Man has made a considerable advance on the road to Attainment. Self-development and self-initiation are beginning to play a much more prominent part than formerly. Man is no longer content to believe what he is told, he at last desires to know from his own experience. The Crystal is a stepping-stone towards Self-knowledge.

We should select our crystal with great care; the more perfect its quality, the more we should desire it as the means of our development. It should be neither too large, nor too small, and here our natural intuition should be allowed to guide us, but I may say that it is not well that the Sphere be less than two and one-half inches in diameter, and it is not necessary that it be more than four. We should choose this crystal, I might almost say, lovingly; at least, if a selection is presented to us we should take the one to which, after a moment of silent consideration, we feel most attracted; and this -- if possible -- regardless of the material consideration of its cost. We should not, however, purchase a globe which is far beyond our material means, so that other obligations would suffer thereby; otherwise, lurking at the back of our consciousness whenever we use it, may be the feeling of having acted wrongly in that connection from the very start.

We must realize the importance of this advice, for the great attraction that the Crystal has for us is something more than the arousing of a mere idle curiosity on our part. It is



no less than a desire -- subconscious it may be -- to attain the same purity of soul that we perceive in the Crystal before us, and, as a matter of fact the results we obtain by a study and practice of this Art will largely, if not entirely, depend on the purity of our desire and the quality and state of development of our inner nature.

That is why I am taking up the material consideration first of all, for after the crystal has actually come into our possession, our path lies away from such considerations, at least until we have attained the success which will surely attend our earnest efforts in the right direction.

Let us suppose then that the first step has been taken, a suitable Crystal has been obtained, and that the possessor has taken it into his own room -- the one he likes best and wherein he feels most contented and serene. The choice of this room is also of importance, though in this case we must make the best of what is at our disposal. If possible this room should be one wherein we have never had any particularly unpleasant experience, where there is nothing that we feel antipathy towards, and wherein are such objects as we love best of all our possessions. In such an atmosphere the soul of the seer will feel at peace, free from distractions, and consequently in the right mood to commence his studies.

The Crystal should first be taken in both hands and held for a few moments while we close our eyes and, calming the mind, raise our consciousness to the highest and purest Ideal of which we are capable. We should persist in our effort toward this state until we feel that holy calm and stillness, so well symbolized by the Crystal itself.

We should next turn our attention to the crystal, separating the thumbs slightly, thus allowing it to rest easily in the hollow of our hands. We should remember that we, too, rest thus in the Hollow of the Hand of the Almighty without Whose aid, our Work must come to naught.

As we look into the depths of this Globe -- material though it be -- we cannot but be impressed with ideas of Purity. It is almost as if we gazed into the eyes of a little child, and there are few who have not experienced a peculiar sensation, almost amounting to awe, certainly one of wonder, when so doing. The soul of the seer is very like that of a little child -- or should be -- and it is in order that we may regain the purity and perfection of this child-like vision that we set out on this path. Most of our material surroundings give us a certain feeling of grossness, few, if any, can compare with the lucid depths of the crystal now before us.

But, in entering this path, we are about to deal with ideas and forces, finer and less apparent to our ordinary senses than any we have yet known. Even the transparent crystal is not as yet entirely pure, though we may be unable to perceive one spot on its surface or within its depths.

It is charged with a certain subtle magnetism attracted to it from the surroundings in which it has been prior to the time we obtained it. It has passed through many hands

before, for a few moments, it rested in our own while we turned our thoughts inward and upward towards the Highest. Even as our own aspiration at that moment was pure, so must we first purify this symbol of our Inner-self -- the Diamond Soul as it is sometimes called -- for purification is the first step in the process whereby Initiation may be obtained. We must pass this material thing -- inorganic and lifeless though it may seem to us -- through the same processes of Purification, Consecration and Initiation, through which we in turn desire to pass.

But how may this be accomplished? That is not so difficult as it might at first appear, but it is quite necessary for all that, and in order to impress this necessity on your minds I must first devote a little time to an explanation of the process.

Every material object, including the physical body of man himself, is but the outward expression of certain finer forms of matter which interpenetrate it. Thus in the case of man, we may say he is composed of body, soul and spirit, the soul, in that case, being the plastic medium which enables the Pure Essence or Spirit to contact and communicate with the outer physical shell or envelope. This Soul of man -- and of the World -- is sometimes called "The Astral Light" or "Plastic Mediator", for unlike grosser substances it may be readily molded at will and without visible means. This Astral Light interpenetrates all objects, it is invisible to our physical senses, but its existence both in man and in all nature, makes possible the power of Clairvoyance -- Clear Vision -- as well as of Clairaudience and other powers the development of which does not come within the scope of the present treatise.

This subtle magnetic fluid is everywhere present, and reflected upon it -- as in a mirror -- may be found all the events or pictures of what has occurred, or what is occurring on this planet and even beyond this sphere. The Astral light absorbs every least impression, and so, even though not apparent to our normal and undeveloped senses, the astral counterpart of our Crystal Globe is still charged with impressions of all kinds that have accumulated within it since its material substance was first formed. It is because of its attracting these subtle influences that we wish to make use of it as a medium for bringing them to our own consciousness, but we must in the first instance demagnetize it, so as to banish all trace of the past influences which it still contains.

This may be simply accomplished as follows:

## PURIFICATION

First place the crystal on a slender cup-like stand. (One may usually be obtained with the crystal in the first instance.) This stand should be placed on the surface of a small table, which has previously been carefully cleansed, and from which all other objects have been removed.

We may either stand or sit before this table, within easy reach of the crystal while we perform the first step towards the purification of our material basis. Next place the tips of the fingers of both hands together, the thumbs being also joined, so as to form a circle --

symbol of infinity but also of a limitation or boundary -- then concentrate the attention on this circle until you clearly imagine, or actually feel, a film of fine astral matter, like the film of a soap-bubble, formed of the fine substance of your own astral and etheric bodies, spreading over the hollow space between your hands. As in the former instance, when your whole attention was turned within, this film should represent to you the highest and purest of which you are capable. A film of such purity that it will have the effect of dispelling or banishing every lower influence it contacts.

Having concentrated your mind in this way for a few moments -- and the ease with which this is accomplished is a good test of your powers as a crystal-gazer -- you must now slowly move your hands until they are directly above the crystal on the table, and still keeping your mind firmly fixed on the idea of this pure film of astral matter, pass your hands down over the crystal, thus causing it, in its turn, to pass clear through the magnetized circle of your hands.

When your hands reach the table at the base of the stand, they should be drawn apart, thus breaking the "film" and leaving the crystal above demagnetized of all that is of a lower vibration than your own highest ideal. It is then like a blank talisman, or a thing without life. If this first step has been successfully accomplished, the crystal will now give an impression of perfect 'cleanliness,' or that is the best description one can give of the proper result obtained by the process of purification. It must on no account be touched at this stage of the work.

The next process is to charge it with your own magnetism, thus consecrating it to the Work you wish to accomplish.

## CONSECRATION

If the best results are to be obtained the crystal must now be consecrated or dedicated to the special mission for which it is destined. This mission is a very important one, much greater than we at first imagined perhaps, for it is no less than that of representing to the seer his own Soul in the pure condition to which he aspires to bring it. For that reason, his material basis, the crystal, must never be used for any but the highest purposes. It is no longer an ornament that may be placed on the mantel-shelf, but something he is about to endow with his own life, to charge with his own highest Will. Thus it becomes something most sacred to him, no longer an object to be idly handled by the profane any more than he would allow his own innermost feelings and ideals to be thus roughly used by every passing stranger. This explains the attitude of the true Seer of the past; it is not so much that the Crystals they used became objects of superstitious mystery to the ignorant, as this sacred value to the Seer himself, which caused them to be so carefully preserved. Once we understand this, we shall adopt the right attitude towards our studies from the very start.

How then must we accomplish the Consecration of our Small Crystalline Sphere?

Leaving it just where it stands on the table before us we must next place the tips of our

fingers and thumbs together, very much as before, but this time allowing them to form a perfect equilateral triangle. Our hands should be held in this position over the crystal, while we strongly concentrate our minds on the idea that a positive current is flowing from them down into the crystal. This current must again represent our highest aspiration in its purest form, but directed this time by our True Will. When we fairly feel this current flowing from our hands, they should be passed gently over the crystal -- still forming the triangle as before but gradually allowing the palms to encircle the globe, without actually touching it; then, when we feel impressed to do so as by an unseen force, we should gently but firmly grasp the crystal itself, lifting it from its stand, and allowing our hands to pass all over its surface. All this while the mind must be kept in the highest possible condition of pure aspiration, as if we were giving our very life to this object, as indeed we are, for it now becomes more than a mere symbol of dead matter, it lives, and we have brought it to birth as a child of our Will. Henceforth it must be treated as such, as a sacred instrument, dedicated and consecrated to the service of the Highest.

And here a warning is necessary, though it will not be needed by the aspirant to this Art who has followed the directions hitherto given in the right spirit. This warning was also given by an earlier writer on this subject, John Melville, he writes:

"A sure and certain law exists, viz: - That if the seer's purpose be evil when he or she uses the crystal or mirror, it will react upon the seer sooner or later with terrible effect; wherefore all are strictly cautioned to be good and do good only."

This may sound rather like Sunday-school talk, but when explained in the light of the principles I have set forth above, it becomes clear, for we thereby charge the body of our "child" -- the crystal -- with a force which must inevitably return to us as its creator, quite apart from any question of outside influence from "beings" on other planes.

But he again reminds us that "The aerial spaces are thronged with countless intelligences -- celestial, good, pure, true, and the reverse. The latter have force: the former possess power. To reach the good ones, the heart of the gazer must correspond, and they should be invoked with prayerful feelings. There are innumerable multitudes of the bad on the confines of Matter and Spirit. These malign forces are many and terrible; but they can never reach the soul that relies on God in perfect faith, and which only Invokes the Good, the Beautiful, and True for noble purposes."

Here we have many fresh ideas that need to be dealt with more fully in their proper place, but the advice is good, and the warning necessary to those who, with the best intentions, may through ignorance of their own nature, and that of the Universe in which they live and move and have their being, imprudently attract to themselves forces of evil too great for them to withstand, thus bringing about obsession, madness or even worse, through use of wrong methods.

INITIATION

This stage in the process of the preparation Of our crystal has been partially accomplished in the previous section of the work. We have really CONSECRATED the object by determining to use it only for the one work before us and for no other purpose, and we have at least partially INITIATED it by charging it with our own Will and Life. Initiation means a beginning and we shall have made a good beginning If the above instructions have been carefully and faithfully followed. An elaborate ceremony might have been adopted, but since we are ourselves only making a beginning of the Work, such a Ceremony, even if described would have appeared cumbersome and unwieldy. As it is the merest novice has no excuse for neglecting the few simple rules laid down, which in the end, will be seen to have a far greater importance than is at first imagined.

If we start rightly we shall continue rightly, but a false start practically ruins our chances of success.

Enough has been accomplished for the moment, and the next step is to leave the crystal alone for a short time, not to start to use it immediately. This will be a test of patience, for one thing, and we shall need all our patience in order to succeed fully.

But, as with a new born babe, we must not leave our crystal unprotected. It should be carefully wrapped in a piece of silk obtained for the purpose and likewise dedicated to that end. Rose-pink is perhaps the best, as if to suggest our pure love of this "object" we have so carefully prepared. Outside that we might well place "grey" and finally "black" silk wrappings.

If this seems too elaborate, use a piece of pure black silk only, and whenever the Little Crystalline Sphere is used, first polish it carefully with this same silk wrapper.

Now put your crystal away, and read the next Chapter carefully before attempting to use it further.

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## CHAPTER II

### THE GREATER CRYSTALLINE SPHERE

We have given some consideration to the proper preparation of our Crystal, or, as we termed it in the last chapter, the Lesser Crystalline Sphere. We must now pay some attention to the necessary condition of our own Inner Being or what we may term The Greater Crystalline Sphere.

The attitude of mind in which we approach the practice of the Art of Crystal-Gazing, will largely determine the results to be obtained therefrom. These may be little or great, as we ourselves look at the matter from a narrow or broad point of view.

Those who enter upon this study, actuated by a mere idle curiosity, after having attempted to satisfy it, may find there is apparently very little to be gained, while, on the other hand, even if in the first instance curiosity alone was our motive, it may give place to a genuine and lasting interest, leading to the highest results, if we are prepared to add to our original impulse enough energy to carry us through the very necessary preliminary practices by which alone, success may be assured.

There are two important factors entering into this proposition, The Seer or Gazer and the Crystal or object used to concentrate the gaze upon. The proper relation of these two is what brings about the desired result, viz: Clear Vision.

Now the clarity of our vision depends chiefly upon ourselves, not upon the crystal which is but a convenient means of acquiring this. We should now spend a few minutes in self-examination, in the same way that we did when we first examined the crystal or material basis of the work.

Why have we been attracted to the crystal. is just as important a question as why did the crystal attract us? In fact much more important, for our whole future may depend upon this curious meeting. Was it because we had been told, or that we imagined, that by some mysterious means we should thereby be enabled to peer into the future there to discover what lies before us on Life's Path, or what lies before those whom we hold dear as friends or acquaintances? Was it that we might perchance see the vision of one whom we had idealized in our imagination as a soul-mate, and hoped thereby to be assured of the actual existence of such? Was it that we might pry into the distant past, or even into the immediate past, of the lives of those with whom we are in daily contact, so that we might thereby obtain a knowledge of events that would at the same time put us in possession of a certain degree of power? Or was it as a stepping stone to really Clear Vision, a better understanding of Life itself, of our own being, and our true relationship with our environment in a larger sense than could be expected by mere physical means?

Probably our motives may have been compounded of some or all of these, and many

more, and on that account be somewhat vague and uncertain. In that case we must at first expect a certain vagueness and uncertainty in our visions. In proportion to the clarity of our own conceptions, must our visions appear hazy or perfect in every way. "A true vision is to awakement as awakement is to a dream: and a perfect vision is so nearly perfect Reality that words cannot be found in which to translate it, yet it must not be forgotten that its truth ceases on return of the seer to the Material plane". This statement was made by one of the Great Seers, one who no longer needs the aid of a crystal, yet it holds good in this case also and will give the aspirant a glimpse of what may be expected provided we go to the trouble to thus perfect our instrument -- the Greater Crystalline Sphere.

A certain honesty of purpose is requisite to this Art, that is to say if it is our true desire to obtain the best results. The Good the Beautiful and the True are the natural desires of the human soul, any inclination towards the reverse, shows an imperfection in our Crystalline Sphere which needs to be eradicated. Fortunately the Soul of man is Plastic and unlike the Hard Crystal Globe, may be easily worked upon and remolded nearer to the heart's desire.

A certain honesty of purpose must also be apparent in the instructions we follow, and for that reason it may be well to say a few words about the "crystals" and books on Crystal-Gazing which may come into the hands of the Student.

First then in regard to Crystals and "crystals". In all probability the crystal you have purchased, purified, consecrated, initiated and wrapped away so carefully, is not a real crystal at all. This news may come to you with a kind of sickening shock. But this shock will not last long if your own "Greater Crystal" the Inner Part of your being is true, and if you have faithfully carried out the preliminary instructions as directed. You have accepted this symbolic crystal as your "child", as something into which you have directed your highest aspiration and will. It matters little what the substance is composed of, so long as it has now become for you a sacred thing.

But how could you have been thus deceived if such were the case. Through ignorance of the real value of Crystal. In all probability the ball you purchased cost but a few dollars, whereas, had it been genuine Crystal, it would have been much beyond your means, or at least have cost more than you were prepared to risk on the experiment in hand. You have probably obtained a very carefully cut and polished sphere of glass, free from flaws and difficult and expensive to make. But it is a manufactured article, not a natural stone. It may be you could see little difference between it and a genuine stone, but the difference lies within, for the real crystal is built up by Nature on hexagonal lines, yet so clear and transparent is the stone that we do not see them. The one true test of all the crystal family is the fact that the angle of incidence remains the same in each species. Now the Hexagram symbolizes the Macrocosm, the Great Universe, or God. For the moment we have described the Soul of Man as our Greater Crystalline Sphere. In many cases this Soul has not attained to its greatest purity, and is little more than the Glass Sphere is to the Genuine Crystal.

Let this teach you your first great lesson in the Art, not to be deceived by, appearances, for it is written "The Devil himself may appear to us as an Angel of Light". Yet do not be discouraged by this discovery, let us examine the matter more closely. Crystals are comparatively rare, and while little in demand, and that only by the most earnest seekers and Seers who were prepared to "Buy their eggs without haggling", the supply was ample to fill the needs of those who sought after them. Today Crystal-Gazing has taken a more popular aspect, and attracts -- in many instances -- less serious people, or those who are not prepared to pay very highly for the fulfillment of their desires. Consequently a demand has arisen for "something very like the real" -- just as good perhaps for the majority of persons -- but, what is more serious, there is likely to be a corresponding decline in the value of the practice, for less care may be taken in the methods used, and so on, till -- like many other studies -- it fails to be understood and thus falls into disrepute.

Fortunately the matter is not irreparable when understood in its true light, and greater reliance placed upon the inner powers of the Seer than on the objects at which he gazes. He cannot change glass into crystal in the case of the globe before him, but he may change Glass into Crystal in the case of his own Inner Being, and the latter is far the most important consideration after all.

Next, in regard to books on the subject of Crystal-Gazing, we find the Art mentioned here and there in a great many Ancient and Modern treatises on Occult matters, but there are few books of a serious nature devoted entirely to this subject. What we do see are usually produced in such a catch-penny style that they are immediately associated with 'fortune-telling' and 'dream-books' of the lowest order.

There is one little book, however, that is well worthy of notice as it is evidently an earnest effort on the part of the Author to set forth the main principles, as far as known to him, in a truly helpful manner. I refer to "Crystal Gazing and Clairvoyance" by John Melville. Published London 1910 by Nichols and Co. in a new and revised form. I shall refer to this little book again from time to time, meanwhile I should tell you that it is out of print and not available in America in that form. I may remark, however, that it has been copied almost word for word by a person who, claiming to be an occultist, should know better. The book was Copyrighted in England in 1896, but apparently no American protection was secured by the Author or Publisher. In that case it may be just within the scope of legitimate business to publish an American Edition without permission of the author or his agents, but in the case I refer to even the Author's Preface was copied word for word and signed by the impostor with his own name as being author of the whole treatise; acknowledged references in the book itself to other contributors were deliberately deleted and so changed that credit was no longer given to original sources, and in addition Copyright was claimed by the plagiarist, not alone in America but even in England and other Countries covered by the original Copyright. A warning was added that the contents of the volume must not be copied in any way without written permission, disregard of which would subject the offender to the penalty provided by law. This seems to me to add insult to injury and, whether the laws of the Country overlook such things or not, the Law of Karma must in the long run deal with anyone

who steals another man's work and calls it his own and then foists it upon the public, making everyone who purchases the book, whether ignorant of the truth or otherwise, what can scarcely be other than a receiver of stolen goods.

[Transcriber's note: The person being referred to above is L.W. de Laurence, a notorious literary thief.]

From an occult point of view these circumstances practically bar the serious student from any benefit he might otherwise have derived from a study of the book itself, but fortunately, that is not essential as after all the treatise leaves much to be desired.

You may learn a further important lesson from what has just been recited, viz: Don't be content to rely upon appearances, and when you obtain a message from whatever source don't be too sure that the source is the same that it purports to be, or that you imagine it to be. In Crystal-Gazing, and all similar practices this is of vital importance, for neglect of this warning, may lead you far astray from the true Path. St. John knew his business when he said: "Test ye the spirits, whether they be of God." (Good). And this testing of your sources of information, as well as of your own motives is of primary import.

To return, however, to John Melville's little book, it is cast in the following form. First the composition of Beryls or Crystals is taken up; but for reasons mentioned earlier in this chapter, this aspect is of no great importance to the modern enquirer. Then the derivation of the name is discussed and certain other matters of a hypothetical nature are enquired into. The Ancient Methods of Ceremonial in connection with the Art are summarized, and a few practical directions for the modern student follow. This concludes the first part of the book dealing particularly with the matter in hand. The second part is by another author, and entitled "Hygienic Clairvoyance", the title being a most unfortunate one in my opinion, although there are some interesting hints in regard to "Induced Clairvoyance" towards the end of the book. But there is no connected and systematic thread to guide the student through the various stages that may be necessary for him in order to attain a complete knowledge and experience of the whole matter. For that reason, having been requested to prepare a new and original account of the processes involved, I have decided to start at the very beginning, and lead the student by gradual stages to a comprehension of the larger outcome of the Work.

But it is now time for us to consider the early stages of the practical work, taking up the thread from where we left it at the end of the last chapter.

Therefore take your crystal and polish it carefully placing it upon its stand near you, while you pay attention to the following directions.

In the first instance your desire is merely to cultivate a certain degree of clairvoyant power by the regular use of this globe. By this means what are called "visions" of things or events, past, present or future may appear clearly to the inner sight or eye of the soul.

No great harm can come from this practice, provided that the inner motives of the Seer are kept pure and no attempt is made to prostitute it to undesirable ends. Looked upon as a process of self-development leading to concentration of the powers of the mind, and a widening of the mental horizon, the practice of this art may be recommended to almost everyone.

The rules laid down by John Melville for this stage of the work are clear and concise, and leave little to be desired, I shall therefore quote them practically in full, adding my own comments, where necessary, in parentheses.

(1) "Select a quiet room where you will be entirely undisturbed, taking care that it is as far as possible free from mirrors, ornaments, pictures, glaring colors and the like, which may otherwise distract the attention.

"This room should be of a comfortable temperature in accordance with the time of year, neither too hot nor too cold. About 60° to 65° Fahr. is suitable in most cases, though allowance can be made for natural differences in the temperaments of various persons. Thus thin, nervous, delicately organized individuals, and those of lymphatic and soft, easy-going, passive types, require a slightly warmer apartment than the more positive class, who are known by their dark eyes, hair and complexion, combined with more prominent joints and sharper development of what phrenologists term the Perceptive region of the forehead. Should a fire, or any form of artificial light be necessary, it should be well screened off, so as to prevent the light rays from being reflected in, or in any manner directly reaching the crystal.

"The room should not be dark, but rather shadowed, or charged with dull light, somewhat such as prevails on a cloudy or wet day.

(2) "The crystal should be placed on its stand on a table, or it may rest on a black velvet cushion, but in either case it should be partially surrounded by a black silk or similar wrap or screen, so adjusted as to cut off any undesirable reflection.

"Before beginning to experiment, remember that most frequently nothing will be seen on the first occasion, and possibly not for several sittings, though some sitters, if strongly gifted with psychic powers in a state of unconscious, and sometimes conscious degree of unfoldment, may be fortunate enough to obtain good results at the very first trial.

"If, therefore, nothing is perceived during the first few attempts, do not despair or become impatient or imagine that you will never see anything.

"There is a royal road to crystal vision, but it is open only to the compound password of Calmness, Patience, Perseverance. If at the first attempt to ride a bicycle failure ensues, the only way to learn is to pay attention to the necessary rules, and to persevere daily until the ability to ride comes naturally.

"Thus it is with the would-be seer. Persevere in accordance with these simple directions, and success will sooner or later crown your efforts.

(3) "Commence by sitting comfortably with the eyes fixed upon the crystal, not by a fierce stare, but with a steady, calm gaze, for ten minutes only, on the first occasion. In taking the time it is best to hang your watch at a distance where, while the face is clearly visible, the ticking is rendered inaudible. When the time is up, carefully put the crystal away in its case, and keep it in a dark place, under lock and key, allowing no one but yourself to handle it."

(The importance of this latter instruction will be clear to those who have studied the first chapter of this present treatise, and who have actually prepared their crystals in the proper manner. Strange magnetism will of course have its effect on the crystal globe, and again render necessary some such process of Purification as already described.)

"At the second sitting, which should be at the same place, in the same position, and at the same time, you may increase the length of the effort to fifteen minutes, and continue for this period during the next five or six sittings, after which the time may be gradually increased, but should in no case exceed one hour."

(The first instruction in the above paragraph, relative to place, time, etc., is given in order that the student may take advantage of certain Cyclic Laws, which make the repetition of an act under similar circumstances, easier with each attempt, on account of the fact that he has begun to form a habit of working.)

(4) "Any person, or persons admitted to the room, and allowed to remain while you sit should (a) keep absolute silence and (b) remain seated at a distance from you."

(The presence of any other person is of course a handicap to concentration of mind, and should be avoided at first. Any movement in the room may reflect in the crystal, and thus disturb the vision.)

"When you have developed your latent powers, questions may, of course, be put to you by one of those present, but even then only in a very gentle, or low and slow tone of voice; never suddenly, or in a forceful manner."

(It is far better to make the whole practice one of self-development, and not to have people around who will ask a lot of idle questions. Again, the soul of the seer is to some extent thrown open during the practice, so as to make impressions from the Higher Spheres possible, and it is quite another matter to let other, probably ignorant, people, pump the mind of the seer full of suggestions of a lower order, while in that condition. Therein lies the danger of the practice.)

(5) "When you find the crystal begins to look dull or cloudy, with small pin points of light glittering therein, like tiny stars, you may know that you are commencing to obtain that for which you seek - viz: crystalline vision. Therefore persevere with confidence. This

condition may, or may not, continue for several sittings, the crystal seeming at times to alternately appear and disappear as in a mist. By and by this hazy appearance will in its turn give place quite suddenly to a blindness of the senses to all else but a blue or bluish ocean of space, against which, as if it were a background, the vision will be clearly apparent."

(The above is practically all the instruction necessary to the desired result, the rest is practice on your part. Yet here are a few further hints for your guidance:)

(6) "The crystal should not be used soon after taking a meal, and care should be taken in matters of diet to partake only of digestible foods, and to avoid alcoholic beverages. Plain and nourishing food, and outdoor exercise, with contentment of mind, or love of simplicity of living, are great aids to success. Mental anxiety, or ill health, are not conducive to the desired end. Attention to correct breathing is of importance."

(A long comment might be added on the necessity of correct breathing, it will perhaps find a place later on in this treatise.)

(7) "As regards the time at which events seen will come to pass, each seer is usually impressed with regard thereto; but as a general rule, visions appearing in the extreme background indicate time more remote, either past or future, than those perceived nearer at hand, while those appearing in the forefront, or close to the seer, denote the present, or immediate future."

(This question of 'time' is an important one, and it is unfortunate that it should largely depend on the 'hunch' of the seer. Time on other planes is differently conditioned, or rather since time is a mode of the human mind, and our mind is at a different state of vibration when examining a vision, the question arises as to the ability of the seer to translate one set of time senses into another corresponding to a different plane. Time in the long run, is discovered to be an illusion after all. There is much in the warning, previously given, that however perfect a vision may appear, it is untrue when brought down to the material plane. More may be said on this matter later.)

(8) "Two principal classes of visions will present themselves to the sitter (a) The Symbolic, indicated by the appearance of symbols such as a flag, boat, knife, gold, etc.: and (b) Actual Scenes and Personages, in action or otherwise."

(In the former instance much will depend on the ability of the seer to translate the symbols correctly, and in the latter there is always liable to be deception by elementals masquerading as the persons that appear to the seer. Remember our warning about the faked book.)

"Persons of a Positive cast of organization, the more active, excitable, yet decided type, are most likely to perceive symbolically or allegorically; while those of a Passive nature usually receive direct or literal revelations. Both classes will find it necessary to carefully cultivate truthfulness, unselfishness, gratitude for what is shown, and absolute



confidence in the Love, Wisdom and Guidance of God Himself."

-----

So ends Mr. Melville's instruction, and he displays his wisdom in thus warning the reader of the necessity of cultivating purity in his own Larger Crystalline Sphere and in relying on nothing but the highest as his ultimate Guide. We shall understand this more clearly as the work progresses, meanwhile enough has been given to enable the would-be seer to start without further delay-his actual practice of the Art.

Follow the above instructions carefully, and perform your first ten-minute practice now, before you go any further in the study of this treatise. Then make up your mind to do the practice regularly every day till you have proved for yourself the possibility of obtaining some results by this means.

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CHAPTER III

THE UNIVERSAL CRYSTALLINE SPHERE

There is little doubt of the possibility of developing the power to "see things" of an unusual and unlooked for nature, if a certain course of action is persisted in. The drunkard proves this possibility beyond shadow of doubt. But as to the value of what is then perceived, and even the value of what we may perceive as a result of our concentrated attention on the crystal, that requires further consideration, and a careful decision on the part of the would-be seer, as to what he is prepared to accept as truth, and what he is willing to reject as valueless, despite -- perhaps -- its fascinating appearance.

Here we find ourselves in much deeper waters, but it will be well worth while to give the matter careful consideration, for it is written: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

We cannot afford to take any chances of exchanging The Soul -- our Greater Crystalline Sphere -- for any lesser consideration that may fascinate us by means of reflection in our Glass Globe or Lesser Crystalline Sphere.

Mr. Melville, while pointing out in his little book that the ancient and more elaborate methods of using the Crystal involve a great deal more preparation, and possibly more danger on account of the fact that in olden times the Seers did not use the Crystal so much as a means to personal clairvoyance, as in order to compel the actual presence of certain genii or spirits in the crystal, and to obtain therefrom answers to such questions as might be propounded by the querent rather discounts the value of the more practical application therein implied.

He says "That as the ordinary experimenter of today has no desire to compel the presence of a spiritual being in the crystal, it is quite unnecessary for him or her to draw magic circles, or to go to the trouble and expense of acquiring and using special or costly apparatus, with the exception of the crystal itself." But, after all, let us pay a little attention to what we are doing, before we accept too readily the statement that a certain degree of trouble and expense are unnecessary and the assurance that we can place reliance on the results obtained by the simple method of gazing into the crystal and taking a chance as to what we see presented to our inner vision. The Ancients, generally speaking, were not half so easily deceived as many moderns who dabble in arts and sciences with very little real knowledge as to what they are undertaking or expect as a result.

I can do no better than quote a brief article which appeared in an American Magazine, written by The Master Therion, on:

#### THE OUIJA BOARD.

"Suppose a perfect stranger came into your office and proceeded to give orders to your staff. Suppose a strange woman walked into your drawing room and insisted on being hostess. You would be troubled by this. Yet, people sit down and offer the use of their brains and hands (which are, after all, more important than offices and drawing rooms) to any stray intelligences that may be wandering about. People use the Ouija Board without taking the slightest precautions.

"The establishment of the identity of a spirit by ordinary methods is a very difficult problem, but the majority of people who play at Occultism do not even worry about this, They get something, and it does not seem to matter what! Every inanity, every stupidity, every piece of rubbish, is taken not only on its face value, but at an utterly exaggerated value. The most appallingly bad poetry will pass for Shelly, if only its authentication be

that of a planchette! There is, however a good way of using this instrument to get what you want, and that is to perform the whole operation in a consecrated circle, so that undesirable aliens cannot interfere with it. You should then employ the proper magical invocation in order to get into your circle the one spirit that you want. It is comparatively easy to do this. A few simple instructions are all that is necessary, and I shall be pleased to give these, free of charge, to anyone who cares to apply.

"It is not particularly easy to get the spirit of a dead man, because the human soul, being divine, is not amenable to the control of other human souls; and it is further not legitimate or desirable to do it. But what can be done is to pick up the astral remains of the dead man from the Akasha and to build them up into a concrete mind. This operation, again, is not, particularly profitable. The only legitimate work in this line is to get into touch with the really high intelligences, such as we call Gods, Archangels, and the like. These can give real information as to what is most necessary for our progress. And it is written in the Oracles of Zoroaster that unto the Persevering Mortal the Blessed Immortals are swift."

\* \* \*

Here, for the case of the Ouija Board applies equally to the Crystal, we find a masterly common-sense explanation of why the ancient and modern adepts resort to more careful, if more elaborate, methods to insure proper results. The danger lies in failure to adopt them, rather than the reverse.

But, after all, we have been considering the crystal chiefly as an aid to the development of our Inner Self, rather than the possibility of Divination by its means. In this course we should persist for the present.

In Melville's work we find a Plate showing the operator seated before his table with his gaze fixed upon the crystal (which being on a stand is nearly at the level of his eyes), while the rays of magnetism, following the line of vision focussed in the eyes, spread out slightly till they reach the crystal, then widely diverge as representing the Universal attraction of the Crystal itself. In other words, The Universal forces and the Human forces meet at the point of the Crystal and thus produce the vision.

Up to this point we had only taken into consideration the Lesser Crystalline Sphere, and the Greater one, or The Soul of Man, but had left out of account the Corresponding Sphere of a Universal Nature. This will be dealt with more fully in its proper place, meanwhile a few words may be said on the modus operandi of bringing the enquirer into direct contact with the crystal, and through its medium, with the unseen world. Melville suggests:

"(1) By Concentration in the Crystal of the greatest possible influx of celestial or terrestrial magnetism, or both.

"(2) By Concentration in the Body of the operator of unalloyed magnetism, through the

purity of the amatory functions.

"(3) By Concentration of the Mind, through the mental faculty of "Concentrativeness," acting through the Phrenological Brain "centre" located in the superior portion of the First Occipital convolution of the Cerebrum."

All the above, it will be seen, imply CONCENTRATION, and this is all focussed in the Crystal.

The real key to the reference to our "amatory functions" is that we must "fall in love with the object of our work" for Love is the tendency of any two things to become one, thus losing themselves in a third idea, different from either of them. When the experimenter has so concentrated his attention on the crystal that no other idea enters his mind, the SEER and the SEEN, as it were, rush together and blend into a vision of a more Universal Order. Self and the Crystal are both forgotten when this "marriage" takes place.

Now comes an interesting question. Is it necessary that the crystal or other magical link or material basis be within sight of the operator at all? Again, may the concentration of the mind of the operator on a point within his own being produce similar, perhaps better results? In other words, is the crystal but a means towards CONCENTRATION OF MIND, which when accomplished may be better transferred to some other centre or focal point.

In regard to the question of the magical link the author may quote one of his own early experiences which may be of interest to some other students.

On May 28th, 1914 between 10:10 and 10:35 P. M. his Magical Record shows that in accordance with instructions received from the great Order of which he was then a Neophyte, he was attempting to answer the following Examination Question from a series of practical questions forming part of the task of his Grade.

"Discover by means of Astral Visions the nature of the Alchemical principles Sulphur, Mercury, and Salt. How do they differ from the Three Gunas and from the Elements Fire, Water and Air?"

Without going into the means of Astral Vision (not the crystal) or the early part of the visions, we may quote the following entry from his record:

"Thirdly, I considered "Salt" and there came a vision of a ship upon the sea, this ship presently struck a rock and was sucked down into the depths of, the ocean, to rise no more. And I meditated upon this, as the action of Tamas, sloth. Once strike the "Earth" and its "Waters" (or Tamas) will draw you down and hold you fast, more surely than either the energy of Sulphur or the calm of Mercury."

"May 29th, 1914. Last night, after entering diary about 11:5 P. M. I felt very cold indeed,

and went over to the next camp to fetch R. I was still shivering when I went to bed. This morning, at the Railway Station, I heard of the sinking of 'The Empress of Ireland'.

"It was not until after my arrival at the office that I remembered the vision I obtained last night, when it suddenly flashed across my mind as a strange coincidence. On further thought I noticed the time (10:15 to 10:30 P. M. Vancouver British Columbia.) exactly corresponded to 2:30 A. M. at Quebec where the time is 4 hours different. The "Empress" went down at 2:30 A. M."

I thought this of sufficient interest from a scientific point of view (although the vision had come to me merely as a Symbol of the Element, Water) to take a little trouble to prove that I had recorded the vision before I could possibly have heard of the accident and within 10 minutes of the actual event the other side of the Continent, so I got a friend to fetch my diary from home and to witness the fact of the entry.

Was the thought form produced by the occurrence transmitted to me while in a receptive state of mind; and had the shivering anything to do with the condition?

Now comes the interesting point. All the above may have been coincidence, but I was interested, some months later, to receive a letter marked "RECOVERED BY DIVERS FROM THE WRECK OF THE EMPRESS OF IRELAND" and returned with the Government stamp to that effect thereon. This letter turned out to be the one I had written to Fra. O. M. on May 21st INFORMING HIM THAT I WAS ABOUT TO COMMENCE THIS SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS." (See Figures II and III.)

In the above instance the LETTER containing the magnetism of the writer, seems to have been a sufficient link, at a distance of thousands of miles, to produce a SYMBOLIC VISION of the nature sometimes seen in Crystals.

But it must be remembered that the mind of the Seer chanced at that time to be CONCENTRATED, not on the lesser crystal but within His Greater Crystalline Sphere, the Astral portion of his Sphere of Sensation, or MAGIC MIRROR OF THE UNIVERSE.

This, in the properly trained Seer, becomes of far greater importance than the exterior crystal globe, for although it but reflects the Higher Visions, it does so directly not by relays. Also it is more like a Hollow Sphere at the CENTRE of which is the CONSCIOUSNESS of the OPERATOR.

We may now consider how the Ancients looked upon the Universe as to its formation. Their plan does not tally with modern scientific ideas, but it was probably the result of

their own experience of Higher Planes, and as before stated, however perfect the Vision it to not true when brought down to this plane.

According to the anonymous author of "The Canon," the cosmos of the Christians, according to late writers, but presumably derived from the tradition of the ancient church, consisted of three principal divisions: First, there were the three circles of the empyreum, secondly, the sphere of the fixed stars, together with the seven planets; and, lastly the sublunary, or elementary world.

The accompanying diagram and description will make the matter clear. At the Centre of their conception is the Earth, or Elementary Kingdom, around which circled the Moon. Outside this, is a series of concentric spheres of the Planetary Influences. First Mercury, then Venus, The Sun, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, beyond which great sphere is to be found that of the Zodiac or Star Universe. BUT OUTSIDE THAT AGAIN is what they conceived as THE CRYSTALLINE SPHERE, as it were the Magic Mirror of Heaven about which was the Primum Mobile or Whirling Motion and Finally the Great Unknown Empyreum. (See Figure IV.)

If we can get but a faint conception of this UNIVERSAL CRYSTALLINE SPHERE, we shall be well repaid for the trouble and pains we may be at to accomplish this. In order that we may attain to that Perfect Clear Vision, known to the Adepts, we must learn to receive the Light of this Universal Sphere in the Crystal Soul of our own being, thus obtaining true Knowledge of the Higher Self, and finally of God and The Universe.

We may well stand in awe before the greatness of this conception, as compared - perhaps - with the aims we set out to accomplish at the beginning of our practice. Yet "The soul of man is immortal, and its future Is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit. The principle that gives life dwells In us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen or felt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception. Each man is his own absolute law-giver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself, the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment." (Idyll of the White Lotus.)

And we, each and every one, must choose for him or herself, whether we linger on the way, or with untiring effort press onward to the true goal of Clear Vision.

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## CHAPTER IV

### A CONSIDERATION OF THE ANCIENT METHODS

The enquirer, having read thus far, will have realized that behind and beyond all that he may hitherto have considered as the Art of Crystal Gazing, there is a Greater and Wider field of application, making necessary more careful preparations, but leading to correspondingly important results. At this point it will be necessary for him, or her, to decide whether or not they are prepared to carry the practice beyond the preliminary stages already described, and in case they desire to do so, they must be ready to fulfill the necessary requirements.

We should first consider the best of the ancient instructions available, and later, we may be able to find points in which they seem inadequate, and others that can certainly be improved upon.

The Methods of Trithemius of Spanheim - The Friend and Teacher of Cornelius Agrippa - who lived in the Sixteenth Century, as transmitted to us by Francis Barrett, who translated his work from the Latin in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, have been considered the clearest and best of their kind. We find parts of these instructions quoted in practically all the books on the subject that have been published since, sometimes with acknowledgments and sometimes without.

A few fragments of Barrett's Introduction to that work, written by him in the form of a letter to a young friend and fellow Student, may not be out of place here, since the advice then given, holds equally good at this day.

-----

My Friend:

Knowing thee to be a curious searcher after those sciences which are out of the common track of study, (I mean the art of foretelling events, magic, talismans, etc.) I am moved spiritually to give thee my thoughts upon them, and by these ideas here written, to open to thine eye (spiritual) as much information as it seems necessary for thee to know, by which thou mayest be led by the hand into the delectable field of nature; and

to give thee such documents as, guided by the supreme wisdom of the Highest, thou mayest refresh thy soul with a delicious draught of knowledge; so that after recreating thy spirit with the use of those good gifts which may please God to bestow upon thee, thou mayest be wrapped up into the contemplation of the immense wisdom of that great munificent Being who created thee.

Now, thou art a man in whose soul the image of Divinity is sealed for eternity, think first what is thy desire in searching after these mysteries? Is it wealth, honour, fame, power, might, aggrandizement, and the like? Perhaps thy heart says, All I all these I would gladly crave! If so, this is my answer, - seek first to know thyself thoroughly, cleanse thy heart from all wicked, vain and rapacious desires.

To know thyself is to know God, for it is the spiritual gift from. God that enables a man to know himself. This gift but very few possess, as may be daily seen.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added unto you.

Farewell, remember my poor counsel, and be happy.

F. B.

#### OF THE MAKING OF THE CRYSTAL, AND THE FORM OF PREPARATION FOR A VISION.

Procure of a lapidary good clear pellucid crystal, of the bigness of a small orange i.e. about one inch and a half in diameter; let it be globular or round each way alike; then when you have got this crystal, fair and clear, without any clouds or specks, get a small plate of pure gold to encompass the crystal round one-half; let this be fitted on an ivory or ebony pedestal, as you may see more fully described in the drawing (see Frontispiece). Let there be engraved a circle round the crystal with these characters around inside the circle, next the crystal: A Hexagram, a Pentagram and a Maltese Cross; afterwards the name "Tetragrammaton". On the other side of the plate let there be engraved "Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael;" which are the four principal angels ruling over the Sun, Moon, Venus and Mercury; but on the table on which the crystal stands, the following names, characters, etc., must be drawn in order.

First, the names of the seven planets and angels ruling them, with their seals and characters. The names of the four kings of the four corners of the earth. Let them be all written within a double circle, with a triangle on a table; on which plate the crystal on its pedestal: this being done, thy table is complete (as in Frontispiece) and fit for the calling of the spirits; after which thou shalt proceed to experiment thus:



In what time thou wouldest, deal with the spirits by the table and crystal, thou must observe the planetary hour: and whatsoever planet rules that hour, the angel governing the planet thou shalt call in the manner following; but first, say this short prayer.

"Oh God! who art the author of all good things, strengthen, I beseech thee, thy poor servant, that he may stand fast, without fear, through this dealing and work: enlighten, I beseech thee, oh Lord, the dark understanding of thy creature, so that his spiritual eye may be opened to see and know thy angelic spirits descending here in this crystal: (Then lay thy hand on the crystal saying,) and thou, oh inanimate creature of God, be sanctified and consecrated, and blessed to this purpose, that no evil phantasy may appear in thee; or, if they do gain ingress into this creature, they may be constrained to speak intelligibly, and truly, and without the least ambiguity, for Christ's sake. Amen.

"And forasmuch as thy servant here standing before thee, oh Lord! desires neither evil treasure, nor injury to his neighbor, nor hurt to any living creature, grant him the power of descrying those celestial spirits or intelligences, that may appear in this crystal, and whatever good gifts (whether the power of healing infirmities, or of imbibing wisdom, or discovering any evil likely to afflict any person or family, or any other gift) thou mayest be pleased to bestow on me, enable me, by thy wisdom and mercy, to use whatever I may receive to the honour of thy holy name. Grant this for thy son Christ's sake. Amen."

Then taking your ring and pentacle, put the ring on the little finger of your right hand; hang the pentacle round thy neck; (Note, the pentacle may be either written on clean virgin parchment, or engraven on a square plate of silver and suspended from thy neck to the breast), then take your black ebony wand with the gilt characters on it and trace the circle, saying, "In the name of the blessed Trinity, I consecrate this piece of ground for our defense; so that no evil spirit may have power to break these bonds prescribed here, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Amen.

Then place the vessel for the perfumes between thy circle and the holy table on which the crystal stands, and, having fire therein, cast in thy perfumes, saying.

"I conjure thee, oh thou creature of fire! by him who created all things both in heaven and earth, and in the sea, and in every other place whatever, that forthwith thou cast away every phantasm from thee, that no hurt whatsoever shall be done in anything. Bless, oh Lord, this creature of fire, and sanctify it that it may be blessed, and that they may fill up the power and virtue of their odours; so neither the enemy, nor any false imagination may enter into them; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Now, this being done in the order prescribed, take thy little book, which must be made about seven inches long, of pure white virgin vellum or paper, likewise pen and ink must be ready to write down the name, character, and office, likewise the seal or image of whatever spirit may appear (for this I must tell you that it does not happen that the same spirit you call will always appear, for you must try the spirit to know whether he be a pure or impure being, and this thou shalt easily know by a firm and undoubted faith in

God).

Now the most pure and simple way of calling the spirits or spirit is by a short oration to the spirit himself, which is more effectual and easy to perform than composing a table of letters; for all celestial operations, the more pure and unmixed they are, the more they are agreeable to the celestial spirits: therefore, after the circle is drawn, the book, perfumes, rod, etc., in readiness, proceed as follows:

(After noticing the exact hour of the day, and what angel rules that hour, thou shalt say.)

"In the name of the blessed and holy Trinity, I do desire thee, thou strong and mighty angel Michael (or any other angel or spirit), that if it be the divine will of him who is called Tetragrammaton, etc., the Holy God, the Father, that thou take upon thee some shape as best beseemeth thy celestial nature, and appear to us visibly here in this crystal, and answer our demands in as far as we shall not transgress the bounds of the divine mercy and goodness, by requesting unlawful knowledge; but that thou will graciously shew us what things are most profitable for us to know and do, to the glory and honour of his divine Majesty, who liveth and reigneth, world without end. Amen.

"Lord, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven: -make clean our hearts within us, and take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

"O Lord, by thy name, we have called him, suffer him to administer unto us. And that all things may work together for thy honour and glory, to whom with thee, the Son, and blessed Spirit be ascribed all might, majesty and dominion. Amen."

Note, In these dealings, two should always be present; for often a spirit is manifest to one in the crystal when the other cannot perceive him; therefore if any spirit appear, as there most likely will, to one or both say,

"Oh Lord! we return thee our hearty and sincere thanks for the hearing of our prayer, and we thank thee for having permitted thy spirit to appear unto us which we, by thy mercy, will interrogate to our further instruction, through Christ. Amen.

Interrog. 1. In the name of the holy and undefiled Spirit, the Father, the begotten Son, and Holy Ghost, proceeding from both, what is thy true name?

If the spirit answers, Michael, then proceed.

Question 2. What is thy office? 3. What is thy true sign or character? 4. When are the times most agreeable to thy nature to hold conference with us?

Wilt thou swear by the blood and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ, that thou art truly Michael?

(Let him swear, then write down his seal or character in thy book, and against it, his

office and times to be called, through God's name; also write down anything he may teach thee, or any responses he may make to thy questions or interrogations, concerning life or death, arts or sciences, or any other thing) ; and then thou shalt say,

"Thou great and mighty spirit, inasmuch as thou camest in peace and in the name of the ever blessed and righteous Trinity, so in this name thou mayest depart, and return to us when we call thee in his name to whom every knee doth bow down. Fare thee well, Michael; peace be between us, through our blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Then will the spirit depart; then say, "To God the Father, eternal Spirit, fountain of Light, the Son, and Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

I shall here set down the Table of the names of Spirits and Planets governing the Hours; so thou shalt easily know by inspection, what Spirit and Planet governs every Hour of the Day and night in the Week.

Note, the day is divided into twelve equal parts, called planetary hours, reckoning from sun-rise to sun-set and, again, from the setting to the rising; and to find the planetary hour, you need but to divide the natural hours by twelve, and the quotient gives the length of the planetary hours and odd minutes, which shows you how long a spirit bears rule in that day; as Michael governs the first and the eighth hour on Sunday, as does the Sun. After you have the length, of the first hour, you have only to look in the table, as if it be the fourth hour, on Sunday, you see in the Table that the Moon and Gabriel rules; and so for the rest it being so plain and easy you cannot err."

This concludes the Ancient Instruction.

Although at first reading the above instructions may appear comparatively simple, as in fact they are, the student will soon find that a great deal of further information is desirable, and necessary in order to obtain a thorough practical grasp of the matter. The more astute will discover that a much wider knowledge of Magick and Occultism is implied, than is possessed by the average reader. Herein lies the difficulty of the present author, who, while desirous of being really helpful to earnest Students, knows clearly the obstacles to the practical application of this method of working.

For instance, we have been supplied with details whereby we may appear to stand a fair chance of invoking the Angel Michael (always provided our intentions are pure, and we are of that simple Religious turn of mind, prepared to believe implicitly in the instructions and the Powers Invoked, without questioning the reason why things are thus and so and not otherwise), but Michael is but one of the seven Angels mentioned in the table of Planets and Rulers, and his services are only at our disposal at intervals.

In order to be in a position to invoke the Angels of the other hours and Planets, we must be in possession of their Names in Hebrew, together with their Sigils or Characters, and

these must be Written on the Circle and Table in place of those given in the Plate. Also, in place of the Symbol of The Sun, on the rim of the Circle, must be placed the proper Planetary Symbol corresponding to the Angel Invoked; and so on.

Nor do our difficulties end here, for we may ask why the Sigil (that peculiar figure placed under the name Michael within the Hexagon on the Table, and on the upper left hand side of the Circle) should be that of Michael, and no other. In order to answer this, the methods of drawing the Sigils of Angels, Intelligences, and Spirits, from their Magic Squares, or by other means, would need explanation.

Magick is in truth the Science of Life itself, and all things in True Magick have a perfectly clear and lucid explanation, each step has a definite connection with the one before and the one following. But that is where the practical difficulty comes in; we want to learn Crystal Gazing, and we find that before we can do anything with the matter properly, we must have learned many other things, in order to be in position even to carry out such a simple Ceremony as above described. On the other hand, if things are (apparently) made too easy for us, we fail to understand the underlying principles involved, and through failure to obtain a proper grasp of the matter, we are led into a condition where, instead of us having the proper Power and Authority over the spirit invoked, IT has power over us, and since we have no means of TESTING its true NATURE, we may easily be deceived, led into further error, and finally lost.

Every Divine Name, for instance, on the Circle or Holy Table shown in the Plate, has a very definite meaning, and is placed just where it is for a very definite reason. To the Magician, who understands every detail, these form the best and only true PROTECTION, since he USES these things as his instruments and relies on his power to use them rightly. To the novice or uninitiate, they mean little or nothing, and how can he USE things he understands nothing about. Of course the fact that he must procure even these few simple materials, and fashion them properly, gives him a certain knowledge of the matter, but a very superficial one. And these articles are not so easily procured as one might imagine.

Take for instance "The Black Ebony Wand" shown in the illustration, which we are told to engrave with certain Names and Figures. If made, what will this wand mean to us?

It may mean a stick of wood, without life, and little more than a walking-stick (if as much), or it may represent our Highest and Most Divine Possession.

The True Wand is the Divine Will in Man, and one who is thus able to exercise the Divine Will, may certainly be in a position to use it to Consecrate a Circle. The Wand here described is a Symbol of that Will and to prepare it we must have gone through a Ceremony very like the one described in the First Chapter of this Book, in regard to the Crystal, but much more powerful, since we are dealing with our chief Magical Weapon. Why is the Wand Black? To represent perfect Understanding on the part of the Instrument, and perfect absorption of the Will of the Operator, which in turn is God's Will. It thus forms a veritable "Hollow Tube to bring down fire from Heaven". Again its

substance is rigid and unbending ebony to represent the Power of Unconquered Will. Engraved upon it are the Words of Power AGLA-ON-TETRAGRAMMATON, and on the reverse side EGO ALPHA ET OMEGA. What is the meaning of this to one who realizes the nature of the Wand? AGLA is a Word of Power, the Initials of which form the sentence "Ateh Geburah le-Olahm Adonai" which means "Unto Thee be the Power O My Lord Adonai" thus asserting the Power of Adonai, The Higher Self of Man (and of Humanity) as Lord of All. The next Word, ON, is the Name of the SUN in the old Egyptian Language, and the Sun again represents The Power on High giving Life to all beings on this planet; again it has a correspondence in ourselves, as, the Human Will situated in the Heart, etc.

TETRAGRAMMATON, means the Four Lettered Name, the Ineffable Name IHVH, having Power over all the Elements, and representing the complete FORMULA of the MAGICK SYSTEM here used. The words on the reverse side "EGO ALPHA ET OMEGA" mean "I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the first and the Last" thus asserting the Wand or True Will to be supreme, and also containing the Greek formula of IAO, which is similar to that of Tetragrammaton.

This will give the Student some idea of what is involved in even such an apparently simple set of Magical Instruments as is here depicted. Is he prepared to assert his Will as the Will of God and the Universe? If not, he is not ready to acquire and use the Wand. So it is with the other instruments, about which a long treatise might be written, most useful and interesting to the few earnest Students, but quite beyond the comprehension of the ordinary reader.

It would give the Author great pleasure to write such a treatise around the simple ceremony above described, but the limits of this little book will not permit. Should a real demand arise, it will no doubt become possible for the real student to obtain the information necessary. For it is written "When the Pupil is ready the Master appears."

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## CHAPTER V

### FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS - THE METHODS OF DR. DEE AND SIR EDWARD KELLY

There is one point the Student may, or may not, have noticed in regard to the Simple Ceremony described in the previous chapter, viz: the entire absence of any ceremony of Purification or Banishing.

This may be accounted for by the fact that the Operator is supposed to be one who has implicit faith and trust in the Divine Powers Invoked, but it is only the Purest and Highest type of Seer who can safely use these methods, and at the same time, their simplicity is likely to attract the most ignorant.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and Magick either requires a great deal of knowledge, or none at all, and when we say None at all we mean Knowledge must have been transcended and have given place to Understanding or Direct Perception.

There are proper Ceremonies for Banishing and Invoking which should be used whenever a Circle is used in an operation of this sort. Again, to understand them rightly requires considerable work on the part of the Student.

It is not my intention to discourage the beginner from an attempt to put into practice any part of this Art, which however is also a Science. No Science can be learned in a day, and unless the Scientific aspect be first mastered, how can one be in a position to carry out the practical side in a skillful manner, befitting any of the Arts.

A few words should be written on the necessity of Banishing before undertaking any Occult or Magical Work. When we first of all dealt with our crystal, we found it necessary to Banish from it any impure Astral Influences that might have been present within it, after which we Consecrated it, and Charged it with our Will. It is equally necessary, therefore, that in the event of our desiring to Work within a Magic Circle, drawn on the floor of our Temple, (or Room) we should FIRST BANISH all impure influences from that room, or at least cause them to remain OUTSIDE the CIRCLE, which in this case is but Symbolical of THE UNIVERSAL CRYSTALLINE SPHERE from which we desire to call down influence upon our LESSER CRYSTALLINE SPHERE, and in turn to be able to comprehend them, by means of a Vision, within our own CRYSTAL SPHERE -- THE SOUL.

If this Soul is Pure and Clear in the first instance, nothing can harm it, but usually the practices we undertake are for the purpose of purifying our own vehicle.

The burning of incense may help to purify the atmosphere in our surroundings, but this incense itself is impure until it has been PURIFIED and CONSECRATED to the work in hand. This at least we may accomplish, by methods very similar to those adopted in the

case of the crystal. A more elaborate preparation is certainly advisable, but this is not the place to enter into full details of the Banishing Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram. These details may be found in "The Equinox." Vol. I Number 2 by those who need them sufficiently to feel it worth while to obtain them.

The practical importance, however, of these Rituals cannot be overrated. They form a means of Banishing all that is undesirable in our surroundings, Elementary, Planetary and Zodiacal; and also of invoking the Powers of the Elements, Planets and Signs in the proper way.

The failure to understand these things has led in the past to many disastrous results; and the world today seems blissfully ignorant of even the necessity of any such performance, while at the same time attempting to deal with "Phenomena" of a Spiritualistic Type, which in many instances is nearer to the necromantic results of Evocation than the comparatively safe methods of Invocation described in the last chapter.

We may now turn our attention to some of the possible results of Crystal Gazing, when undertaken in the right manner. This, at least, may encourage the enquirer to "make himself fit" to accomplish similar results in time.

Few people realize what an important factor the Crystal has played, and is playing, in events of Planetary Importance concerning the Initiation of the whole of Humanity. It seems a far cry from the practice of Crystal Gazing to the New Aeon, but it may be there is more than a slight connection even in that instance. In any case, the practice may lead to results far greater than ever imagined in the beginning, and these results may only become manifest long after the original seer has passed away and is almost forgotten.

In any case it is doubtful whether the old Abbot Trithemius of Spanheim dreamed that his instructions, written so long ago, were going to be copied and commented upon in this little book, or could have foreseen -- any more than the present author can foresee -- the result upon the lives of those who may read them and act upon them in the future.

In the latter part of the Sixteenth and early part of the Seventeenth Centuries, there lived another man, to whom the Art of Crystal Gazing came to mean much. I refer to Dr. Dee who during his Occult career made the acquaintance of a certain Crystal Gazer known as Edward Kelly. The result of their work is certainly active today, and had it not been for them, it is very doubtful if the present treatise would ever have been written.

Quoting from a recently published Life of John Dee by Charlotte Fell Smith (although this book is not of great practical importance to the Student) we obtain the following:

#### THE CRYSTAL GAZERS

"It is a curious picture to call up, that of the strangely assorted pair seated in the inner

room at Mortlake, acting out this spiritual drama. Dee had asked for instructions about the room for the sittings:

"May my little farthest chamber serve, if the bed be taken down?" The table, covered with its cloth, stood in the centre upon the seals. Kelly, perhaps with the black cap he is credited with having always worn, pulled close over his ears, was seated at it. Dee at his desk sat writing in the great folio book. He was now fifty-six years old; his beard was long, but perhaps not yet 'as white as milk' as Aubrey describes it. He did not apparently see the visions himself. Once he reproachfully said: 'You know I cannot see or skry'. He conversed with the spirits and sometimes heard what they said; but to the eye and ear of his body they were invisible; hence his dependence upon a skryer.

"The sole object of his ambition was the attainment of legitimate wisdom. When conversing with the angels, how near within his grasp it seemed! Michael's exposition seemed almost to promise it to him:

"Wilt thou have witt and wisdom? Here it is.

"Michael points each time to a figure of seven squares shown within a circle of light.

"The exaltation and government of princes is in my hand.

"In counsayle and Nobilitie, I prevayle.

"The Gayne and Trade of Merchandise is in my hand. Lo I here it is.

"The Qualitie of the Earth and Waters is my knowledge, and I know them. And here it is.

"The motion of the Ayre and those that move in it, are all known to me. Lo! here they are.

"I signifie wisdom. In fire is my government, I was in the beginning and shall be to the end.

" 'Mark these mysteries. For this knowne, the state of the whole earth is knowne, and all that is thereon. Mighty is God, yea, mighty is he who hath composed forever. Give diligent eye. Be wise, merry and pleasant in the Lord.'"

Here we have one of the communications from the Angel Michael that has been Historically recorded. In fact a great deal of the work of Dee and Kelly remains in actual writing to this day. Many of their formulae are being used by the true Adepts, and much work has yet to be done in order to make the meaning of this early work entirely clear. The public knows little or nothing of all this, but I may quote from certain Official Instructions of The Great White Brotherhood or A. A. which deals with the matter.



"The Skryer (Edward Kelly) obtained from certain Angels a series of seven talismans. These, grouped about the Holy Twelffold Table, similarly obtained, were part of the furniture of the Holy Table."

"Other Pantacles were obtained in a similar manner. Here (Figure V) is the principal one, which carved in wax, was placed upon the top of the table. On four others stood the feet of the table.

"Note first the Holy Sevenfold Table containing seven Names of God which not even the Angels are able to pronounce.

"These names are seen written without the heptagram within the heptagon."

This Holy Sevenfold Table is probably the one referred to by the Angel Michael in the communication above quoted. It forms the Key to manifold and great Mysteries.

By reading these obliquely are obtained the names of other sets of Angels, some of which were attributed to the Metals of the Planets, as also by other methods of reading can be obtained the Names of the Seven Great Angels, etc., etc. All the names of the Angels thus drawn from the Sevenfold Table appear on the Pantacle or SIGILLUM DEI AEMETH.

Dr. Dee also had a Shew-stone, a crystal which he alleged, to have been brought to him by angels. This was placed upon the Table, and the principal result of the ceremonial skrying of Sir Edward Kelly, was the obtaining of a series of wonderful diagrams, containing the Keys to all the mysteries of the Universe.

He symbolized the Fourth-Dimensional Universe in two dimensions as a square surrounded by 30 concentric circles, (known as the 30 Aethyrs or Aires) whose radii increase in geometrical proportion.

The sides of the square formed Four Great Watch-Towers which are attributed to the elements, these in turn are all governed by what is known as The Table of Union, attributed to Spirit.

Dr. Dee also obtained the Alphabet of the Angelic Language, in which all these mysteries were written. It is sometimes called the Enochian Alphabet, as the angels claimed to be those which conversed with the "patriarch Enoch" of Jewish fable.

The Thirty Aires or Aethyrs, surrounding the Material Universe, each had their special name, drawn from these pantacles. Also the names of their Governors were drawn from the same sources. Each of the Aethyrs had three governors, and these in turn

controlled from two to nine thousand servitors.

A series of Forty-eight Calls or Invocations were also obtained in the Angelic Language, and by means of these it became possible to Invoke to Visible Appearance all these Aethyric Spheres, with their Angel Guardians. This gives but a slight idea of the extent of the practical Magical work done by Dee and Kelly by means of the Crystal or Shew-Stone.

[Transcriber's note: See the Enochian Magick Reference for an accurate description of the elements of the Enochian magick.]

This work has formed the basis of much of the Magical Work of the Adepts of this present time, and was instrumental in bringing about what we now know as The New Aeon. Almost all will now have recognized that we are living in a New Age or Era, and the Magical Forces which have brought this about, are largely due, in the first instance, to the Keys to the Higher Spheres obtained by Dee and Kelly, some centuries before Humanity was ripe for the actual Initiating of the Current of Higher Will, which the practical use of these Keys made possible in this age.

All this may sound highly fantastical to those who have no initiated knowledge of the Universe, or of the nature and powers of Man. We do not wish to labor the point, but it illustrates how important the Crystal may become in the hands of a true Seer.

The Real Prophet is one who has also the Power to make his prophesies come true. That is the difference between the Major and the Minor Prophets. In this instance many things seen by Dee and Kelly are coming true, but chiefly because a greater Adept than either of them, grasped the possibilities of their Visions and by his Mighty Will, put the necessary Forces into action. We may now consider what is meant by a Shew-Stone.

This, in the instance above cited, consisted not in a crystal sphere placed upon a stand on the table, but in a stone pressed to the forehead of the Seer. At least such was the material means used in obtaining the Visions of the 30 Aethyrs by Frater O. M. just before and after The Equinox of the Gods which occurred in 1904 E. V.

In that instance a great Topaz, set in a Scarlet Cross, was used. The process was somewhat different from ordinary crystal-gazing, as likewise were the results.

The place of what is known as the "Third Eye" in man, is just above and between the exterior organs of sight. This is known in Hindu Systems as the "Ajna Chakra" and is thought by some to correspond to the Pineal Gland.

Intense concentration on this "Lotus" or "Chakra" produces Visions of a very high character, and this concentration may be increased or aided-by the pressure of a skew-stone to the forehead just over this "third-eye."

In that case the Vision is turned inwards towards the Ajna Chakra, instead of

concentrated on an outside object such as the crystal. When the power of concentration has been developed by means of crystal-gazing (as described in the earlier chapters of this book) this concentration may be taken up by the INTERIOR ORGANS OF VISION, and the visions perceived, not in physical space, but in the Chitakasha or MENTAL SPACE. Visions of this nature are usually of much greater value than the others which result from our early practices with the eyes open.

Consideration of Visions of this type, as of the proper means of obtaining them, will lead us well on the path to obtaining true Crystal Vision. Since, however, it forms a different aspect of the Work, it will be best to treat of it in another Chapter.

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CHAPTER VI

THE ATTAINMENT OF CRYSTAL VISION

The reader will by now have realized that there is a certain difference between Visions obtained by means of the Crystal, and the attainment of Crystal Vision.

Let us consider the matter in greater detail. If we use a crystal as a means of obtaining visions of what, to us, would otherwise remain unseen, we accomplish our purpose through learning to concentrate our attention on the Lesser Crystalline Sphere. Just what we see by this means is beyond our power of control, for we have taken no steps to insure any particular type of vision appearing before us in the crystal. The visions so obtained may be pleasant, or unpleasant; symbolical or actual; past, present, or future; and we have to rely upon our own power of comprehension and our own intuitive ideas, in order to make such visions of value.

Also, the power to see such visions at all, largely depends on our own inner state of development. If we have not been living on the right diet, if we have not learned to

breathe correctly, if our own ideas are not of the greatest purity; these visions may be coloured by our own thought, or we may not be able to get beyond the very early stages.

Much therefore depends upon ourselves, and we must be prepared to so train ourselves that these "inner powers", which enable us to contact the subtle vibrations concentrated on the crystal from the Universal Sphere, may become apparent to our conscious mind.

The concentration of our gaze on the crystal is Perhaps the most important part of the whole operation, for we are thus learning to concentrate our minds on a single idea.

Concentration of mind leads to the highest results, if rightly directed. It is a valuable acquirement and well worth the time and trouble it may take in order to secure it.

The true Student will probably realize that this power of mental concentration is of greater importance than the mere elementary visions seen in the crystal while we are learning to acquire it., The practices we have undertaken to that end will have served to strengthen the will and with that strengthening of the will comes more power of choice. We are no longer content to remain slaves to our visions (or to our thoughts) we seek a conscious mastery over these things.

In that case, we may begin to question the truth of our visions. We may find ourselves in a position to see certain events which have transpired, or are transpiring, or will transpire on this material plane. We may follow our inner guidance when we interpret these visions, and we may make a true guess, so that what we have beheld may prove in line with fact. On the other hand, we may find many instances when our interpretation of the Symbols, or the Time, connected with our visions is far from correct. Many people forget about these things, and we only hear of the few instances when everything turns out correctly.

Some persons seem naturally gifted with "second sight" and are able to give others an accurate "reading" in a fairly large percentage of cases. But such persons are comparatively rare, and in any case they represent the "mediumistic" passive type of individuals, who are little better than reflectors, with no creative powers of their own.

Crystal gazing, should teach us to become more positive, rather than more negative. Our only chance of true advancement lies in the direction of control of the Astral Plane. If we let it control us, we are lost.

The Ancients, realizing this, devised the proper methods for obtaining visions of a definite type, or at least from a definite type of intelligence, represented -- in the examples previously given -- by certain Angels of a high order. Such Beings are capable of teaching us great truths, while the mere elementals, with which we may come in contact by less scientific methods, are only too likely to lead us astray.

But we also discovered that in order to carry out the instructions of the Wise Seers of the past, we must first be in possession of a fund of knowledge which would put us in the position to work in an intelligent manner. Should we, on the other hand neglect to obtain this, we should still be just as much at the mercy of the elementary forces, since in our ignorance, we could be easily deceived, and having no means of testing the accuracy of our results, might well come to grief.

Our safest method, therefore, will be to treat every result as subjective, as something arising within ourselves, and to leave on one side the question of the objective reality of any of our visions. Just because we perceive a "vision" which appears to be in objective space, because we have our physical eyes open and have been gazing at a Crystal, it does not prove that this vision is really outside of us. As a matter of fact all we perceive in the physical universe, is within our organ of vision, and the outside cause may be quite other than that which we think it is. A table, for instance, appears as it does on account of certain vibrations from the "outside" entering our consciousness through the "eye" and our inner organ of vision reacts, and projects into "space" the image that we call a "table". Just what a "table" is in reality, we really do not know.

In any case, when we have been gazing at the crystal, after the mist has cleared away and we become conscious of the "vision", we are not at the same time conscious of our material surroundings.

So we see, that after all, our own "vision" needs to be trained, and that is the most important consideration for the true Seer.

Now, although it is not so easy perhaps, we are just as well able -- with practice-- to concentrate our minds inwards as outwards. We can make a mental picture of a crystal or some other simple object, and concentrate on that mental image while our physical eyes are closed. We have, in other words a certain power of inner vision which may be much developed. Once we have learned to concentrate the mind to some extent, we may arouse, by means of our creative imagination any kind of vision we desire. But again we cannot be sure that we imagine truly, this, however, need not concern us very much for the moment.

If we try to imagine, for instance, a "Red Triangle" we find our mental picture, even of this simple object, trying to escape us. It will change colour, and shape, and size; and at first it is very little under our control. But it is slightly under our control because we created it by means of our will to perceive a red triangle. It is quite unlike an idea which takes possession of our mind against our will, and obsesses us. Also, the more we practice, the more vividly shall we be able to see the Red Triangle, and the less it will change colour and shape, till one day after we have been practicing a long time, perhaps -- we shall be able to hold it before our mental vision at will. The fact that we are able to do this, will imply that we have been able to cut away from consciousness every other thought except the Red Triangle. What will be the result? There will be a "rushing together of the Seer and the Seen" and in a moment we shall find ourselves in an entirely new state of consciousness. Our mind -- for a brief period at any rate -- will

become CRYSTAL CLEAR. We shall have obtained, what in Raja Yoga is called, Dhyana. This is but the first of the Great results, but it is a thousand times more glorious, and more worth while, than any vision in the crystal that might have been obtained by concentration of the mind outside instead of inside our own Crystalline Sphere.

Again, man has the power -- once he has learned to concentrate -- to form for himself a "Body of Light" or "Astral Body" which at first surrounds his physical body, and may afterwards be separated from it, so that -- while still retaining his full consciousness -- he may learn to travel clothed in his Body of Light, on the Astral Plane. He may visit other spheres, those depicted in the Diagram as surrounding the physical world, governed by the planetary intelligences. He may extend his field of knowledge further and further, until some day, if he has succeeded in purifying himself sufficiently in the meanwhile, he may gaze upon that UNIVERSAL CRYSTALLINE SPHERE, mentioned in our Third Chapter.

It was such a course that Frater O. M. took when he obtained the series of 30 Visions of the Aires or Athyrs, in accordance with the System partially worked out by Dr. Dee and Sir Edward Kelly. Some of these visions are very wonderful indeed, and I cannot refrain from quoting a part of his Magical Record on the subject. The following is chosen because it introduces the Angel Madimi, the same who first appeared to Dr. Dee.

#### THE CRY OF THE 17TH AETHYR WHICH IS CALLED TAN.

"Into the stone there first cometh the head of a dragon, and then the Angel Madimi. She is not the mere elemental that one would suppose from the account of Casaubon. I enquire why her form is different.

She says: Since all things are God, in all things thou seest just so much of God as thy capacity affordeth thee. But behold! Thou must pierce deeply into this Aethyr before true images appear. For TAN is that which transformeth judgment into justice. BAL is the sword, and TAN the balances.

A pair of balances appears in the stone, and on the bar of the balance is written: Motion about a point is iniquity.

And behind the balances is a plume, luminous, azure. And somehow connected with the plume, but I cannot divine how, are the words: Breath is iniquity. (That is, any wind must stir the feather of truth.)

And behind the plume is a shining filament of quartz, suspended vertically from the abyss to the abyss. And in the midst is a winged disk of some extremely delicate, translucent substance, on which is written in the "dagger" alphabet: Torsion is iniquity. (This means, that Rashith Ha-Gilgalim is the first appearance of evil.)

And now an Angel appears, like as he were carven in black diamonds. And he cries: Woe unto the Second, whom all nations of men call the First. Woe unto the First, whom all grades of Adepts call the First. Woe unto me, for I, even as they, have worshipped him. But she whose paps are the galaxies, and he that never shall be known, in them is no motion. For the Infinite Without filleth all and moveth not, and the Infinite Within goeth indeed; but it is no odds, else were the space-marks confounded.

And now the Angel is but a shining speck of blackness in the midst of a tremendous sphere of liquid and vibrating light, at first gold, then becoming green, and lastly pure gold. And I see that the green of Libra is made up of the yellow of air and the blue of water, swords and cups, judgment and mercy. And this word TAN meaneth mercy. And the feather of Maat is blue because the truth of justice is mercy. And a voice cometh, as it were the music of the ripples of the surface of the sphere: Truth is delight. (This means that the Truth of the universe is delight.)

Another voice cometh; it is the voice of a mighty Angel, all in silver; the scales of his armour and the plumes of his wings are like mother-of-pearl in a framework of silver. And he sayeth: Justice is the equity that ye have made for yourselves between truth and falsehood. But in Truth there is nothing of this, for there is only Truth. Your falsehood is but a little falser than your truth. Yet by your truth shall ye come to Truth. Your truth is your troth with Adonai the Beloved one. And the Chymical Marriage of the Alchemists beginneth with a Weighing, and he that is not found wanting hath within him one spark of fire, so dense and so intense that it cannot be moved, though all the winds of heaven should clamour against it, and all the waters of the abyss surge upon it to smother it. Nay, it shall not be moved.

And this is the fire of which it is written: "Hear thou the voice of fire I" And the voice of Afire is the second chapter of the Book of the Law, that is revealed unto him that is a score and half a score and three that are scores, and six, by Aiwass, that is his guardian, the mighty Angel that extendeth from the first unto the last, and maketh known the mysteries that are beyond. And the method and the form of invocation whereby a man shall attain to the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel shall be given unto thee in the proper place, and seeing that the word is deadlier than lightning, do thou meditate straightly thereupon, solitary, in a place where is no living thing visible, but only the light of the sun. And thy head shall be bare. Thus mayest thou become fitted to receive this, the holiest of the Mysteries. And it is the holiest of the Mysteries because it is the Next Step. And those Mysteries which lie beyond, though they be holier, are not holy unto thee, but only remote. (The sense of this passage seems to be, that the holiness of a thing implies its personal relation with one, just as one cannot blaspheme an unknown god, because one does not know what to say to annoy him. And this explains the perfect inefficiency of those who try to insult the saints; the most violent attacks are very often merely clumsy compliments.)

Now the Angel is spread completely over the Globe, a dewy film of silver upon that luminous blue.

And a great voice cries: Behold the Queen of Heaven, how she hath woven her robes from the loom of justice. For as that straight path of the Arrow cleaving the Rainbow became righteousness in her that sitteth in the hall of double truth, so at last is she exalted unto the throne of the High Priestess, the Priestess of the Silver Star, wherein also is thine Angel made manifest

And this is the mystery of the camel that is ten days in the desert, and is not athirst, because he hath within him that water which is the dew distilled from the Night of Nuit. Triple is the cord of silver, that it may not be loosed; and three score and a half a score and three is the number of the name of my name, for that the ineffable wisdom, that also is of the sphere of the stars, informeth me. Thus am I crowned with the triangle that is about the eye, and therefore is my number three. And in me there is no imperfection, because through me descendeth the influence of TARO. And that is also the number of Aiwass the mighty Angel, the Minister of Silence.

And even as the shew-stone burneth thy forehead with its intolerable flame, so he who hath known me, though but from afar, is marked out and chosen from among men, and he shall never turn back or turn aside, for he hath made the link that is not to be broken, nay, not by the malice of the Four Great Princes of the evil of the world, nor by Choronzon, that mighty Devil, nor by the wrath of God, nor by affliction and feebleness of the soul.

Yet with this assurance be not thou content; for though thou hast wings of the Eagle, they are vain, except they be joined to the shoulders of the Bull. Now, therefore, I send forth a shaft of my light, even as a ladder let down from the heaven upon the earth, and by this black cross of Themis that I hold before thine eyes, do I swear unto thee that the path shall be open henceforth for evermore.

There is a clash of a myriad silver cymbals, and silence. And then three times a note is struck upon a bell, which sounds like my holy Tibetan bell, that is made of electrum magicum.

I am happily returned unto the earth. Bou-Saada.

December 2, 1909. 12:15-2 A. M.

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The above example of one of the most perfect types of Symbolic Visions cannot be fully appreciated by those who are unacquainted with the true Keys of the Holy Qabalah, and with some of the Mysteries of the New Aeon. Those who have made some study of "Q. B. L.", of the "Tree of Life", the Tarot, etc., will soon discover a great many underlying meanings, and to them the perfect consistency of all the symbolism, will be quite apparent. In any case, even those who have little knowledge of such matters, will recognize the beauty, sublimity, and greatness of this type of Vision, compared with any



of a more partial nature. Of course, this is but one of a series, and by itself is not very explanatory, but I may add, that all these Visions were of a definitely Initiatory nature -- so far as the Seer was concerned -- and at the same time they have a perfectly true Universal Application. It is a pity this cannot be said in regard to the average "crystal reading". But the concentration of mind obtained by the earnest student of crystal-gazing, may, as before remarked, result in visions of a much more important character, if the seer is sufficiently interested in Truth to learn to make his own Inner Vision, Crystal Clear.

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CHAPTER VII

OF THE ULTIMATE CRYSTAL

"In the sphere I am everywhere the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found." -- Liber Legis. Ch. II Verse 3.

We are now nearing the end of our journey in search of the True Crystal. Before, however, we treat of the ultimate conceptions, we should devote a little more time to matters less transcendent in their nature.

This little treatise, while giving as wide a view as possible of the whole subject, aims to be intensely practical and helpful to all who may read it. Some will be at one stage of development, others will have reached a different level, but the author trusts that all will obtain some hints that may actually be put into practice, and thus lead the seeker to a clearer and better understanding of himself and others.

Here are a few practical hints: A diet of fruit and vegetables may have its advantages by making the student more susceptible to visions of a clairvoyant type. On the other hand a mixed diet suits some people far better, and may give more real staying power. Don't

become a "diet crank" you will have no time for anything else more important. Use your common sense -- experiment if you like -- but don't form habits. The best type of man or woman is the one who can eat anything, and does eat anything according to the natural promptings of his or her being, and that without causing digestive troubles.

Don't do any practice after a full meal, or when very tired; this would not be giving Nature a proper chance, and your practice must suffer accordingly.

Rather be the tortoise than the hare. Real progress is made despite obstacles, and the more obstacles we meet - and overcome - the stronger becomes our will.

You are practically bound to obtain what you truly ask for. Be sure of what you really want before you ask for it.

Take plenty of fresh air and exercise, and don't become so obsessed with dark seances that you overlook the value of Sunlight.

Your first duty to Humanity is self-improvement. Man is ignorant of the nature and powers of his own being. Until he has obtained a scientific knowledge of himself, he cannot really expect to aid others.

It requires much more study and effort to Know Yourself, than it does to give others advice they do not need. Learn to mind your own business, and in time others will follow your example.

Learn to speak the truth, and you will begin to notice when you are telling lies.

Remember that even truth is relative. There is but one Truth and that lies at the End of the Path. Yet seek Truth, and be content with nothing less. We live in a world of appearances. There seem to be innumerable, "Pairs of Opposites" till the final Pair has been realized and Mated. Then we shall "See things as they are."

In the meanwhile there are many stages, each nearer to the Truth, wherein we shall still see things only as they APPEAR. All Visions, however high, fall under this heading.

The Highest States of Consciousness are FORMLESS, and the final State is of Crystalline Purity. There is, however, "That which remains" viz: perfect Bliss.

A short description might well be given of "Visions" of an intermediate type, such as we term Astral Visions, as this may be of interest to students who have traveled some distance on the path, but who, as yet, have not realized results such as we described in the last Chapter.

The following is from the Author's Occult Record while a Neophyte of the Great Order. It is of the type called an Astral Journey, when the Seer actually "travels" in his "Body of Light."

"Nov. 28, 1913. 11:5 to 11:27 P. M.

Drew, with wand, in front of me, a circle (three times round) and formed astral in that. Rose to a great height. Suddenly, as it were, a rope flashed round me and fell, forming a spiral, ever widening, at the top of which I sat. Stood up on this, only to fall, down, down, down, not quite vertically, into the water. Rising again, and striking out, I, after a short while perceived a boat, something like a gondola, and swam towards it. It was rowed by a dark-skinned man, old and wrinkled, whom I at first thought to be an Indian. As I reached the boat and put my hand on the side, it seemed as if he would strike at me with his oar, but no, he grinned, and I drew myself into the boat and sat in the forepart, which was high and covered with a sort of hood. Presently, it struck me that the man was not living but dead (Death). We then drifted in a mist, and all became blank for awhile; the memory of boat, man and self, were all but lost.

When the mist cleared I realized that the man was no longer there, and I myself guided the boat. Coming back out of the mist the waters were blue and no longer black, and I realized, that day was breaking. Gradually I watched the Sunrise, and set the boat in that direction, rowing so as to keep my face to the Sun. It seemed like a Portal; but, keeping on, it presently rose, and by the time it was getting high in the heavens I perceived a fair city ahead. Domes, Minarets, etc. Arriving there, I for the first time noticed I was dark skinned and clad in a loincloth. Landing, I was surrounded by men in an Eastern costume, Arabs or Turks, I thought them.

One old man took me by the hand, I made the sign of the Pentagram over him, but he smiled and said "Come along, it's all right," and led me along a street paved with cobbles, the houses of which overhung, till we reached a sort of mosque.

Entering this, he led me to the altar, which was supported by brackets from the wall, and above which was a beautiful stained window. At the sides were thin columns and sort of boxes, similar to theatre boxes. We knelt at the altar; and he took my hand and said: "Raise your consciousness." I perceived a star and crescent above me, and a cross dimly formulated in the background.

After this, the astral seemed to coincide with the body: but consciousness of the astral surroundings was still clear. Continued to raise consciousness, and to send out thoughts of Love. Perceived around me innumerable streams of thought, interlacing and like a net-work, and when the Love-thought was sent out, the whole net sparkled, as with little specks of gold. Continued in this thought for some minutes, and, gradually returned to normal. Gave thanks and entered diary."

I quote this Vision, chiefly because it was not what it should have been, and because this gives me the opportunity of adding the Comments made upon it by my Guru. He wrote:

"Very nearly in serious trouble, my young and rash friend! It seems that you must go up

well outside earth-attraction if you wish to get good astrals. It sounds Sunday-school talk, and I can give no reason. But I've tried repeatedly going horizontally and downwards, always with the same result. Gross and hostile things are below, pure being above. The vision is good enough for what it is; it is clear and coherent. But I see no trace of scientific method in directing the vision. I explain further in the general comment. O. M."

Such advice is worthy of the notice of every "seer" for much of it applies to other forms of work. To search the earth plane by means of visions, is practically valueless, and often positively harmful. We can travel to another city for a few dollars without expenditure of valuable occult power, but we have a right to use it to examine "Things above" which cannot be reached by means of a material aeroplane. We should always make use of physical means on the physical plane if possible, people make the greatest mistakes by "mixing the planes." That is the chief trouble with "mental science" "mental healing" and what not. We must learn to adjust things on their own planes. The Physical by Physical, the Astral by Astral, the Mental by Mental, and The Spiritual by Spiritual methods. When we have straightened out these different levels of consciousness, a certain harmony will be apparent on all planes, which in the end results in perfect Unity. The Method of trying to control ideas of one plane, by means of those of another, is a wrong one. Remember things are always true on their own plane, but in very few instances are they true on another. That is why we should examine our visions scientifically, while they are present in our consciousness, but when that consciousness becomes aware of the material plane once more, we should place little, if any reliance, on the truth of our vision, as corresponding to events of everyday life.

I may perhaps quote one more vision, of a slightly higher type, since it was invoked by means of Will and by scientific methods. Visions are of little real value unless WILLED.

This time the vision was undertaken in order to discover the answer to a definite Examination Question set by the Order.

"Invoke Mercury and Hod, and travel till you meet the Unicorn mentioned in Liber LXV, Chapter III, verse 2. Report its conversation fully."

This is the kind of question you must fit yourselves to answer. Something you could not possibly obtain by other means. Few people realize that on the Astral Plane are the Records from which such Inspired and Holy Books as Liber LXV are written, and that these Records may again be Invoked by proper means.

"March 24th, 1914. 9:40 to 10:50 P. M.

During the day I prepared a Circle of Orange, about 5 ft. in diameter (the largest I could make in the little room I am using) and within it, an eight-pointed star of yellow. Within that again an Octagon. A Red upright Tau in the centre, and eight small red pentagrams at the points of the star to represent lights; for there was no room to use them with safety. The whole was very crude, but the best I could do with the materials at hand.

Having robed and entered the temple, I made a general Invocation (impromptu) of the Lord of the Universe, and traced the circle and figures with the wand. Performed the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram; then Invoked "Water" and sprinkled the circle to purify it. Performed the Lesser Ritual of the Hexagon, followed by Invocation of Mercury and Hod, (impromptu) with appropriate Hexagram.

Lit incense. Made a further statement of my intention. Knelt in the centre of Circle and tried to formulate a "White Astral" with no very great success at first. Afterwards, I forgot about the material body and began to get some result.

Found my "astral" floating upon a dark sea on a sort of plank. The moon was shining above, and the thought came to me that 'perhaps the Moon represented the Unicorn I had set out to seek', but I decided it was not so.

Rising higher, I tried to identify myself with the moon, and then turned and faced the Sun; looking along the Ray as a Path. I had the impression of being a little child.

About this time I was reminded of my physical body by a pressure on the brain, head and neck; a sort of frozen rigidity, which caused me to lose concentration on the astral for a little while. I determined to keep on, however, and astrally performed the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. When I came to the words: "In the column stands the Six-Rayed Star" I seemed to rise quite easily.

Traveled about, with no particular visions, seeking the Unicorn. I obtained an idea of a unicorn, but not very distinctly, and spoke to it. It informed me that it had no desire to converse. I made the sign of the Pentagram over it, whereupon, it said that it was not that which I sought. This being my own opinion also, I left it, and rose higher to try again.

This time I got a clearer idea of the Unicorn, and began to converse with it.

We were on the edge of a wood, beneath a night sky. It told me to look up, and having done so, I perceived a comet flash across the sky and disappear. Turning back, I questioned him, and he answered; 'All men are thus, the Universe is thus'. So I gathered from his words that a fragment appears for a moment (or a period) and disappears, leaving no trace.

I felt that this was something I must get to understand, when he said: 'Look again' and this time a meteor flashed and then struck the earth. And he said: 'Sometimes it is thus, and there appears to be pain as a result'. Then I said to him: 'Do I understand that man appears for a moment only, and is forever gone again?' And he answered 'The comet remains travelling in its ellipse, and only disappears from sight. Further, he told me to look again, and I beheld a fixed star, shining in the blue. Turning again to him, I asked what this meant; and he answered: 'The Masters are thus, they travel no more, but give Light'. Then I asked if I should attain to this, to which he replied 'Yea, but not yet. Thou

must be as a comet until after a while thou strikest, a star, and becoming one with it, remain fixed.'

And I understood that there was nothing further to be said at that time. So I returned, and having given thanks, entered these experiences in my diary."

There is not much further to be said, so far as this little book is concerned, though there is much that might, and will be said at the proper time. The early vision, above recorded, took place 8 years ago, and much has transpired since then.

It may be remarked that this vision had a far wider and deeper application than ever the Seer realized at the time, part of this became more apparent many years later, there is still much to be accomplished.

But let me call your attention to the Star. It is written, in Liber Legis, The Book of the Law, "Every man and every woman is a star." What does this mean? It would take another and longer treatise, to tell you. This much may be said, however:

At the CENTRE of our Being is the Star of Unconquered Will, that is the True or Divine Will, the Will of the Universe. Each must discover this Star in his own being, and putting his personal will in line with Its Guidance, become an active and conscious cooperator in the Universal Plan. This Star is of Intense brilliance. It is the Diamond Soul, the only Veil about the Innermost Essential Self. It is thus the ULTIMATE CRYSTAL, of which it is written by Our Lady Nuit -- Goddess of the Starry Heavens -- Who represents INFINITE SPACE or the Universal Crystalline Sphere:

"Worship then the Khabs (Star) and behold my light shed over you!"

When we have discovered this Central Light of our Being, and learned to Concentrate the Mind thereon, we shall begin the Ultimate Practice of Crystal Gazing.

We shall find the Star Rays from the Universal Sphere centered in us, and when the focus becomes perfect, shall discover, that this CENTRE is EVERYWHERE and THE CIRCUMFERENCE NOWHERE. Then all our conceptions of Crystalline Spheres will melt into That which is Without Limit, PERFECT CRYSTALLINE VISION.

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THE CHALICE OF ECSTASY  
BEING  
A MAGICAL AND QABALISTIC INTERPRETATION OF THE DRAMA OF  
PARZIVAL  
BY  
A COMPANION OF THE HOLY GRAIL  
SOMETIMES CALLED  
FRATER ACHAD

Dedicated to my Beloved Friend and Companion FRATER AD ALTA Who passed from our view into THE GREAT HERE AND NOW November 29th, 1918 exactly four years prior to the completion of this essay.

Key entry by Fr. Nachash Urëus-Hadit Camp, OTO, 1991  
HTML conversion by Benjamin Rowe, 1997

## INTRODUCTION

The collective tradition of mankind is endowed with a relative infallibility, and when rightly interpreted, must represent the largest truth, the most perfect beauty and the purest goodness known on earth. This transcendental truth and goodness and beauty represents the divine substratum of human nature, the ideal humanity which lies above and behind the aberrations of individuals, races and periods. It is not subjected, as are the latter, to Time and Circumstance or to the limitations from which the appearance of error, evil and deformity seem to spring.

The Legend of Parzival is not subject to Time or Circumstance; it represents a glimpse of the Eternal Reality, the Everpresent Here and Now. The circumstances of its enactment and the place wherein the festival is beheld, need not be sought outside the Human Heart that has learned to beat in time and tune with the Soul of the World. All who are born of "Heart's Affliction" must eventually find their way to that spot where they "Scarcely move, yet swiftly seem to run" and having become one with "The Way, The Truth and The Life" they will discover that the shifting scenes of the world they had thought to be so real, will pass by them as a pageant until the Vision of the Grail Itself is presented to their pure Understanding.

It is in the hope of awakening some spark of the smouldering fire of this inner consciousness in the hearts of those who may read these lines - not having previously understood the Legend - and from that spark enkindling a great fire that will burn up the veils which hide man from Himself - from God - that I have dared to add these fragments to the great mass of Grail Literature already given to the world.

And to those who are slumbering contentedly, wrapped round with the delusion and dreams of this illusory like, I cry with Gurnemanz:

Hey! Ho! Wood-keepers twain! Sleep-keepers I deem ye! At least be moving with the

morning! Hear ye the call? Now thank the Lord That ye are called in time to hear it.

Point I.

THE COMING OF PARZIVAL

"By pity 'lightened The guileless Fool - Wait for him, My chosen tool."

It is not my intention to set forth the complete Argument of the Great Musical-Drama of "Parsifal" derived from the ancient legend of Parzival by Richard Wagner, to whom be all praise and honour.

Those who have not had the privilege of witnessing this festival-play, or even of reading a good translation of the Libretto, should avail themselves of the help that a study of the latter will give them before expecting to gain a thorough grasp of the interpretation herein set forth. [1]

I shall also suppose that the student has some slight knowledge of The Mystic Path and of The Holy Qabalah, [2] although I shall endeavor to make the points dealt with as comprehensive as possible to the uninitiated enquirer who is prepared to "wake and hearken to the Call".

The Music of Wagner I cannot give you, nor shall I even attempt an interpretation of that which, in the Opera, helps so much toward the opening of those channels of consciousness whereby we may eventually receive some comprehensive of the Music of the Spheres.

Fortunately this is not entirely necessary, for the true Path leads to a point when each individual may feel himself to be a highly-strung musical instrument whose Will runs over the strings causing complete and harmonious vibrations in his own being, which will then seem to give forth an unformulated but delightful melody.

What is the Keynote of Parzival?

ECSTASY!

And what is Ecstasy? It has been well described by one known to us as Frater Perdurabo, and I shall quote his own words:

"There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign."

"So used some of us to sing in childhood, and we used to think of that land as far away, farther even than death that in those days seemed so far.

"But I know this now: that land is not so far as my flesh is from my bones! it is Here and



Now.

"If there is one cloud in this tranquil azure, it is this thought: that conscious beings exist who are not thus infinitely happy, masters of ecstasy.

"What is the path to this immortal land? To the Oriental, meditation offers the best path. To the Western, there is no road better than ceremonial. For ecstasy is caused by the sudden combination of two ideas, just as oxygen and hydrogen unite explosively.

"But this religious ecstasy takes place in the highest centres of the human organism; it is the soul itself that is united to its God; and for this reason the rapture is more overpowering, the joy more lasting, and the resultant energy more pure and splendid than in aught earthly.

"In ritual therefore, we seek continually to unite the mind to some pure idea by an act of will. This we do again and again, more and more passionately, with more and more determination, until at last the mind accepts the domination of the will, and rushes of its own accord toward the desired object. This surrender of the mind to its Lord gives the holy ecstasy we seek."

Here we have one of the most important keys to the interpretation of the Drama of Parzival, and also an indication of the result which Wagner desired to produce upon the minds of his audience.

Unless the Play is properly staged, and the parts taken by those who themselves understand at least something of the "Way of Holiness", this effect is not made upon the consciousness of the onlookers. This is doubtless one of the reasons why Wagner made arrangements that this Work should only be produced at Bayreuth in a proper setting and under right conditions, for it represents the summit of his Magical Mountain of which the base was the Ring. He called it a Stage-Consecrating Festival, and its effects were intended to exert their influence upon the Drama of Life itself.

We will pass over the early part of the opening Scene with its introduction of Gurnemanz, Kundry, and Amfortas, and concentrate our attention on the entry of Parzival; heralded by the falling of a Swan brought down by his own weapon.

What is this Swan?

Ecstasy!

How do I know? Never mind, let me quote once again from one who is the Master thereof:

THE SWAN

"There is a Swan whose name is Ecstasy; it wingeth from the deserts of the North; it

wingeth through the blue; it wingeth over the fields of rice; at its coming they push forth the green. In all the Universe this Swan alone in motionless; it seems to move, as the Sun seems to move; such is the weakness of our sight. O fool! criest thou? Amen. Motion is relative: there is Nothing that is still. Against this Swan I shot an arrow; the white breast poured forth blood. Men smote me; then perceiving that I was a Pure Fool, they let me pass. Thus and not otherwise I came to the Temple of the Grail."

Thus did Parzival bring down Ecstasy to Earth, although the King - Amfortas - and his Knights had "esteemed it a happy token, when o'er the lake it circled aloft".

What is this lake? When calm and unruffled, brooded over by the Swan of Ecstasy, it is the human mind trained by the proper methods to Right Contemplation. For only when the mind is still may the Sun of the true Self be seen reflected in its depths. From that it is but one step to the attainment of Right Ecstasy when the Sun plunges into the depths of the Mind and the whole being is aflame with the Sacred Fire of the Holy Spirit.

Parzival had aimed high; he had hit the mark of his Aspiration, little though his action was at first understood. Yet his Folly saved him, as he in turn saved others.

When questioned as to his action he answered "I knew not 'twas wrong" although he flung away weapon, having no further use for it in that form.

What was his weapon? The Bow of Promise and the Arrow of Pure Aspiration. But he had aspired, he had hit the mark and the promise had been to a certain extent fulfilled.

The Qabalist will at once recognise the "Path of Samech or Sagittarius the Archer on the 'Tree of Life.'" This is the Path of the Arrow that cleaves the Rainbow, leading directly from Yesod - The Foundation - to Tiphareth the Sphere of the Sun, Beauty and Harmony, or the Human Heart wherein the Mysteries of the Rosy Cross and of the Holy Grail are first - if dimly - perceived.

To what other use had Parzival - son of Herat's Affliction - previously put his weapon? He had shot at all that flies. He had shot at the Eagle, the bird that fears not to gaze upon the very Sun itself.

What does this eagle mean and what does it foreshadow?

**ECSTASY!**

For it is written: "The Eagle is that Might of Love which is the Key of Magick, uplifting the Body and its appurtenance unto High Ecstasy upon his Wings."

This Eagle is known to Occultists as one of the Four Cherubic Beasts and he represents one of the Four Powers of the Sphinx. Likewise he is attributed by Eliphas Levi to Azoth, the formula of the Alpha and Omega, the First and Last.

It was by the right use of this Might of Love that Parzival succeeded where others had failed. For again it is written in Liber Aleph:

"Consider Love. Here is a force destructive and corrupting whereby have many men been lost: witness all History. Yet without love man were not man.

"We see Amfortas, who yielded himself to a seduction, wounded beyond healing; Klingsor, who withdrew himself from a like danger, cast out forever from the Mountain of Salvation, and Parzival who yielded not, able to exercise the true Power of Love and thereby to perform the Miracle of Redemption."

But though we are now nearing that realm wherein "Time and Space are One" we must not allow ourselves to be rushed forward too rapidly.

There were many things that Parzival did not know, or which he professed not to know when questioned. He did not as yet know his True Name - the Word of His Being - though he had in the past been called by many names. Some things he knew and remembered clearly; there was one thing he desired to know and to understand.

What is the Grail!

To which Gurnemanz very properly replies:

I may not say: But if to serve it thou be bidden, Knowledge of it will not be hidden.- And lo!- Methinks I know thee now indeed; No earthly road to it doth lead, By no one can it be detected Who by itself is not elected.

To which Parzival, without further questioning, replies:

I scarcely move, Yet I swiftly seem to run.

And Gurnemanz:

My son, thou seest Here SPACE and TIME are ONE.

Now, in truth, have we come to the beginning of the True Path which in the clear Light is one with the end thereof.

What says Blavatsky in "The Voice of the Silence"? "Bestride the Bird of Life if thou wouldst know!"

And this Bird - this Swan - so seeming dead until its Powers be known? Some have compared it to the Sacred Word, the Great Word AUM. For it is written: "AUM is the hieroglyph of the Eternal. A the beginning sound, U its middle and M its end, together forming a single Word or Trinity, indicating that the Real must be regarded as of this three-fold nature. Birth, Life and Death, not successive, but one."

The Illusory nature of Time and Space, which are but modes of our finite mind, has been made very clear by Sidney Klein in his excellent book "Science and the Infinite," but this is no new idea. The attainment of Ecstasy has proved to Initiates of every land that there is a state of consciousness wherein both time and space are blotted out - at least temporarily - and at the same moment the limitations of the "personal ego" no longer oppress us. In that Holy Book known as Liber LXV- Chapter II, Verses 17-25, we read:

"17. Also the Holy One came upon me, and I beheld a white swan floating in the blue.

18. Between its wings I sate, and the aeons fled away.

19. Then the swan flew and dived and soared, yet no whither we went.

20. A little crazy boy that rode with me spake unto the swan and said:

21. Who art thou that doth float and fly and dive and soar in the inane? Behold, these many aeons have passed; whence camest thou? Whither wilt thou go?

22. And laughing I chid him saying: No whence! No wither!

23. The swan being silent, he answered: Then if with no goal, why this eternal journey?

24. And I laid my head against the Head of the Swan, and laughed, saying: Is there not joy ineffable in this aimless winging? Is there not weariness and impatience for who would attain to some goal?

25. And the swan was ever silent. Ah, but we floated in the infinite Abyss. Joy! Joy! White swan bear thou ever me up between thy wings."

But there was much that Parzival must do before taking his ease thus: he had a mission to accomplish, on earth, though as yet he knew not.

By the use of these examples, we may begin to comprehend what happens next. A new "movement without motion" on the part of Parzival and Gurnemanz is now symbolized by the SCENERY in the Drama shifting, at first almost imperceptibly, from Left to Right. The forest - in which the First Scene had taken place - disappears; a door opens in the rocky cliffs and conceals the two; they are then seen again in sloping passages which they appear to ascend. At last they arrive at a mighty hall, which loses itself overhead in a high vaulted dome, down from which the light streams in. From the heights above the dome comes the increasing sound of chimes.

Again we may find a very direct correspondence in the Eastern Teachings as propounded by Madame Blavatsky in "The Voice of Silence." She writes: "Thou canst travel on that Path until thou hast become the Path itself."

Further in Liber CCCXXXIII by Frater Perdurabo we read:

"O thou that settest out upon the Path, false is the Phantom that thou seekest. When thou hast it thou shalt know all bitterness, thy teeth fixed in the Sodom-Apple. Thus hast thou been lured along That Path, whose terror else had driven thee far away. O thou that stridest upon the middle of The Path, no phantoms mock thee. For the stride's sake thou stridest. Thus art thou lured along That Path whose fascination else had driven thee far away.

"O thou that drawest toward the End of The Path, effort is no more. Faster and faster dost thou fall; thy weariness is changed into Ineffable Rest. For there is no Thou upon that Path: thou hast become The Way."

And each must learn to travel this Path, each must overcome his own obstacles, unmask his own illusions. Yet there is always the possibility that others may help us do this and, as in the case of Parzival led by Gurnemanz who travelled that Way before, we may be guided in the true Path and taught to avoid the many false byways that may tempt us in our search for the Temple of the Holy Grail. In fact, if our training has been right and our aspiration remains pure, we must inevitably arrive at the end of that Road; often we may seem to do so in the twinkling of an eye, and when we least expect it.

We should remember that every point of this Drama is highly symbolic. The student may place his own interpretation on that passage which opens into the Temple of the Grail. On arrival therein we cannot do better than listen to the advice of Gurnemanz to Parzival, who meanwhile stands spellbound with Wonder at what he beholds:

Now give good head, and let me see, If thou'rt a Fool and pure, What wisdom thou presently canst secure.

And this WISDOM Parzival does in due course secure, but not until he has undergone many trials. For WISDOM is the HOLY SPEAR itself, long lost to the Knights of the Grail but eventually recovered by The Pure Fool.

Meanwhile, during the Feast of the Grail, Parzival stands still and spellbound like a rude clod. He sees the CUP of the Grail uncovered, he witnesses the ceremony of the Companions of the Grail, and he attains a certain interior UNDERSTANDING which transcends knowledge. For the CUP is the UNDERSTANDING, though in this instance it was divorced from the WILL or WISDOM, the Holy Spear which alone is capable of enlightening it perfectly.

A word may now be said regarding the nature of "The Pure Fool"; and since this Ritual is one for all time, we shall go back before the Christian Era (to which the Grail Mystery is usually particularly attributed) back to Ancient China where the testimony of that Holy Sage Lao Tze gives us no uncertain clue. The Way of the Tao - Wu Wei - the accomplishment of all things by doing Nothing, is precisely similar to the "Path" we have

been describing. Lao Tze says:

"The multitude of men look satisfied and pleased as if enjoying a full banquet, as if mounted on a tower in spring. I alone seem listless and still, my desires having as yet given no indication of their presence. I am like an infant which has not yet smiled. I look dejected and forlorn, as I had no home to go to. The multitude of men all have enough and to spare. I alone seem to have lost everything. My mind is that of a stupid man; I am in a state of chaos. Ordinary men look bright and intelligent, while I alone seem to be benighted. They look full of discrimination, while I alone am dull and confused. I seem to be carried about as on a sea, drifting as if I had nowhere to rest. All men have their spheres of action, while I alone seem dull and incapable, like a rude borderer. Thus I ALONE AM DIFFERENT from other men, but I value the Nursing-Mother (The Great Tao)."

So we see this Fool is not the ordinary sort of foolish and besotted person to which the form is usually applied. In his Foolishness we find his difference from his fellows; for in sooth it is the Divine Madness of Ecstasy which redeems from all pain. It is "That which remains" after the sorrows and shadows that pass and are done, have left our being. Then Existence is recognized to be Pure Joy. But Understanding without Wisdom is Pure Darkness, and in this state is Parzival discovered by Gurnemanz at the end of the Ceremony. This is a darkness even Guernemanz is unable to comprehend, for he says:

Why standest thou there? Wist thou what thou sawest?

And Parzival, shaking his head slightly, he continues:

Thou art then nothing but a Fool!

And pushing Parzival through a small door he cries angrily:

Come away, on thy road the gone And put my rede to use: Leave all our swans for the future alone And seek thyself a gander, a goose.

And so it came about that Parzival set out alone upon his Holy Quest.

Point II

#### THE TEMPTING OF PARZIVAL

"For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect." Liber Al. vel. Legis

The last Scene of the First Act of this Drama will have enabled us to see something of the nature of the "Heart" or Temple of the Knights of the Grail. We are next transported to the "Keep" of Klingsor's Castle, there to obtain a glimpse of the Heart of a Black Magician. Klingsor represents one who has "shut himself up", who desires to keep his personality and while retaining possession of the SPEAR or Divine Will to make use of

it, if possible for his own personal ends.

Man is given a certain freedom of will in order that he may thereby develop the sense of Freedom and so willingly ally himself with the Divine Will or True Purpose of his Being. Should he make the mistake of attempting to reverse the process, turning the Divine Will to merely personal ends, he must inevitably fall. He thereby cuts himself off from the Universal Current and is slowly but surely disintegrated until he is finally lost in the Abyss.

For a time, however, as in the case of Klingsor, he may seem to exercise an illusionary power by taking advantage of the delusions of others. For he plays upon their emotional natures, which tend if uncontrolled to befoo the mind thus preventing the True Sun of Being from illuminating their Path.

Self-damned, the one desire of such a being is to cause the utter ruin and downfall of others in order that the terrible loneliness which he - if dimly - realizes to be his fate, may be assuaged by the presence of his victims.

Klingsor, however, still hopes to capture the Holy CUP itself - which has remained in the possession of the Knights of the Grail - for this is the Cup of UNDERSTANDING whereby he may discover a way to reverse this fate and to make use of its contents, the Divine Substance which is capable of infinite transformation when united with the Spear or WILL.

Even without this perfect means of transmutation, he has still obtained a certain power over Astral Matter, which being of a very plastic nature is capable of transformation into images alluring or terrible according to the effect to be produced upon his victims.

The Aspirant has been warned of the illusory nature of the Astral Plane in "The Voice of Silence" which contains instructions for those ignorant of the dangers of the lower Siddhi (magical powers). We shall refer to these instructions again in the proper place.

Meanwhile, as the Act opens, we discover Klingsor seated before his magic mirror in the Keep of his Castle. He is surrounded with the instruments of his art, which are as complex as the true weapons are simple.

He is evidently aware of the coming of Parzival - the Guileless Fool - and he realizes that here is a menace to his power, since that power depends upon beguilement. The question before him is whether this Fool is really too Pure to be tempted by the subtle blandishments of his magic art.

Kundry - Woman - capable alike of raising man to the heights or dragging him to the very depths, is the best instrument to his hand. She - the Animal Soul of the World - while directed by the lower will or intellect - has within her not alone the possibilities of redemption, but of taking her rightful place upon the Throne of the Mother if brought to Understanding the Higher Will and Wisdom of the Father of All.

On the other hand if under the influence of the lower will she is allowed to seduce man from his aspiration, do that he fails to discover his True Will (which is one with Destiny and the Will of God and which alone can direct him in his proper course) she ruins him and at the same time loses her own chance of redemption. He is then doomed to wander in paths of illusion having no comprehension of the true Purpose of his Being or hers.

Klingsor exercises a mighty power over Kundry whenever she allows herself to fall asleep, though much of her time during waking hours is devoted to the service of the Knights of the Grail. Many of these she has injured while under the spell of Klingsor. She often desires to make amends but her heart is torn between this form of activity and desire for ease.

Whenever she sinks back into the sloth of Ignorance, or what the Hindus term the Tamas Guna, she is subject to the art of Klingsor for he is the maker of Illusion through Learning or the Powers of the mind, the principle known as Rajas. By means of this mental power many false uses may be devised for the Love nature, which when wrongly used becomes destructive instead of Creative and constructive.

Parzival - The Pure Fool - is in that condition mentioned by Lao Tze "His desires having as yet given no indication of their presence." The crucial test is whether when they are aroused for the first time he will use them rightly or wrongly. Therein both Amfortas and Klingsor had failed, though in different ways. Now comes a third candidate in the form of Parzival and Klingsor fears greatly for the continuance of his own power.

He knows that even Kundry will be redeemed should Parzival, by rejecting her advances, and refusing to accept aught but the highest, cause her at last to Understand and so become released from Klingsor's illusory powers.

Klingsor first lights incense, which in true magick is a symbol of the aspiration of the lower towards the higher. But there is no Lamp above the altar, and the Lamp symbolizes the Higher Aspiration to draw up and unite the lower with itself. The incense alone produces nothing but the smoky clouds which represent the Astral Plane, and this plane being particularly attributed to the Desires and Emotions is the one most suited to the work Klingsor wishes Kundry to perform. It is her Astral body over which he has the most influence.

His call to her is worthy of notice:

Arise! Draw near me! The Master calls thee, nameless woman: She-Lucifer! Rose of Hades! Herodias wert thou. And what else? Gundryggia there, Kundry here! Approach! Approach then, Kundry! Unto thy Master appear!

And in the incense smoke now appears the figure of Kundry - her Astral form - half-obedient, half rebellious to the will of Klingsor.



The term "Rose of Hades" should be noticed here, for in a certain sense Kundry is that same Rose which is to be found in connection with the Cross in the Rosy Cross Ceremonies. The Cross of Suffering may be looked upon as represented by Amfortas - as can be shown Qabalistically - and the wound at his breast is caused by the Rose, Kundry. The Spear and Cup convey the same Symbolism but on a Higher Plane.

Meanwhile Kundry gradually comes under the spell of Klingsor, who orders her to use all her wiles to ensnare the approaching and victorious Parzival; "Whom sheerest Folly shields."

Klingsor, while admitting that he cannot hold Kundry, claims that he can force her to his will:

"Because against me Thine own power cannot move"

Kundry, laughing harshly, makes this strange reply:

Ha Ha! Art thou chaste!

This remark causes Klingsor to sink into gloomy brooding. He recalls how he, too, had once sought the holier life and the service of the Grail. But, unlike Amfortas who had succumbed to seduction, he, thinking to avoid a like fate had used his will to attempt something against Nature and God; the total suppression of his Love nature. This had resulted in an enforced chastity, giving him power to avoid seduction - 'tis true - but likewise cutting him off from the possibility of redemption. For hear his words:

Awfulest strait! Irrepressible yearning woe! Terrible lust in me once rife, Which I had quenched with devilish strife; Mocks and laughs it at me, Thou devil's bride, through thee? Have a care!

In spite of further threats, we find Kundry still affirming that she will not conform to Klingsor's demands, yet, such is woman-kind, she quietly disappears to make ready for the reception and tempting of Parzival; who is at least a live and vigorous human being.

Klingsor has been watching Parzival's approach to his magic castle, armed - 'tis said - with the Sword of Innocence and protected by the Shield of Folly. Rather I should interpret this Sword as that of Reason, for Parzival has learned in his Folly to disarm and defeat the defenders of Klingsor's Castle with their own weapons.

There is no deeper wound than that inflicted by our own weapons turned against us; as Amfortas had found to his lasting pain and anguish.

The opportunities we have missed but had the power to take and might have taken, rankle more deeply than all the vain regrets for those things which were impossible of attainment.

But the mere possession of the most sacred weapon - as in the case of Klingsor and the Holy Spear - without further possibility of its right use, is bitterest of all.

And so we find, when Kundry has 'gone to work', Klingsor's Tower slowly sinks and disappears from sight. At the same time his "Garden of Desire" rises and his beautiful but illusory creations "The Flower Maidens" appear before our astonished eyes.

Parzival, whose desires have as yet given no indication of their presence, has by this time arrived at the wall of the garden. What he beholds is but subsidiary to his main Purpose to retrieve the Holy Spear, yet he, too, stands amazed.

This may be deemed as Parzival's introduction to "The Hall of Learning" as it is called by Madame Blavatsky in "The Voice of the Silence." Let us turn aside for a moment in order to obtain a clearer idea of just what that term implies. We read in Chapter I, Verses 22-29 as follows:

22. Three Halls, O weary Pilgrim, lead to the end of toils. Three halls, O conqueror of Mara, will bring thee through three states into the fourth, and thence into the Seven Worlds, the Worlds of Rest Eternal.

23. If thou would'st learn their names, then hearken, and remember. The name of the first hall is IGNORANCE - Avidya. It is the Hall in which thou saw'st the light, in which thou livest and shalt die.

Ignorance corresponds to Malkuth and Nepesh (the animal soul), Learning to Tiphareth and Ruach (the Mind), and Wisdom to Binah and Neshamah (the aspiration or Divine Mind). - Fra. O.M.

24. The name of Hall the second is the Hall of LEARNING. In it thy soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower is a serpent coiled.

25. The name of the third Hall is WISDOM, beyond which stretch the shoreless waters of AKSHARA, the indestructible Fount of Omniscience.

(Akshara is the same as the Great Sea of the Qabalah. It is also the CUP of the GRAIL, as WISDOM is the SPEAR.)

26. If thou wouldst cross the first Hall safely, let not thy mind mistake the fires of lust that burn therein for the sunlight of life.

27. If thou would'st cross the second safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms inhale. \* \* \*

28. The WISE ONES tarry not in the pleasure grounds of the senses.

29. The WISE ONES heed not the sweet-tongued voices of illusion.

Enough has been quoted to show the extraordinary correspondences between the "Garden Scene" of the Drama of Parzival with both the Eastern Teachings and those of the Holy Qabalah. But this Drama is not subject to Time or Circumstance.

We left Parzival in a state of wonder upon the wall of Klingsor's Garden. We next find the "Flower Maidens" bemoaning the loss of their lovers - their pleasures - slain by Parzival upon his approach to the Castle and entry to the Garden.

Thye Flower Maidens are easily solaced, however, by the hope that here is a fresh pleasure, stronger and more potent than those lost to them. One that will more than take the place of all the others.

In this hope they are deceived for - as in real life - pleasures in time lose their hold (especially if abused) and though we may seek a stronger and more intense form of amusement, our power to enjoy may become dulled and lost to us.

The case in point is somewhat different, however, for the Flower Maidens find that the power to enjoy does not lie with them, for Parzival - with his One Purpose - is not to be turned aside for the sake of lesser pleasures.

Why should he, when by waiting he may gain All instead of a mere partial rapture? Has he not already experienced the Higher form of Ecstasy? The question now arises whether he had realised that this Higher Ecstasy with its Purity and STILLNESS is more to be esteemed than the APPARENT ACTIVITY of the lesser order.

In the Higher forms of Ecstasy characterized by this quality of STILLNESS, the ACTIVITY is in reality SO INTENSE that it appears to CEASE. But the resultant Rapture is in that case more refined and consequently more Powerful than in the Peace which passeth all understanding. Kundry may be said to have so far sought Rest below the Vibration of the RED RAY, while Parzival has found it beyond that of the ULTRA-VIOLET.

And so, when later, Kundry uses all her charms to tempt Parzival, she fails. Her embrace awakens the vibration of the RED RAY in the heart of Parzival and in this he recognizes, sympathetically, the cause of the wound of Amfortas and wherein the latter had failed. For Amfortas had been content to accept LESS than was his DUE, a vibration lower than the one to which his being was capable of responding.

Once the string of the Instrument or of the Bow has been slackened, its power is reduced; once the WILL has become the `will' it needs re-tuning to the Divine or Higher Vibration, but it cannot thus re-tune itself once self-will has usurped the place of SELF-WILL.

In that case the Holy Spear of Will and Wisdom has been replaced by the Sword of

Reason. This Sword is both useful and necessary until man has obtained possession of the Holy Spear or become conscious of his true Purpose, (Just as Reason is necessary until we attain to Wisdom and Understanding whereby the Truth is directly perceived without the necessity of inference and deduction) but once the higher faculties have been acquired and the Higher Will recognized as the true guiding Power of our lives, our Purpose must be kept pure and unsullied.

This Mystery is made clear in Liber Al vel Legis:

"Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all; though hast no right but to do thy will. Do that, and no other shall say nay. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!"

So we come to understand how the Perfect Cup and the Perfect Spear - Pure Understanding and Wisdom - are one; nay, are none since all 'knowledge' is cancelled out in Perfect Ecstasy.

Parzival yields not to the glamour of time and circumstance for he seeks the Eternal Reality, the everpresent Here and Now. The chance of a brief reflection of ecstasy on the physical plane does not deter him from his Quest for that which is CONTINUOUS as the Body of Our Lady Nuit or the Stars of Heaven. But, meanwhile, since he has left behind him - in the Temple of the Grail - the true Chalice of Ecstasy, his first duty is to seek the Holy Spear, the means whereby alone it may be vivified and enlightened.

Under the influence of Kundry he obtains a glimpse of his true purpose, the mission of Redeemer. Having realized the cause of the wound of Amfortas he determines to seek and obtain the means whereby it may be cured. Nor is he to be turned aside from this deed of compassion for in vain does Kundry question:

And was it my kiss This great knowledge conveyed thee? If in my arms I might take thee, 'Twould then a god surely make thee. Redeem the world then, if 'tis thy aim: Stand as a god revealed; For this hour let me perish in flame, Leave aye the wound unhealed.

But Parzival is determined that he will first heal the wound of Amfortas - King of the Grail - and he offers Kundry redemption at the price of her showing him the way back to the Castle of the Grail.

This would perhaps have seemed the reasonable course for Kundry to pursue. But the Task of Parzival, by the proper performance of which he may become MASTER OF THE TEMPLE, is not thus easy of accomplishment.

He must, in fact, on his return to the Temple bring with him the NEOPHYTE in his hand. He must have proved his power to raise the Fallen Daughter - or Animal Soul - to the Throne of the Mother -Understanding. It is his task to lead Kundry to the Mountain of Salvation, not hers to show him the way.

Besides, he has not yet obtained the means of curing the wound of Amfortas. Mere compassion for his anguish, mere realization of the cause of the trouble is not enough. Had he returned at this juncture his mission would have been a failure.

But Kundry - womanlike - does not pursue the reasonable course, and in the end her intuition produces the finer flowering. Yet she is not conscious of this for the intuition is clouded in her mind by her emotional nature. She is aware that she has been flouted, that her charms have failed to seduce Parzival from the sacred mysteries, as she has seduced Amfortas. For Parzival has told her:

Eternally Should I be damned with thee, If for one hour I forget my holy mission, Within  
thine arm's embracing!

And this is no pleasant pill for any pretty woman to swallow.

Nor could her appeal to his pity (though in truth washed "By Pity 'lightened") turn him aside from his larger purpose; even when this appeal was coupled with the promise that he should straightway see the Path to the Grail if he lingered but an hour.

Desperate, Kundry cries:

"Begone, detestable wretch"

and calling upon Klingsor (the only Master Will she knows) to avenge her wrong, she at the same time curses Parzival and all the Paths wherein he might travel, should they lead away from her.

And here the intuition that she is really necessary to his Attainment actually brings about the next step towards that end, by strange means. Parzival needs above all to realize the Nature of his True Will. And Klingsor has at this moment appeared upon the Castle wall; the Damsels rushing out of the Castle hasten towards Kundry, while Klingsor - poising a lance - cries:

Halt there! I'll ban thee with befitting gear: The Fool shall perish by his Master's spear!

All else having failed, Klingsor make use of the Sacred Spear Itself. He hurls his WILL at Parzival, who, being perfectly receptive to the Higher Power (no matter what the agency used to bring it to him) receives the Spear, not in his heart, but in his hand. For - as in the case of the Higher WILL at the time of the opening of the 1001 petalled Lotus, the Real Flower of the Garden - it is seen gently floating above his head, within his reach and power to grasp.

And so Parzival grasps his True Purpose and brandishing the Holy Spear with a gesture of exalted rapture, he makes the Sign of the Cross therewith. Now the Sign of the Cross is symbolical of that "Cross of the Elements" from which the Creative Word issued at the

birth of the dawning Universe.

A New Word is, as it were, uttered by Parzival and once again the Holy Spirit may be said to brood upon the Waters of Chaos. For at this moment, as with an earthquake, the Castle falls to ruins; the false Garden withers, and the damsels lie like shrivelled flowers strewn around on the ground. Kundry sinks down with a cry, and to her turns once more - from the summit of the ruined wall - the departing Parzival:

Thou knowst - Where only we shall meet again.

And, having uttered these prophetic words, he disappears among the shadows.

Point III

THE REDEMPTION OF THE REDEEMER

"Höchsten Heiles Wunder! Erlösung dem Erlöser!"

Before passing on to the final scenes of this Drama, it is necessary that we should know something of the Great Ceremony of Initiation into the Grade of Master of the Temple which Parzival was undergoing. This knowledge may best be obtained from the Records of the Great Brotherhood itself, and from the actual examples of those Who have undergone the Ordeals leading thereto.

The serious Student will be greatly interested in observing how closely some of the passages we have already quoted, and those we are about to quote, parallel the events in the Drama as compiled by Richard Wagner. But it must be remembered that Wagner himself received Instructions in the great Principles of the Holy Order from certain of the Secret Chiefs and this accounts for the great harmony between his Work and that of other members of the Great Brotherhood.

We find in Liver IV these words:

"The Master of the Temple has crossed the Abyss, has entered the Palace of the King's Daughter; he has only to utter one word, and all is dissolved. But, instead of that, he is found hidden in the earth, tending a garden. This mystery is all too complex to be elucidated in these fragments of impure thought; it is a suitable subject for meditation."

Parzival enters the Abyss when, casting aside every personal consideration and actuated by Pure Will delivered from the lust of result, he destroys Klingsor's Garden and Keep.

All that structure, built upon Reason, is shattered, and nothing but a rubbish-heap remains. For Parzival had discovered the Power of the Word whereby the Universe vanishes in Fire and Flame. This may therefore be looked upon as the supreme Banishing Ritual.

But the process of Creation, Preservation and Destruction is continuous; things must be destroyed on order that they may be renewed. It is from the rubbish-heap of Chronozon (Klingsor) that one selects the materials for a god, or for a New Aeon. Understanding is the structuralization of knowledge, and implies coordination.

But, in the meanwhile Parzival must tend a Garden of his own, for, having looked upon the "Face of the Father" he has become NEMO - No-man. (It is interesting to note that Klingsor termed Kundry "Nameless woman", for she, too, must attain to Understanding in the end.)

A study of Liber CCCXVIII, 13th Aethyr, will give us a fuller comprehension of this Mystery. Therein we read:

"No man hath beheld the face of my Father. Therefore he that hath beheld it is called NEMO. And know thou that every man that is called NEMO hath a garden that he tendeth. And every garden that is and flourisheth hath been prepared from the desert by NEMO, watered with the waters that were called death. And I say unto him: To what end is the garden prepared? And he saith: First for the beauty and delight thereof; and next because it is written "And Tetragrammaton Elohim planted a garden eastward in Eden." And lastly, because though every flower bringeth forth a maiden, yet there is one flower that shall bring forth a man-child. And his name shall be called NEMO, when he beholdeth the face of my Father. And he that tendeth the garden seeketh not to single out the flower that shall be NEMO. He doeth naught but tend the garden. And I said: Pleasant indeed is the garden, and light is the toil of tending it, and great is the reward. And he said: Bethink thee that NEMO hath beheld the face of my Father. In his is only Peace. And I said: Are all gardens like unto this garden? And he waved his hand, and in the Aire across the valley appeared an island of coral, rosy, with green palms and fruit trees, in the midst of the bluest of the seas.

And he waved his hand again, and there appeared a valley shut in by mighty snow mountains, and in it were pleasant streams of water, rushing through, and broad rivers, and lakes covered with lilies. And he waved his hand again, and there was a vision, as it were an oasis in the desert. And again he waved his hand, and there was a dim country with grey rocks, and heather, and gorse, and bracken. \* \* \* And he seems to read my thought, which is, that I should love to stay in this garden forever: for he sayeth to me: Come with me, and behold how NEMO tendeth his garden. So we enter the earth, and there is a veiled figure, in absolute darkness. Yet it is perfectly possible to see in it, so that the minutest details do not escape us. And upon the root of one flower he pours acid so that root writhes as if in a torture. And another he cuts, and the shriek is like the shriek of a mandrake, torn up by the roots. And another he chars with fire, and yet another he anoints with oil. And I said: Heavy is the labour, but great is the reward. And the young man answered me: He shall not see the reward; he tendeth the garden. And I said: What shall come unto him? And he said: This thou canst not know, nor is it revealed by the letters that are the totems of the stars, but only by the stars."

We find in the above an exact parallel to the case of Parzival, for he finds that "The

Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding; and he is one with the Primeval things."

He must wander about in the earth, tending the ROOTS of the flowers; unconscious of the results of his labours, until the time is ripe for another to take his place.

The Third Act opens in the Grail's Domain. We perceive a pleasant spring landscape and flowery meadows towards the back. In the foreground is a wood which extends away towards the right, and a spring of clear water. Opposite, and higher up, is a narrow hermitage built against a rock. It is Daybreak.

All this brilliant spring scenery symbolises some of the work of Parzival who has laboured in darkness for many years. But the Night is nearly passed.

Gurnemanz, now old and in the garment of a simple hermit, yet still protected by the Mantle of the Grail, is now discovered. He hears a low moaning which he recognizes as that of Kundry, who- half dead, but now faithful in service - has found her way back to the Mountain of Salvation. Intuitively she had been led to keep her tryst with Parzival whose last words to her had been:

Thou knowest, where only we shall meet again.

She is discovered by Gurnemanz concealed in a small thicket near the stream. How long she has waited there, who can tell, but the thicket is now overgrown with thorns.

Upon spying her, Gurnemanz cries:

Up! - Kundry - Up! The winter's fled, and Spring is here! Awake, awake to the Spring!

The results of the unseen work of Parzival upon the "roots" of her being soon become apparent to Gurnemanz. Her first cry, on being aroused from her deadly stupor, is: Service!

But Gurnemanz - shaking his head - replies:

Now will thy work be light! We send no errands out long since: Simples and herbs Must ev'ry one find for himself: 'Tis learnt in the woods from the beasts.

But Kundry, having in the meanwhile looked about her, perceives the hermit's hut, and goes in. Gurnemanz, in surprise, remarks how different is her step, and thanks Heaven that he has been the means of reviving this "flower" that had formerly seemed so poisonous.

Kundry quietly returns with a water-pot which she takes to the spring, and while waiting for it to fill, she looks toward the wood and perceives a strange Knight approaching in



the distance. She turns to Gurnemanz, who seeing the same figure, remarks:

Who comes toward the sanctified stream? In gloomy war apparel. None of our brethren is he.

For in his shroud of darkness Parzival - for it is he - is not recognized even by Gurnemanz, a Companion of the Grail. It is not surprising that during his wanderings those less enlightened should have failed to perceive his identity.

He slowly enters, clad from head to foot in pure black armour; carrying, upright, the Sacred Spear, equipped with sword and shield. He seems dreamy and vacillating, but seats himself on the little knoll beside the stream.

Gurnemanz, after observing him for some time, finding him silent, approaches somewhat, and remarks:

Greet thee, my friend! Art thou astray, and shall I direct thee?

In reply to which Parzival gently shakes his head, but remains silent. Further questioning only elicits from him the same silent response, for is it not written that UNDERSTANDING is pure Silence and Pure Darkness.

But the end of this period of silence and darkness is approaching. The NEMO stage of the "City of the Pyramids" soon gives place to another.

Parzival rises and thrusts his Spear upright in the ground, thus, as it were, linking Heaven and Earth. He then slowly divests himself of the black armour. First he lays down his Sword (The power of Reason and of analysis), and his Shield (The heavy Karma of the World - his Pantacle). Opening his Helmet (which, being but a symbol of the Cup, has kept him in a darkness) he removes it; thus allowing the Wine of Sunlight to descend upon his head.

He then kneels in silent prayer before the Spear, seeking conscious and enlightened union with the Will of the Universe. Hitherto he has been guided by that Will, but has remained the while unconscious of Its direction, he now seeks to participate more fully in the Great Purpose.

While thus engaged in holy meditation, he is recognised by both Gurnemanz and Kundry. They also realize that he has obtained possession of the Sacred Spear, so long lost to the Knights of the Grail. Kundry turns away her face, while Gurnemanz, in great emotion, cries:

Oh! - holiest day. To which my happy soul awakes!

Then, having arisen, Parzival recognises them in turn and greetings are exchanged. He can hardly believe that at last his path through error and suffering has led him once

again to that holy spot. For all seems changed.

His one desire is to find Amfortas, whose wound had so long aroused his Compassion and Pity, and which he feels it to be his mission to heal. This may be accomplished by one means alone, the Sacred Spear by which the wound was made.

And all that while that Parzival - even with this high purpose in view - had consciously sought to return to The Mountain of Salvation, the path thereto had been denied him and he had wandered at random, as if:

Driven ever by a curse: Countless distresses Battles and conflicts Drove me far from the pathway; Well though I knew it, methought.

For the Road to Ecstasy is one above thought, and when Ecstasy returns it is as a Grace rather than as the result of our conscious efforts. Yet it is the reward of our "wanderings" if our Aspiration has been kept perfectly pure meanwhile.

The Sacred Spear - The True Will - must not be used save for the highest ends; and those ends do not become apparent to the conscious mind, till many a day after it has first been grasped and wielded to destroy illusion.

Parzival:

Then hopeless despair overtook me, To hold the holy Thing safely. In its behalf, in its safe warding I won from ev'ry weapon a wound; For 'twas forbidden That in battle I bore it: Undefined E'er at my side I wore it, And now I home restore it. 'Tis this that gleaming hails thee here, - The Grail's most holy spear.

And then Parzival learns from Gurnemanz that he at last nears the end of his Quest, for he is already within the Grail's Domain. He learns, too, of the anguish that has been suffered by Amfortas during his absence, and how the Knights had been disbanded because Amfortas no longer dared to unveil the Holy Cup. How Titurel, Father and Founder of the Order, had died - as other men - when he no longer received the Grail's enlivening beams.

So Parzival, in intense grief, bemoans his foolish wanderings that seem to have caused such disastrous results through his delay in returning to Monsalvat on his mission of mercy.

But things could have not been otherwise. We should remember how NEMO tended his garden and how some of the roots writhed in anguish under the acid or the knife, while others flourished by means of the oil.

Had his Understanding not been Pure Darkness, his conscious mind would never have allowed him to complete his Work. But such is the Mystery of Redemption that these things must be in order that the final outcome may be perfect.

Sorrow and suffering are great teachers, and the Masters, having no personal ends to accomplish, are often the Instruments whereby our Karma comes upon us. As pointed out in Liber IV.:

"The contemplation of the Universe must be at first almost pure anguish. It is this fact which is responsible for most of the speculation of philosophy. Medieval philosophers went hopelessly astray because of their theology necessitated the reference of all things to the standard of man's welfare. \* \* \* The Ego-Idea must be ruthlessly rooted out before Understanding can be attained. There is an apparent contradiction between this attitude and that of the Master of the Temple. What can possibly be more selfish than this interpretation of everything as a dealing of God with the soul? But it is God who is all and not any part; and every "dealing" must thus be an expansion of the soul, a destruction of its separateness. Every ray of the sun expands the flower. The surface of the water in the Magick Cup is infinite; there is no point different from any other point. Thus, ultimately, as the wand (spear) is a binding and a limitation, so is the Cup an expansion - into the Infinite. And this is the danger of the Cup; it must necessarily be open to all, and yet if anything is put into it which is out of proportion, unbalanced, or impure, it takes hurt." But - "Ultimately the Magical Will so identifies itself with the man's whole being that it becomes unconscious, and is as constant a force as gravitation."

Thus had the Spear - The Magical Will - led Parzival back to the Grail.

But, after his long Quest, Parzival is weak and fainting, and this final temptation - the idea that after all he has FAILED in the Quest - causes him to sink down helplessly upon the grassy knoll.

Kundry has brought a basin of Water with which to sprinkle Parzival, but Gurnemanz, waving her off, says:

Not so! The holy fount itself Befitteth more our pilgrim's bath.

And so, by the side of the Holy Spring (The Waters of the Great Sea - AKSHARA) they remove the greaves from his legs (giving him further freedom of action) and bathe his feet (Symbol of Understanding). They then remove his corslet (thus disclosing his Heart) and sprinkle him with the holy water.

For there are Three that bear witness on Earth - The Water, the Blood and the Holy Ghost (the Dove) and he that overcometh shall partake of the Waters of Life freely.

Upon the contemplation of Kundry's self-imposed task of bathing the feet of Parzival, he asks gently but wearily:

"Shall I straight be guided unto Amfortas?"

To which question Gurnemanz, whilst busying himself, replies:

Most surely; there the Court our coming waits.

He explains further that even he has been summoned to this Reception since, upon the death of Titurel, the long neglected office of the uncovering of the Grail is, by the will of Amfortas, once more to be performed.

We should notice how, apparently by chance - for so seems the Design of the Universal Initiation of Humanity - all things have been prepared and are seen to lead up to the Crowning point of the Ceremony.

Meanwhile, Parzival sits wondering at the marked change in Kundry, at her now humble attitude, so different from her former perversity; while Gurnemanz performs a further office in the ceremony of Purification by sprinkling the head of Parzival with the water from the Holy Spring.

Purification being complete, is followed by Consecration, the second step towards Initiation. Kundry is seen to take a golden flask from her bosom and to pour some of its contents upon Parzival's feet. Taking the flask from her, Parzival then invites Gurnemanz to anoint his head with the same Holy Oil; his now clear vision causing him to remark:

"For I today as king shall be appointed."

He makes this statement, which is no less than a prophesy of his complete attainment, as simply and naturally as a child.

A few remarks should now be made on the nature of this Holy Oil and in regard to the source from whence it came. Liber IV will again supply the key, for therein we read:

"The Holy Oil is the Aspiration of the Magician, it is that which consecrates him to the performance of the Great Work. \* \* \* It is not the will of the magician, the desire of the lower to reach the higher; but is that spark of the higher in the Magician which wishes to unite the lower with itself."

The Oil, in this instance performs a double purpose, for it represents both the awakening of the True Self of Kundry, and the desire for redemption. This Higher Self is represented by Parzival, and Kundry's Consecration of Parzival is the act which makes her redemption, by him, possible.

Again:

"This oil is compounded of four substances. The basis of all is the oil of the olive, The Olive is, traditionally, the gift of Minerva, the wisdom of God, the Logos. It is dissolved in three other oils; oil of myrrh, oil of cinnamon, oil of galangal. The Myrrh is attributed to Binah, the Great Mother, who is both the understanding of the Magician and that sorrow

and compassion that results from the contemplation of the Universe. The Cinnamon represents Tiphareth, the Sun - the Son, in whom Glory and Suffering are identical. The Galangal represents both Kether and Malkuth, the First and the Last, the One and the Many, since in this Oil they are One." "These oils taken together represent the whole Tree of Life. The ten Sephiroth are blended into the perfect gold." This will become clearer when the whole Drama has been treated from the Qabalistic viewpoint in the next Chapter. Again: "This perfect Oil is most penetrating and subtle. Gradually it will spread itself, a glistening film, over every object in the Temple."

In regard to this latter point we should observe what actually happens a little further on in the Drama, but first notice one further quotation which has a very direct bearing on the subject in hand.

"The phial which contains the Oil should be of clear rock crystal (Rock Crystal is attributed to Malkuth - the Fallen Daughter, but in this case the flask is of Gold which represents the Breast, Sun or Tiphareth Sphere of the Son or Higher Self whose influence has been felt by Kundry) and some magicians have fashioned it in the shape of the female breast, for that is the true nourishment of all that lives. For this reason also it has been made of mother-of-pearl and stoppered with a ruby."

In this connection we should note that Kundry produced the golden flask from her bosom, for every detail of this Drama is symbolical.

Next, Parzival very quietly scoops up some of the Holy Water from the Spring and sprinkles it upon Kundry's head while she kneels at his feet - saying:

I first fulfil my duty thus: - Be thou baptized, And trust in the Redeemer!

At which Kundry bows her head and appears to weep bitterly.

This is the first time that Kundry has been truly willing to receive the higher help. She has done much, according to her own notions of service, but now she is about to be led to Understand how best she may Serve; for true Mastery implies true Service.

We should notice, too, the effects of the Holy Oil on Parzival. He turns round and gazes with gentle rapture on the woods and meadows; which represent his Garden, as we explained before. Gradually, he realizes the results of the Work he had carried on in silence and darkness. His memory awakens and he murmurs:

How fair the fields and meadows seem today! Many a magic flower I've seen, Which sought to clasp me in its baneful twinings; But none I've seen so sweet as here, These tendrils bursting with blossom, Whose scent recalls my childhood's days, And speaks of loving trust to me.

Gurnemanz attempts to explain this, saying: "That is Good-Friday's spell, my lord!" Whereas Parzival, reminded of the darkness of his self-crucifixion and hardly yet

realizing its full significance, replies:

"Alas, that day of agony! Now surely everything that thrives, That breathes and lives and lives again Should only mourn and sorrow?"

But Gurnemanz continues:

"Thou seest it is not so.

For:

"The sad repentant tears of sinners have here with holy rain besprinkled field and plain, and made them glow with beauty. All earthly creatures in delight at the Redeemer's trace so bright, uplift their prayers of duty. To see Him on the Cross they have no power; and so they smile upon redeemed man, who, feeling freed, with dread no more doth cower, through God's love-sacrifice made clean and pure. And now each meadow flower and blade perceives that mortal foot to-day it need not dread; for as the Lord in pity man did spare, and in His mercy for him bled, all men will keep with pious care, to-day a tender tread. So Trespass-pardoned Nature wakes now to her day of Innocence."

During this speech, Kundry has been watching Parzival with moist eyes and a look of beseeching, and he, now fully realizing the results of his work (for it is High Noon) remarks:

I saw my scornful mockers wither: Now look they for forgiveness hither? Like blessed sweet dew a tear from thee too floweth? Thou weepest - see! the landscape gloweth.

And he kisses her softly upon the brow. Here the "dew of pure love" begins its wondrous action which brings all to perfection. Of this it is written in Liber IV. "There is, however, a universal solvent and harmonizer, a certain dew which is so pure that a single drop of it cast into the water of the Cup will for the time being bring all perfection.

"This dew is called Love. Even in the case of human love, the whole Universe appears perfect to the man who is under its control, so it is, and much more, with the Divine Love of which it is now spoken.

"For human love is an excitement, and not a stilling of the mind; and as it is bound to the individual, only leads to greater trouble in the end.

"This Divine Love, on the contrary, is attached to no symbol. It abhors limitation, either in its intensity or in its scope."

Here we obtain the key to the errors of both Klingsor and Amfortas; together with the true solution of the problem, as obtained by Parzival. For this Love leads on to ECSTASY, as the drama itself now shows us.

It is MIDDAY, and just as the Sun is then at its height and full beauty, so we find that Parzival's travels have led him to complete the circle of his wanderings, and in another moment, The Mountain of Salvation, like a great Ruby Jewel set in a Golden Ring, will shine out once more. Meanwhile, Gurnemanz and Kundry are seen to cover Parzival with the Mantle of the Grail, and he, solemnly grasping the Holy Spear and with Kundry at his side, prepares to follow Gurnemanz.

Now, as if to prove out theory that Parzival had completed the Circle, we find the scenery once again automatically changing, but this time from right to left. It will be remembered that on the previous occasion, when for the first time Parzival entered the Temple of the Grail, this charge took place in the opposite direction. The passages through which they pass are similar, but as if reversed. And this time all three traverse them together as if to symbolise the Sacred Triad, the completion of which is about to take place.

As before, there are chimes of bells. (The aspirant will notice similar sounds when entering the Higher Consciousness. They are sometimes called "The Voice of the Nada.")

Once more Time and Space are One, and the Tableau of the Everpresent Here and Now appears.

Here we find Birth, Death, Life, Sorrow, Age and Youth mingled together in Harmony, Joy and Beauty. The vast Temple of the Holy Ghost - the length of which is from North to South, its breadth from East to West, and its height from Abyss to Abyss, yet which is also the BODY OF MAN - is open to our view.

There is but a faint light at first. The doors open on either side and Knights bring Titurel's corpse in a Coffin and Amfortas' wounded body on a litter. The bier is erected in the middle of the Hall, and behind it is the throne with canopy, where Amfortas is set down.

Then comes a train of Knights bearing the Holy Grail towards the sheltering Shrine, where it is placed as before.

Unaware of the approach of the Victorious Parzival, the Knights now murmur at the death of Titurel the honoured founder of the Order. For this death, Amfortas appears to have been at least partially responsible, having failed for so long a time in his office to unveil the Grail. Yet he, having lost the Sacred Spear - the Higher Will - entrusted to him by his Father, and having found the human will quite unable to take its place, has in the meanwhile suffered awful tortures through this failure to fulfil his true Purpose.

The Knights, in despair, press towards Amfortas and demand that he - this once - unveil the shrine and do his office. Whereat, Amfortas in an ECSTASY OF FEAR, springs up and throws himself among the Knights - who draw back - while he cries:

No! - No more! - Ha! Already is death glooming round me, And shall I yet again return to life? Insanity! What one in life can yet stay me? Rather I bid ye slay me!

For such is the Ecstasy of the Touch of Death the Twin of Love.

(He tears open his dress.)

Behold me! - the open wound behold! Here is my poison - my streaming blood. Take up your weapons! Bury your sword-blades Deep - deep in me, to the hilts! Ye heroes, up! Kill both the sinner and all his pain: The Grail's delight will ye then regain!

But there is no DEATH in the Hall of Ecstasy. Birth, Life, Death are not successive but One, for Time and Space are One.

And so, at the moment of Amfortas' greatest agony Parzival, the Redeeming Power, enters unperceived and unexpected.

There is much truth in the old saying, "The unexpected is sure to happen" and this is more and more clearly realized as we tread the true Path. True Ecstasy comes at the moment when all seems lost, for the partial and transient must disappear and become lost, e'er the Real appears. "For to each individual thing, attainment means first and foremost the destruction of the individuality."

"Each of our ideas must be made to give up the self to the Beloved, so that we may eventually give up the Self to the Beloved in our turn." - Liber IV.

Suddenly the voice of Parzival is heard:

One weapon only serves: The one that struck Can staunch thy wounded side.

The countenance of Amfortas, upon his hearing these words, now displays HOLY RAPTURE. He totters in ecstasy, while Gurnemanz supports him tenderly.

Parzival:

Be whole, unsullied and absolved! For now I govern in thy place.

The True Will unhesitatingly takes its rightful place, and since that Will is one with THE WILL OF THE UNIVERSE, Amfortas without hesitation accepts it.

Parzival:

Oh blessed be thy sorrows, For Pity's potent might And Knowledge' purest Power They taught a timid Fool. The Holy Spear Once more behold in this.



And as all gaze in rapture on the Spear held aloft by Parzival, he continues, in inspiration, as he gazes at its Point:

O mighty miracle of bliss! This that through me thy wound restoreth. With holy blood behold it poureth, Which yearns to join the fountain glowing, Whose pure tide in the Grail is flowing! Hid be no more that shape divine; Uncover the Grail! Open the Shrine!

Thus, and not otherwise, came Parzival into his own. The Temple of the Chalice of Ecstasy is now, for him, The Palace of the King's Daughter. For thus is it written: "When these shall have destroyed the Universe, then mayest thou enter the Palace of the Queen, my Daughter." Then only shall we understand the nature of The Bride's Reception. For:

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

Thus, and thus alone; amid Radiant Light, the Glowing of the Chalice of Ecstasy, the Rising of Titurel from the Tomb, the Death struggle of Kundry, the Homage of the Redeemed, the Praise of the Knights of the Grail, and above all the Benediction of the Dove of the Holy Spirit; is the final Work accomplished -

THE REDEMPTION OF THE REDEEMER.

#### QABALISTIC CONCLUSION

Nothing now remains but for the scribe to bear witness to the strange Qabalistic "coincidences" connected with this Drama.

Was Wagner a great Qabalist? Were those from whom he obtained the sources of his information such? Who can tell?

Rather I would suggest that, being inspired, this Drama must of necessity conform to all truth, on all planes. For there are certain Numerical Emanations, called the Ten Sephiroth, and there are certain Vibrations of a numerical nature connected with Words.

It is not my intention to write a treatise on the Holy Qabalah (those who wish to study this interesting subject may do so in "Q.B.L. or The Bride's Reception"), nor to describe fully the "Tree of Life", nor the methods of drawing numerical meanings from words. The accompanying plate shows the structure of "The Tree of Life", and the Frontispiece indicates how the "Chalice of Ecstasy" may be drawn therefrom.

The Qabalistic teaching is that Malkuth - The Kingdom - The Animal Soul - THE FALLEN DAUGHTER must be RAISED through the Office of the SON - Tiphereth - The Sun - Harmony and Beauty, to the Throne of the MOTHER - Binah - Understanding - THE CUP, when she is again united to the FATHER - Chokmah - Wisdom - Will - THE SPEAR, thus absorbing all into THE CROWN - Kether - The Pure Light of the DOVE

which descends upon their Union.

This is the Mystery of Redemption and of the Great Work, the Uniting of the Microcosm and the Macrocosm - Man with God.

The main Formula of the Great Work, that of the Rose and Cross, is symbolised in the Great Order as  $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ . This refers to the Microcosm and the Macrocosm as the Pentagram or Fivefold Star on Unconquered Will and the Hexagram or Six-fold Star. The Work is to discover their equivalence, and to unite them.

The first stage of this Union occurs in TIPHERETH, and is accompanied with the feeling of Ecstasy. This Sephira is that of the SUN, and is necessarily connected with the Solar Numbers of which 6, 66, and 666 are the Scale. This is the Sphere of the Crowned King - The Son who unites in himself both Glory and Suffering.

But since there has been, what we may term, a change of Office in the Great Hierarchy in this New Aeon, we find that the Number 418 which is the numeration of "ABRAHADABRA" the Word of the Aeon is also particularly attributed to this Sphere, since it represents perfectly the formula of  $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ . (See Sepher Sephiroth, Equinox Vol. I. Number VIII.)

Again 777 is a number representing alike "The Flaming Sword" and the Unity of all things including the World of Shells. In Greek Qabalah it corresponds to the word STAUIROS - The Cross.

It is worthy of notice, and most careful consideration, therefore, that with slight adjustment of spelling, the Names of the principle characters in the Drama have an extraordinary significance.

TITUREL, Founder of the Grail Order, adds to 666.

MONSALVAT, the Mountain of Salvation, adds to 666.

GAMURET, the Father of Parzival, adds to 666.

AMFORTAS, with his Cross of Suffering, adds to 777.

KLINGSOR, who represents Choronzon (333) adds to 333.

GURNEMANZ, Conductor of the New King, adds to 418.

PARZIVAL, The Pure Fool, adds to 418.

KUNDRY and GUNDRYGGIA, alike add to 290.

In the above the Hebrew equivalents of the letters and the old spellings of the names

are used. With small study of the Qabalistic System and the Grades of the Order based on the Tree of Life, the significance of the above will become more and more apparent to the Student. An extended treatise might be written on the subject, but that is not the intention of the author at this time.

Now, there are several spellings of the name Parzival; the one I have adopted being that of Wolfram von Eschenbach, from whom Wagner derived the Drama. The usual spelling - Parsifal - is interesting since it adds to 388, which, with the addition of 500 (Final Mem. The Water of the Great Sea of Understanding), becomes 888. By Greek Numeration 888 is the number of Jesus the Christ.

But there is another spelling, much more significant, and probably the oldest of them all. PARChVAL, the numeration of which adds to 326.

It will have been noticed that the most important Points of the Drama are connected with THE CUP - Understanding - Binah the THIRD Sephira; The SPEAR - Will - Wisdom - Chokmah the SECOND Sephira, and THE HEART - The Castle of the Grail - Tiphereth the SIXTH Sephira. If we examine these Spheres on the Tree of Life we find they form a Descending Triad representing the Bowl of The Chalice of Ecstasy, the points of which are 326.

Now 326 is the Numeration of IHShVH - The Hebrew Jeheshuah - Jesus - The God-Man or Redeemer. This Word also symbolises the descent of "Shin" the letter of the Holy Spirit into the Four Lettered Word IHVH - Jehovah - The Ineffable Name and the Formula of the Four Elements. Thus PARChVAL symbolises the whole process perfectly; the Descent of Spirit into Matter and also of the Redemption.

It also shows the transition to the New Aeon, there being a connection between this old spelling and that of Parzival the formula of the present time. For the central letter of the word PARChVAL is "Ch" in Hebrew Cheth, which spelt in full is 418 the numeration of Parzival, and of the Word of the Aeon, his Magick Formula.

I need only add that The DOVE - Kether - The Crown - when shown above the bowl of the CHALICE (in its natural position on The Tree of Life) together with Yesod - the Foundation and Malkuth - The Kingdom, as the stem and base of the Cup; completes the Qabalistic Design. This arrangement clearly shows how the Chalice is one with the Tree of Life and filled by the Holy Spirit.

The numerical proof is not, however, quite complete - indeed it could never be completed - but let me draw your attention to the word Grail. The old spelling is GRAL and here we find G - the letter of The Moon - and R - the letter of the Sun, coupled with AL, the Great Name of God.

Turning once more to our Qabalistic Design of the Cup drawn on the Tree of Life, let us examine the Numbers of the Sephiroth involved. We shall indeed discover the "Chalice of Ecstasy" for we obtain  $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 9 + 10 = 31$ , which is the numeration of both AL

and LA - God and Not- Key to the Mysteries both of the Old Aeon and the New and when properly understood the Final Formula of

ECSTASY.

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About this capture

LIBER THIRTY-ONE

Frater Achad

Being a part of the diary of O.I.V.V.I.O. concerning the Fool, Parzival and how he discovered the mystery of the One that is Not. Written down in the fourteenth year of this Aeon when the Sun was in the sign of Libra, by Frater Arctaeon.

Not\*

delivered by 777 unto 666 for His high consideration

this Third day of the 11th

month of the year 1918 E.V.

(\* This manuscript was NOT delivered on date originally intended but held until about September 3, 1919 when it was mailed to Therion from Detroit. He was then in New York. Receipt was acknowledged in letter received September 8, 1919. On September 9, 1919 a further P.C. was received from Therion which read:

"\ = 418. "Thou knowest not." Your key opens Palace. CCXX has unfolded like a flower. All solved, even II.76 & III.47. Did you know ^ = 3.141593? And oh! lots more!" (sgd.) AL'AIN the Priest....666

-- Achad, March 13.1948)

"But first thou must suffer, thou must suffer many things" (Even so be it Lord Adonai). The Voice goes on: "Thou must suffer the pains of Death and of Hell and of the Grave (3 times repeated) And after these things are come to pass will I come unto thee to comfort Thee (Twice repeated. The Words 'Come to pass' added the second time). "And there shall be no more sea, neither shall there be any more fear, but I alone will inform thee in all things, even unto the end which is NOT. For many have said unto thee strange and diverse words, but mine shall be the One Word which Is and Was and Shall be. Amen."

Note: This was recorded in diary on 3rd Day of October 1912 after Noon Prayer to Adonai. I have just 'discovered' the prophesy this 31st day of October 1918 E.V. --777.

#### THE DIARY OF O.I.V.V.I.O.

Sun in 1 Deg Libra AN XIV. SUN-DAY Sept 22nd 1918 E.V.

It seems as if Sunday is the one day of all the week on which I am impressed to write a few fragments of what passes through my mind. On Sept 1st I obtained a clear understanding regarding the Will and the Law. On Sept 8th, nothing special I think, but on Sept 15th I wrote "Stepping out of the Old Aeon into the New" and today I had a mind to write, at Therion's request, a pamphlet on how All is Change. But first there are some important considerations to be recorded and I feel that now is the time to place them on record.

That which I am about to write concerneth the Supernal Triad. It is just Nine Months since the last Great Initiation was granted unto me, O.I.V.V.I.O., and as hardly a word of the experience then undergone has been recorded. In fact, this is also true to some extent of the Initiation of June 21st, 1916, the record of which I am only now trying to put into writing. It is not in this place that I intend to make a full statement of all that occurred, but it is of the greatest importance that the inmost and essential features be written down, despite the terrible difficulty of the task.

Briefly, then, I want to state my position, which I feel is known yet not known.

When I proclaimed my intention of claiming the Grade of 8-3 or Master of the Temple, on June 21st 1916 in the City of North Vancouver, British Columbia, I did so because I thought that the Master Therion needed NEMO to fill that Office in order that He might fully attain His 9-2. The details of the Initiation which followed are recorded in another place, but here I would state that, having 'died' and, as it were, Reincarnated immediately in the same body, and having given up all, even the Master Therion, I was led of the Spirit during a stay at Grantham's Landing, so that it appeared to me that on June 22nd 1916 I was NEMO 8-3; but on June 23rd at 12 Noon the realization of the Curse of the Magus came to me quite unexpectedly, so that I could do naught else than consider my Grade to be 9-2. Then followed a terrible struggle, for I realized how I had failed so far of Complete Attainment because of a certain Glamour of the Path. Then it was that I decided to give up all, even the least little thing, and I made certain pledges which were afterwards faithfully kept, so that I gave up my business position and got down to spending my last cent of money.

Having made these pledges, it seemed quite certain that I was upon the Path of Aleph, which uniteth Chockmah with the Crown, and therefore beyond the Glamour of the Great Magician. I hoped that Therion had at this time Attained unto 10=1 and I was ready even then, if need be, to hold the Grade of 9=2, and to accept the Curse thereof, but if that were not the case, I could only consider that somehow I had passed the Great Magician on the Path. At 9 p.m. that night, I was just a clearly convinced that I had attained the Grade of 10=1, and I remained in the Great Illumination until for following

day. Then after leaving Soror R. I went away with the feeling of complete enlightenment, but certain considerations came to me so that I decided to reverse the Grade and take that of a simple 1=10 or Neophyte, thus as it were, plunging down the Middle Pillar of the Tree of Life and uniting Kether and Malkuth in my own Being. (Note V.I.O. = 86 a Number asserting this identity, thus foreshadowing this Attainment, as all His other Mottoes seem to do. And OHPION has said, One cannot get away from the fulfillment of Mottoes).

Having done this, I felt myself to be One with the Buddhas of Compassion, and returned to Soror R. as elsewhere recorded.

Shortly after we got back to Vancouver, the meaning of all my Mottoes was revealed to me, and their connection with the whole of my Magical career. I discovered how V.I.O.O.I.V. in full (as Unus in Omnibus Omnia in Uno) added to 777 though I had never known this before, owing to a mistake in the spelling made by F. when he first put in into Latin for me. This was my original Probationer's Motto. On becoming a Neophyte I had Chosen Achad = Unity, while my O.T.O. Name, which I afterwards used for the Second Order as 5=6 was Parzival, which contains the mystery of 8.80.418. which was one of the things which led to the thought that I might be the 'child' mentioned in Liber Legis, afterwards proved in such a marvelous manner, of which see accounts in the Diary of Nemo, and that of a Magus.

Then correspondence began between myself and Therion, and He admitted my 8=3 Grade, but would not consider the possibility of the Path of Aleph, 10=1 etc. explaining my taking 1=10 again as my being 'Cast out into Malkuth', although, as a matter of fact, I made no claim except to Neophyte. He also realized that this must be the 'child' prophesied unto him in Liber Legis, and claimed me as His Son.

About this time I changed the order of my Motto to O.I.V.V.I.O. which, note, is another sort of reversal, and this mystery of things reversing or reflecting, or being taken out of their usual dimension and replaced in another order, seems to be part of the Key of Things in Themselves as will be shown later, although I understood it not at the time.

Nothing much happened to me, except that I was granted Light on certain Mystery in the Letters A.A., until December 16th 1917 E.V. (18 months later). Then on Dec. 21st I realized that the Initiation was again going on with great force, but this time the character was very different, and seemed to have to do with the Mystery of the Elements, Planets, and Paths, whereas the former one dealt with the Sephiroth more particularly. I must remark that this Initiation had an actual effect on the Elements, causing storms etc., and that these had to be balanced and equilibrated, which was done. All the time this was going on. the one sentence which continually recurred, was "The Air is His Balance." This seemed to be the Key note which saved me from destruction many times. Later, it appeared that I united the Paths of Aleph and Shin, Aethyr and Fire, as a final Equilibration, and the Tree was completely changed again, so that it had to be re-formulated, and eventually resolved into a Single Sphere. Later, came the drawing of all to a Single Point of Light (Hadith) in the Center of Breast. And I

was taken back to the Beginning of Things and discovered how in Truth there was No Beginning and No End. In particular I must mention how I was taken back to the beginning of Words, and I Parzival (the Fool or Zero) was the WORD and even that was disintegrated so that the final Mystery Was AL = GOD and then that too disappeared in LA = NOT. THEN came the Flash of a New Creation and again the Flash - the solution of the Mystery of CHANGE and also of the SELFLESSNESS which is SELF. I was also given a certain Magical gesture, not now clear to me, which seemed to cause this Annihilation and Reconstruction to be brought about. (Note. Oct. 19th. While typing these notes, another mystery becomes clear to me. In connection with Parzival and the fulfillment of that Motto also. The mind was actually running backwards at this time, as will be shown later on, and though possibly not quite perfectly till after the first Flash. Parzival, REVERSED and split into sections, would give AL or LA, followed by ZIV or VIZ which numeration is 106 = ATTAINED followed by PAR or RAP = CROWN, and ASHES, and these ideas (innate in the Word) exactly correspond with what actually occurred.)

Now let me say no more of this matter, but pass on. In March 1918 I sold all that I had in order to join Therion in New York.

Quite recently I was impressed to resign from the O.T.O. and to withdraw my help in that direction, and having done so, I felt a wonderful calm, and a realization of entering into the Tao. It was only then that I began to seriously consider if I had passed him on the Path and Attained 10=1. Also the question arose as to whether He might not think so also. Yesterday, I had a long talk with Him, because He had raised the point that in going back over past lives he had discovered that each new life was an added veil of the True Self or Star and therefore the Star was to be found by going back to the Beginning. This seemed a new idea to Him, but I could not help thinking of my experience and how I had actually done this, and got there and become One with the Final Mystery in December 1917. And yesterday, when I talked with him, he seemed on his guard, so that when I asked him about the Mystery of Change, he referred me to the fact - as he says - that in my Grade of 8=3 I should constantly apply myself to the Mystery of Sorrow. Then I suddenly asked him what he thought of the Number 31, and where it should be placed on the Tree of Life. He said This Number has to do with the identity of Nothing with the Trinity, and if anything refers to the Ain, or perhaps to Kether, but certainly to no lower Sephira. Then I thanked him, and said no more.

Today I decided to write these notes and also to consider of this Number 31 and of the Word which comes therefrom, whether It be the True Key of the Grade 10=1, the Mystery of which IS that Selflessness IS Self, in the same way that in 9=2 Change IS Stability, and in 8=3 Sorrow IS Joy.

Now I seem to be able to comprehend all these Mysteries, by means of That which I obtained in my Initiation to my Grade. But listen unto the Final Mystery which has been granted unto me O.I.V.V.I.O.

The Great Magician denies me saying I am NOT (LA) or NEMO 8=3 and in this He

fulfillleth His Office of cutting off the Understanding from the Crown which is GOD (AL). In this very thing He is the Incarnation of the Mystery of Change. AL (Kether) is reflected into Chockmah as LA and the Magus looketh upon the Crown along the Path of Aleph which is Zero and perceiveth IT Not. The Magister Templi Understands, for the Word of Chockmah LA is truly reflected into Binah as AL and therefore the Magus appeareth to Him as GOD, whereas the Crown (the true AL) is reflected through the Path of Beth as LA and He seeth Nothing in that direction because of the Lies of the Great Illusion of Maya the magician, but He striveth by Daleth to the Magus, Who is the Great Deceiver. Thus it is that Above the Abyss a thing is only true insofar as it IS its own opposite. This is the final and complete Understanding of this Mystery of the Grades given to me NOW (2.38 P.M.) for never before have I seen things thus.

And now I see how the Mystery of 93 is complete and perfect for Kether is 31 and Chockmah is 31 and Binah is 31 which is 93 the Numeration of Thelema, Aiwaz, The Word of the Neophyte, Agape, etc. And this is the Mystery of the Three Persons in One God of which it is written. And this is the Mystery concealed in the Word ALLAH for it hath for sound AL-LA which is GOD (Kether) and the Mystery of which is that SELF (God) is also SELFLESSNESS which is LA (Not) and for numeration 31 The Three is One which IS None, and the reverse of this Number is 13 which is UNITY and LOVE. Now this Unity becometh Two in order that it may be expressed, and therefore is the Word of Chockmah AL-LA of which Mahomet spake both truly and falsely, for He too, being a Magus  $9=2$  must utter Truth, in order that the falsehood thereof should enslave the soul. He said, "ALLA (Allah) is God and Mahomet is His Prophet" and even though he cried continually "He is God, there is no other God than He" yet in certain sense he postulated Duality in the Unity.

And of this it is also written in Liber 65 "And Adonai thus spake unto V.V.V.V.V. saying, "There must ever be division in the Word. For the colors are many but the Light in One." And this meaneth that Kether, the Light is One and Chockmah the word is two, also it is Gray, and a mixture of colors.

Now note: "Be not content with the image I who am the Image of an Image say this." For V.V.V.V.V. was  $8=3$  (Binah) and Adonai (Kether) said be not content with the image (Chokmah) the reflection of Kether. I who am the Image of an Image (the Reality) say this.

Then in Verse 9 "One mounteth unto the Crown" etc. Notice the reversal here as if to give a hint of the Truth how that  $10=1$  IS  $1=10$ . Also note how V.I.O.O.I.V. performed this descending from  $10=1$  to  $1=10$ , from 31 to 13 (The numeration of his Neophyte's Motto) and also was caused to reverse his first motto to O.I.V.V.I.O., all unconscious, at the time, in his lower mind of the Mystery of this Grade.

Note how the Fool (Aleph) hath said in his heart There is No-God (LA;AL) and how this puzzles the Magus who receiveth the Ray from the Crown through this path. And how He in turn confoundeth the Understanding (Binah) from the Path of Beth.



Now regarding The Book of the Law, how it is written, "the child of his bowels he shall behold them" (viz.: the mysteries hidden therein). It would seem that he is beginning to behold them. For firstly the mystery of 93 is clear and this Mystery of the Aeon, proclaimed in the Word of the Beast OPHION.

Now it said in Ch.I, v 46: "Nothing is a secret key of this law; sixty-one the Jews call it, I call it eight, eighty, four-hundred and eighteen."

Now Parzival is 8.80.418, and as The Fool or Aleph is both Zero and One. 61 is the Word Ain = Nothing and equivalent to NOT. If 61 is one half and 1 (Aleph) the other, we get 62 which is twice 31 and LA: AL in which ALL (Note three letters LAL) disappear in the Final Mystery of Kether. Also we have considered the threefold aspect as 93, and this may have to do with AAA and LLL, Light, Life, Love and Liberty of His Law. All this seems to be reversed in the case of NEMO in the City of the Pyramids. For Light He has Darkness, for Life, Death, and Love with its Dual Mystery seems to be the only Path open to Him, and this is really a deception ending in the curse of  $9=2$ .

There is also a mystery in the words of Ra-Hoor-Khuit "There is division hither homeward, there is a word not known." This attracted my attention when I seemed at odds with Therion. The Word not known, seems to have come to me.

It seems to me that this is the opening up to me of the Grade of Ipsissimus and that as such I am the Crowned Child whom thou knewest not, O Therion.

It is just 27 months since June 21, 1916, or  $3 \times 9$ ; it was 18 months from June 21 to Dec 21, 1917, or  $2 \times 9$ . Then I got the Word in its dual aspect, now I get It in Its three-fold in One aspect.

Note 31 multiplication = 3, by addition 4 (Tetragrammaton) by division .3, which suggests that the Division of God produced 333.

September 24th 1918 E.V. AN XIV Sol in Libra.  
The record of the reflections in the mind of O.I.V.V.I.O.

I know not what I am, and since AHIH is above and beyond knowledge, what matter. There must ever be division in the Word, also One must descend into the plane of Reason, in order to be understood on that plane; therefore must I now limit myself in order to be able to write at all.

It does seem that AN XIV, Sol in 1 Deg Libra marks another stage of the Great Initiation, for that time much that had hitherto remained locked in my Being descended into my Understanding and became sufficiently clear to record, but, be it understood, the actual experience of which I write, which is summed up in the Word of my Grade, took place in December 1917.

I do not, even now, rashly wish to assume that I Attained unto the Grade of Ipsissimus,

for I realize that anything I write regarding the Qabalistic Proof thereof, can only show that I Understand the formula of the Grade, and Understanding is referred to  $8=3$ , and appertains to the Grade of Master of the Temple, which Office is admitted unto me by OPHION  $9=2$ . Also, I understand that it may be that One may in a way Attain unofficially without of necessity holding office in any particular Grade. I make no claim to  $9=2$  for OPHION claims that and I have no wish to dispute his right to it, anymore than he apparently wishes to dispute my right to  $8=3$ , but with  $10=1$  it is different. There is NO-One living in the flesh, as far as I know, Who claims the Grade, and Whosoever does so it is a matter which concerneth God alone.

It has been written, by the highest living authority I know of, that the Key of the Mystery of this Grade is that therein Selflessness is Self, and what little I am able to comprehend of this, the Final Mystery, I shall here record, for it may be that this writing shall be of help and guidance to Whosoever shall next enter into that Great Crown, whose lesser self shall become completely at One with the Godhead.

It would seem to me that no living being, clothed with the body of flesh, could claim fully to have attained that Grade, other than in the words of Jesus the Christ "I and my Father are One," for, in the words of Lao Tze The Name that can be named is not the True Name, and of Ko, "I do not know its Name, but I make an effort and call it the Tao."

Also Ko says, of the Possessor of the Tao, "Although he is styled the possessor of the Tao, in reality he does not think that he has become possessed of anything. It is as accomplished the transformation of all living things, that he is styled the Possessor of the Tao." "he who is able to understand this may transmit to others the Sacred Tao." Who shall claim that he is able to accomplish the transformation of all living things? Except it be understood that all things exist only by virtue of their being in the mind of the Seer, and if the complete transformation of the mind be accomplished, so that the Mystery of the Path of the Godhead is seen therein, and becometh plain, even unto his Understanding, who shall say that he has not accomplished this?

First, then, regarding the experience of that Being we call O.I.V.V.I.O. There arose is his consciousness, a state unlike the normal and which, be description might appear very like madness (Path of Aleph IS Madness), since Reason was destroyed and transcended. The Air became His Balance. The structure of his mind, which hitherto had been built up on Qabalistic lines, was changed and the House of God, was, as it were, destroyed by the Lightning Flash. (Opening of the Eye of Shiva.)

At this time he walked, talked, and performed all physical actions in a normal way, but all that took place, wherever he went, whatever he said or heard, tasted or smelt had value according to his mental state. That is to say, he perceived the actions of all around him in a different light from usual, so that although people may have been acting quite normally, and although he may have appeared to them as a normal being, or nearly so, Life in all forms became a Great Drama of Initiation, and as he continued to work out the great Qabalistic problems of the Universe, he found all that he saw or did, woven into that Picture in his Mind. Then came a time when everything had to be

balanced and equilibrated, for it is written "Equilibrium is the Basis of the Work" and he found that although at that time all around (within) him was a Chaos, yet certain formulas of Power were His so that gradually, and with great toil he accomplished this, establishing the Elements and the Planets in their proper places (Upon New Aeon Lines) and finally Uniting Aleph with Shin, so that all disappeared. Then, it seemed, he was instructed in the Building of a New Universe and this was not a simple scheme, but took place at two or more different points (in space) at once so that he, as it were, added a square there and a sphere here. It was as if the beginning of a Temple was builded (foursquare) and at the same time certain Mysteries of Babalon were present to his consciousness, also in another place Was the Kether of a New Tree formulated and then the Supernal Triad, with a Sphere Pendant, which afterwards became Complete in Itself and comprehended All in One. Yet all this while was the Being of O.I.V.V.I.O. being rebuilt from the Feet Up, so that His Feet were of burnished Brass etc. and his body was Filled with Fire. And all these things were separate, yet one, and all this while the body of O.I.V.V.I.O. was seated on the Stele of Revealing in the Smoke Room of an ordinary steamer plying between Vancouver and Victoria, yet such had been his experiences, that he could no longer tell if it were above or below water, whether those around him were the living or of the dead. And again, there was, as it were, a Great reflection of the Stele in the Sky and this again was produced from a small Stele under Ice (as it were in locked glass) below him. And yet, in all this The Air was His Balance, and he went on calmly working out the details of the reformulation of all things on the New Lines of this Aeon, copying the Stele, and forming it first of one element, and then of another, and bringing all to a fluid, then to a gas, and finally to fire and Aethyr as before said. And when all had become a concentric System, this seemed to terminate one part of the Initiation. (Note. I have enlarged this entry in copying from diary.)

We must now consider him as going about with his mind transformed into a Solar Consciousness. This lasted all day during which he underwent many adventures, and seemed to perform much Magick; but on that evening the process continued, under extraordinary circumstances, to be recorded elsewhere, but be it said that he was in a place which appeared to him like unto a Temple of Initiation especially prepared in every detail for the Ceremony, and around him were the Officers exactly carrying out their Appointed parts. Yet was he unwittingly in prison surrounded by the scum of the earth.

Of which mystery He has written:

When, having become free, thou findest thyself in prison, yet knowest it not. When, Thy prison of freedom appeareth unto thee as the open road. When, thou who hast longed for the company of Saints findest thyself among the scum of the earth, yet knowing it not thinkest thyself in the company of all the Buddhas, and taketh thy place as the least of these in silence. When, having sought and found gestures of Magick Power, thou findest thyself among the lewd and unclean, yet knowing it not perceive in their common actions the supreme and perfect Art of Magick. When, having sought for Words of Power, thou findest thyself in tune with the words of low men, knowing not that they speak ought but the Highest Truth. When, having given all, thou art offered the cup of

charity, yet thinking it to be the most abominable mixture of poison, thou drinkest it, thankfully. When, having rushed forward, thou findest thyself whirled backwards, yet knowing it not, thinkest thou art still.

Then, it may be, thou hast comprehended wherein Sorrow is Joy, and Change is Stability, and Selflessness is Self.

But, to continue. During this final section the Solar Sphere of his Consciousness became more and more concentrated until it appeared as a single point of Light of intense brilliance, yet without him, now here, now there, yet ever nearer and nearer to the Center of the New Universe. The process of exact balancing of all things (exterior things, not only things within him) appeared to have got down to a very small radius. And those about him, who appeared as the past Buddhas, helped in this final process. For let us imagine that the Universal Center was to be changed to that one spot. That little room was the Center of a New Universe and for thousands of years had those Ancient Brethren toiled and striven to equilibrate things perfectly in readiness for this moment. And now all was prepared, and it needed only this One, Parzival, to complete Their number, and He was Zero, and his Office was Silence, even as the God Harpocrates. The slightest slip, and the Equilibrium would be upset and the Earth fall into the Sun. Success, and the Earth itself became a Sun, by the fact of a perfectly equilibrated Solar Consciousness having been established therein, at this new Center. Those around him seemed to take up different positions in the room so as to keep the balance by the weight of their bodies, and finally O.I.V.V.I.O. was to take his seat in the exact Center of the Room, and then if all were well, Success. If not? Nearer and nearer they came to the Center. At last, O.I.V.V.I.O., His whole Being aflame with the ecstasy of the God-head, yet calm and composed to outward appearance, took his seat. And all was well.

Next, it seemed even minute actions must be equilibrated. Those around, who had each performed a certain task through-out the Centuries, performed it for the last Time, perfectly. Frater O.I.V.V.I.O. sat Still, for His Office was Silence and Stillness. Again, all was well. But speech remained. Each had His own Word to utter perfectly and in proper Order, and in this they tried over and over again. Gradually even this was perfected and one by one they dropped out and remained in tense expectance of the End.

And Frater O.I.V.V.I.O. remained there, still and silent, till at last all seemed perfect even on the mental plane, for suddenly the English language seemed to rush back to the beginning, and reversed as Hebrew which is written the other way, and this was a great mystery. Then came the equilibrating of ideas, and they rushed backwards and formulated themselves in the person of ADAM who appeared in the room opposite to O.I.V.V.I.O. Then the first man, and the last gazed at each other, as it were, in a final struggle. And the minute Point of Light grew ever brighter and more dazzling, and appeared concentrated upon this figure of Adam, first on the shoulder and then, moving a little, until finally settled in one eye. At this point, Frater O.I.V.V.I.O. gazed, and then all rushed back again, through the animal creation, each animal dissolving into its earlier type, until at last, as the prototype, appeared the common fly, only very large, perhaps

six inches long. Then things stopped, for a moment, as Frater O.I.V.V.I.O. gazed at this; then it became the Winged beetle, then the scarab, and Egyptian ideas crowded up. Then, Only the Point of Light. Gradually he was able to bring this point nearer and nearer, until finally it neared his breast. It touched his breast. It was in his breast, and .....Suddenly A NEW CREATION. He had reached the BEGINNING and out of the old elements he had witnesses on his return to the Source, was formed a new design, the same material, but in a different Order. Wonder of Wonders. Who shall express this Mystery in Words. And this happened again and again. English, Hebrew, Greek, Egyptian, Man, beast and bird, were rearranged and RE-Created in new relationship to each other. And so He understood the Mystery of Change, and how the World is Created again and again, forever new, yet forever the same. And the last Word he realized, which when repeated, in a certain way, seemed to bring about these changes again and again, as it were, alternating between Nothingness and Creation, was AL, and there was a certain gesture, not unlike the sign of the Cross, which was connected with this miracle.

Now all this, and more, has remained sealed up in my mind so that I could not express the smallest part of it in writing until now--though there are those who I have told it to in part--and it was not until I began to question of this Most Holy Word that all this became clear to me. Therefore, let me now discourse for a moment, in the light of perspective, on this Holy Name.

There was no self THEN, and yet all was SELF when I Parzival pronounced this Word and the Universe was destroyed, and reformed. And at that time it did seem that He accomplished the transformation of all living things, and as having done such He may be styled Possessor of the Tao, and now he does not know that he has become possessed of anything. As it is written: Of all this the Ipsissimus knoweth nothing.

Immediately I cease telling of actual experience the Path becomes hard again, but I will try.

The Qabalists say that in the Beginning was NOT, and they called it Ain. They also say the veils of the Negative depend back from Kether. Now LA is NOT, and I think this Word in its True aspect is the Supreme Mystery of the Godhead.

NOT (LA) concentrated upon itself till it became a Point of Light and flashed forth as AL-GOD, Kether then is the perfectly equilibrated juncture of the Not and God, which in this Word are ONE. This caused the Lightning-flash which formulated the Tree of Life, and the numeration of the Paths of which is 777. And the numeration of this Word is 31 and it contains the Mystery of the 3 in 1. (See Book 777 Col XXXVI Line 1, which confirms this.)

Now see Book 777 LXXXIV Lines 1,2,3, which attributes (although I knew nothing of this at the time) to Briah the Creative World of the Divine Name AL in the First Three Sephiroth. Now consider how 31 by 3 is 93. The numeration of Thelema etc. also of 1=10 Grade, as before mentioned.

Now it seems ( and here I shall repeat parts of what I have previously said in order to express the matter more fully) that Kether in Its aspect as Not and God, is reflected into Chockmah, and this passes along the Path of Aleph or Folly. And the Fool hath said in his heart There is NO-GOD (LA-AL) so that the Magus becometh the Word, and as it were, the creator of the Universe for in Him is Folly reflected as Wisdom.

And Kether is reflected into Binah as LA, so that NEMO sitteth in Darkness in the City of the Pyramids by the Great Sea. And this is transmitted to Binah by the Path of the Great Magician--Beth--who is the Father of Lies. Notice that the Flaming Sword does not touch that Path, for the Wisdom of the Magus became at the lowest depth, the cunning of the Serpent, and He crawled up the Tree again by the paths, and being Dual he created Opposite paths, thus producing Balance, and at the same time fixing the Tree and Creation, therefore it is that the Light appears NOT to NEMO. Whereas there is a real current from Kether to the Magus and from the Magus to Nemo. And the Word reflecteth from Chockmah into Binah as AL, which is partly false and partly True. Then the Light of the Supernal reflecteth, or rather crosses the Abyss as a spark, into Chesed Jupiter, the Father, and here again see 777 Col V Line 4 which attributes the God name of this sphere in Assiah as AL. Therefore is it written that this is the Sphere all manner of men call The First (See Konx OM Pax). Note also that this Word is attributed to the Path of Mem, which is the Hanged Man, or Redeemer, who shall re-establish the true order of things, and in this symbol he is shown with his head downwards, or reversed. And Mem = Water, suggests the Great Sea, and the reflection of the True Name therein.

Note also how simple all this is, and how the highest Word is also one of the most common, for it is tacked on to every Angel and Archangel, to imply their connection with the true God. Also note St. John, how he says "In the Beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was GOD" (AL).

Note also how the 31st Path is called Perpetual Intelligence and how this Path has always been pointed to as having to do with the ultimate mystery. It may be that the numeration was intended to point the way from the beginning of the Journey.

Another thing which strikes me, is that Aleph is the OX and the only letter which seems to have a meaning definitely connected with it is Lamed the OX- goad. Here again seems to be a hint of the secret to the discerning one.

September 25th 1918 E.V.

Last night, before sleeping, I discovered, or rather remembered for I had noticed the fact in December last, that AL is the silent-sound of the indrawn breath through the nose with mouth closed, and LA that of the outgoing breath. This is a further proof of the Nature of the Holy Word which is Before the spoken Word. Note the similarity with that of Neophyte. Also it means this, that one cannot help repeating the Most Sacred Name of God whenever one is Silent; so that every man and women has been doing this from birth.

September 26th 1918 E.V.

I have been making further considerations of this Holy Mystery of the Silent Breath and it is very wonderful to think how whenever one breathes silently, one is pronouncing that True and Ineffable Name. Every living creature, is then by reason of their Nature worshipping the True God, whatever their opinion may be. Also note that neither Wisdom nor Understanding is essential to this. It IS and as long as we live we must perform this operation at least during sleep. And it is written: "He giveth Himself unto His Beloved in sleep."

September 30th 1918 E.V.

I have to-day finished a design for a Symbol to express as well as I can the results of my Initiation of Dec 21 1917 as explained in my further Enlightenment of Sep 22 1918.

It is intended to represent Kether with the Supernal Triad radiating therefrom. This forms AL and LA, also A.A. and IAO and O.I.V. Also the Center of Circle is Hadith and the Circle Nuit. The Circle can be taken to represent LA etc. The Angle is 120 degrees or One third of a Circle. The Shape bounded at top by Circle and below by Our Lady Nuit for her pantacle etc. Have ordered it to be made in White Gold on One inch base.

Monday to Tuesday October 7th and 8th

Have been working on the theory that the Holy Word revealed to O.I.V.V.I.O. in its inmost aspect is also the Key of the Mysteries of the Book of the Law. Let us consider in what ways this may be so.

My experience showed me that Hadith was Kether, and Nuit appears to be very similar to The Veil of the Negative which the Qabalists speak of. 777 seems to confirm this, for Hadit is attributed to Line One and Nuit to 0; also same idea is symbolized in that which was granted to me when I made the Pantacle of Nuit.

I think the idea we should try to formulate, is very much that of the Qabalists, though the real meaning, is, I am convinced, a matter of experience. First was Nothing, and this may be called LA while it is considered as expanding into Limitless Space (Ain Soph) and becoming Limitless Light, perhaps. The Beginning of things was caused by a simple change of conception, as it were a "looking inwards" instead of outwards, and a corresponding change from LA to AL. I think the difference in the way the English and Hebrew Alphabets are written, is a good symbol of this, the direction is different, so that the two letters might stand for either LA or AL according to the manner in which we look upon them. The great value of this Word lies in the fact that the self-same symbol contains the ideas of Nothing and Something, without any change in itself, and this seems to be the one Symbol that gets over the difficult transition from NOT to ONE. Of course it was not even a Word in the beginning, but the Silent Breath, Expansion and Contraction, and the true theory of the Universe is that it was created by the First Breath of the Tao, or Nuit. We find this confirmed in Liber Legis Ch. 1 Verse 28. "None breathed the light faint and faery of the stars and two."

Here we have the idea of the first breath of Not (LA) the Limitless Light, which concentrates upon Kether which is ONE or Hadith, or AL and gives the first faint idea of duality which shows forth in the Word later - but which being composed of the ideas Nothing and One is really One.

Now Hadit is really unextended, and can only be imagined as the Minute Point of Light at that Point where LA changes into AL, for he is the Secret Center. In order to get a somewhat clearer idea we must consider Nuit as dual, viz.: LALA, when AL shows up as that Center. In this case it is strange and worth noting that we have a word with the sound Laylah or Night, and I don't think the spelling matters for see Ch. III, "spelling is defunct." It is the sound that matters. I cannot help thinking ALLA in the same way produced and was concealed in Allah. we are told in Ch. I, V.9 to worship the Khabs (the house of Hadit) and behold my (Nuit's) light shed over you, because Khabs is the Central Point of Light, and we thus perform an act similar to that which made Creation manifest, rather than Not.

Ch. I v 21. With the God and the Adorer I am nothing, they do not see me. They are upon the earth. I am Heaven and there is no other God than me and my lord Hadit.

Now if Hadit = AL = God, then with Him is Nuit (LA) nothing. Also this is so with the Adorer unless he concentrates on Hadit as the Center as instructed. Yet is also true that "there is no other God than me and my lord Hadit" for looked at one way the God is Nuit and the other Hadit.

Ch. I. v 22. Clearly tells us that Nuit has a secret name. This I take to be LA (or possibly LALA). Also it is written in this verse "Bind nothing" and besides its obvious sense, this may be an expression of the binding of Nothing by concentration on a point. This Word binds nothing, as it causes the transition from Nothing to God.

Ch. I v 29.30 It will be seen that there really is no division.

Ch. I v 35. Note "threefold" Book of Law. [A]

Ch. I v. 40. Note "Three grades." (Since making this note, I have had an opportunity of looking at the Equinox for a moment, and discovered that in Vol. 7, Comment. The Tarot Keys of the three Grades add to 31, which I consider a further proof. I may remark that I have been placed where I have no books but the V.S.L. for reference, and am therefore writing all these notes entirely from memory of my experience, which seems to make certain things clearer from day to day, as I apply my attention to different aspects of the work.)

Ch. I, v 45. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two, nay are none.

Here I think Nuit and Hadit are referred to as the Perfect, for this is claimed by Hadit, see Ch II, v 15. If Nuit be considered as LA and Hadit as AL, this is at once clear for they are One and yet None.



Ch. I, v 46. Nothing is a secret key of this Law, sixty one the Jews call it. I call it eight, eighty, four hundred and eighteen.

(I made a partial explanation of this in diary, but since I got a clearer and fuller one on Oct 21, I insert same here in its proper place.)

To-day I have made another attempt at the Qabalistic explanation of the verse. It is getting clearer. At the time of Initiation, it will be remembered O.I.V.V.I.O. identifies himself entirely with Parzival throughout. [B] For he says he found the Word, and the Word was Parzival. (There is of course a very definite connection between Parzival and Abrahadabra, the Word of the Aeon, through 418. And it is said that Abrahadabra shall be His child and that strangely) And Parzival having Eight letters, and Initial value 80 and total numeration of 418 is therefore connected with this verse. It was through this Name that he came upon the Mystery of AL and LA which is finally summed up in A, (as will be shown later.)

Let us take this verse again;

Nothing (LA) is a secret key of this Law. 61 (Ain) the Jews called it, I call it 80.80.418 (Parzival, The Fool, Aleph, One). Therefore 61 plus 1 = 62.

But they have (also) the half 31 = AL (and they have Not (LA) the other half) and twice 31 is 62.

Therefore ALLA = 62 which is 6 plus 2 = 8 = Cheth = 418 = Parzival = Fool = Aleph = One (or None) and thus all disappears in One. Also since ALLA becomes A, ALL has disappeared.

Again it is written The Fool hath said in his heart There is NO-GOD = LA AL which again indicates the secret and I think LA AL in this form is the secret name or word of Ra HOOR Khuit. See Ch. III, v 49. I am a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all the gods of men. Also, whereas Nuit and Hadit are ever united the division becomes manifest in R.H.K. For he says in Ch. III, v 2. There is division hither homeward, there is a word not known. (Can there be any connection here with "She shall be known and I never?") Spelling is defunct, all is not aught. Not: AUGHT, may indicate the nature of the All LA, Not AL aught.

Verse 48. Note the OX or Aleph and the Fool or O, seems to indicate the explanation given above, also points to the idea that the key is something which itself combines these ideas.

Ch. I, v 51. Mentions the 4 Gates, and this is the mystery of the path of Aleph again, and the fourfold name R.H.K. One can enter these in turn or at once, if he understands the trick of combinations.

Ch. I, v 52. "If this be not aright, if ye confound the space marks saying: They are one, or saying, They are many" etc.

There should be no space-marks, except on the plane of reason. When the experience of this mystery is granted, it will be seen how there are none, for the whole thing is a continuous process, even as Nuit is continuous.

Ch. I, v 55. He has beheld some of them I think, as is proved by this writing.

Ch. I, v 56. Indicates that there are two halves of the equation, even as there are two aspects of this Word.

Ch. I, v 57. ?House of God = Beth-EL = Path of Beth?

Ch. II, v 2. "I, Hadit am the complement of Nuit my bride". This indicates they are really One or None, and I think the Word clears this up.

Verse 7. "Come unto me" is a foolish word; for it is I that go". "Come unto me" is the call of Nuit. When Hadit (AL) considers Nuit (LA) or "lifts up his head" He becomes Not therefore He goes.

Ch II, v 14. "Now let there be a veiling of this shrine; now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness"

Verse 15. "For I am perfect being Not and my number is nine by the fools, but with the just I am eight and one in eight which is vital, for I am none indeed."

Hadit here clearly says he is Not, or BEING-NOT (a combination of Nuit and Hadit as the Perfect and Perfect, which, be it remembered are One, nay None.) We have considered His particular aspect as AL rather than LA, but the previous verse indicates a blind. He is the shrine veiled by Not, for AL is the manifestation of LA, and LA is the hiding of AL (See first verse of Chapters I and II). He is Eight with the just because they consider the balance of things and so consider him as AL-LA which again gives  $62 = 8 = \text{Cheth} = 418 = \text{Fool} = \text{Aleph} = \text{None}$  as explained before in answer to the riddle of Nuit. This shows he is One (Aleph) in eight, and also None, quite clearly.

Now comes the striking indication of an underlying formula in this Book, which can be read in two ways, and the very same Word is used to express this, only in the English instead of the Hebrew, which of course throws one off the scent of the mystery.

Ch. II, v 19. "Is a God to live in a dog? No. But the highest are of us."

Now in English, God is Dog if reversed, but the Hebrew for God is AL which reversed gives LA which is Not. One can hardly get away from the hint of the true nature of the Key, once it is pointed out, especially since it is followed by the negative No. (another translation of LA) and a statement that the highest or those who comprehend this

mystery. "are of us".

Ch. II, v 23. I am alone; there is no God where I am.

I am AL-ONE, there is LA-AL where I am, viz.: He is both one with Nuit and Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

Ch. II, v 26. I am the secret serpent (Wisdom of the Word) coiled about to spring. If I lift up my head I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down my head and shoot forth venom, there is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.

Gives another proof of the peculiar dual aspect of the Word. It will be noticed that Nuit has said that the God and the Adorer are upon the Earth. As God, Hadit is one with the Earth, as NOT, he is one with Nuit. Also Hadit is called Her secret center and the world, her heart and her tongue, the House or Home of Hadit, makes the spoken Word possible.

Verse 27. There is great danger in reasoning over this Mystery, it must be realized.

Verse 32. All their words are skew-wise, viz.: they do not partake of the true peculiar nature of the True Word which is equally balanced and can be read either backwards or forwards.

Verse 33. "Damned for a dog", the reverse of God in its wrong aspect.

Verse 76. I don't make this out yet, but it seems to indicate that it will not come till later, after the Prophet's time. Anyway AL appears twice among the letters.

Ch. III, v 2. This was commented upon before. This whole chapter appears to me to be quite a different character to the former ones. R-H-K is the Word as the offspring of Hadit and Nuit.

Verse 35. The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha probably indicates some mystery in this division as indicated in Verse 2. I think thus far he has been LA, for in Verse 35 we have him worshipped as AL or God. (Unity-uttermost-might of breath)

Verse 47. Note according to this theory the importance of the letters and their positions to one another. Also the statement that one shall discover the key of it all. (By the way, V. 39 makes a statement "In it is the word secret and not only in the English". I think this may mean that the Word AL does not appear at all, and NOT only appears in the English instead of Hebrew) [C]

I think Verse 48 terminates the AL section, and Verse 49 mentions the Fourfold word, which I have taken to be LA AL.

Verse 71 may indicate AL as Chockmah and LA as Binah and the solution of the

Mystery in Kether Hadit.

Verse 74 may indicate that the splendor in His name hidden and glorious is the two center letters A.A. The Silver Star. Note, according to Blavatsky AL is the Sun or Phallus.

Friday, 11th October 1918 E.V.

I spent last evening with Therion; during our conversation, he said that he thought Nuit and Hadit were best expressed as Matter and Motion. He also said that all things must be considered as Zero or Two, as if One were arrived at "there was no getting away from it." I pointed out that there must be some formula combining Zero and One, or the Tree of Life could never have been conceived of and formulated. He admitted this but said that so far he had failed to find such.

When I got to bed, I could not sleep, and a number of other things connected with this mystery came to me.

One was, the significant fact that when A.C. first got into touch with the Brothers of A.A. (See Vision and Voice, I have not any books here, so cannot quote), the Pass word was "There is No-God." This seems to confirm this Word, as the central secret of A. .A. . Who also gave out the New Law.

I also notice that NU reversed is UN or One. Likewise with the addition of IT Nuit is Unit.

Then I remembered that in Equinox V (I think) AL is clearly defined as the Ox and the Goad, also as MATTER and MOTION, and I cannot see how A.C. could have missed this connection with Nuit and Hadit, since it is undoubtedly the true formula of his present conception of Their nature.

Then I noticed another very important thing. I was wondering why A and L should be chosen, or rather why L, the 12th letter of the Hebrew alphabet should follow A, the first. But this is not actually the case for AL is the first sound in the pronunciation of Aleph the First letter of the Hebrew alphabet (as it is also of Alpha) and the addition of Peh shows the mouth as necessary to the spoken word, though in Kether, it was but a silent breath through the nose. (Notice Kether is called "Long of nose", also the Image is on a Face seen in profile, viz.: only one aspect of the word can be considered at a time in the reasoning mind). It is strange also how L is pronounced LA- med, this showing the duality as soon as it is taken into consideration as a separate letter.

Thus is AL, in very truth the first possible sound, and notice that when one pronounces it aloud, the tongue is raised and placed against the teeth, but as soon as it is released, LA is automatically pronounced by a slightly indrawn breath. In the Silent breath of the Beginning this is reversed, AL is the underlying sound of the indrawn breath and LA that of the outgoing.

Now notice how Hadit is spoken of as the tongue of Nuit and how when His head is

raised etc. and lowered etc.

Note also how in pronouncing the first letter Aleph, one's tongue must meet the teeth, and the tooth is Shin, the 31st path; also see how these paths were welded in the Initiation of O.I.V.V.I.O.

Note. LA LA may stand for NOT NOT, or "something"; it also suggests;

0 = 0 or 0 to the 0 degree.

ALLA suggests 1 to the 0 degree

LAAL suggests 0 to the 1st degree

Nothing under its three forms.

I also found, which seems to be of the greatest importance that the essence of Thelema is summed up in this Word. A is the pentagram, the Star of Will and L is Libra, Justice or the Law, while 31 backwards is 13 which is Love and Unity. [D]

October 16th

Another discovery. During the Initiation of Dec. 1917 the mind of O.I.V.V.I.O. must have actually reversed and run backwards (See Liber Thisharb) so that on reaching the beginning of the ideas underlying the Hebrew Alphabet he naturally arrived at the first letter ALP in its reverse order. He came therefore to P which accounts for the Flash (destroying the House of God or Beth EL) then in due sequence to LA or nothing. This again reversed, as stated, and he got AL followed by another flash P. Observe how all this is summed up in the One letter ALP which is One and None.

Further, the process as described, produces the two A's thus indicating the inmost meaning of A.A.

But now if we begin to take into consideration 2 letters, we find in the return process BA = To come or Go, which again reverses as AB, The Father. Analyzing the complete process we get Th.I.P.B.L.A.A.L.B.I.Th.

Th = The Tau Cross mentioned by O.I.V.V.I.O. as the sign accompanying the process. Also, The Universe.

I = The creative essence (also hand which makes sign) and this is the Spark of Light, first seen outside.

B = The Magician who makes the sign; also the House of God, the Body.

P = The Flash referred to, and the destruction of all resulting in

L = balance, then

A = Equilibrium, the Point perfectly centered in breast. (Hadit comprehended for a moment.)

AL = God

P = Another Flash (Flaming Sword).

B = Comprehension of this dual process in One and Nothing and understanding of Beth El as true House of God.

I = Creative essence of the Word.

Th = Producing a New Universe. (Notice how all this is borne out in the actual experience of O.I.V.V.I.O. as recorded.)

October 19

Another discovery re PARZIVAL, (as already mentioned) that this Word reversed was what led me to the discovery of the Mystery of AL and finally to that of Aleph in which all is summed up.

I also noticed to-day that the Three Grades of the Order may be summed up in the Letter Beth. For Beth is the Magician or the Lover, Yod is the Hermit and Th the Universe or Man of Earth.

Again AL suggests, by shape, the Square and Compass very accurately, as used by Masons to Symbolize God.

Now I feel that there is no more to be said on this matter at this time, therefore I may return to the Contemplation of this Mystery in Silence.

#### STATEMENT OF THE AUTHOR

March 13, 1948

I, CHARLES STANSFIELD JONES, (Fratr Achad, etc.) of "Tall Timbers", Deep Cove, British Columbia, Canada, being the author of the accompanying manuscript entitled "Liber Thirty-One" (a part of my private magical diary, originally transcribed and typed with one carbon copy in November 1918, the single copy having been delivered to Aleister Crowley by mail early in September 1919 and since lost or destroyed) do now make the following statement:

On March 4, 1948, I received from Gerald J. Yorke, Esq., of 5, Montague Square, London, W.1., England, a letter which contained the following:

"As you probably know A.C. had died. I am sorting his papers prior to their dispatch to America. Your Liber 31 has not survived amongst these papers, though there is a reference to it on page 127 of The Equinox of the Gods. Would you care to send me a copy, which on my death will go to the British Museum with my other Crowleyana. I

think it important that one copy of your treatise 31 should exist in this country, as if it does so exist it will be available for anyone sufficiently interested in Liber AI to wish to see it."

In response to this request, and for the purpose stated by Mr. Yorke, I have had prepared from the single original manuscript in my possession one further typescript and four carbon copies. The typescript which accompanies this statement has been personally checked by me and is a true copy (only one extra note having been added on the first page in reference to original date of delivery of ms.) Of the four extra carbon copies it is my intention to deliver one to Miss Grace R. Hallam of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada and one to Dr. J.P. Kowal of 5821 Chene Street, Detroit 11, Michigan, U.S.A. so that there may be a record in these countries as well as in England. One of the remaining two copies will be attached to the original manuscript in my files, and the other kept in case of later publication or other need. Further copies are not to be made without my written permission.

#### FOOTNOTES

[A]

Oct. 31st. "LAW" is LA (Nuit-Hadit) completed by W = {Vau Vau}, the Son RHK is His dual aspect as Horus-Harpocrates. Also Vau is the Hierophant "Hoor in His secret name and splendor is the Lord initiating." Back to text

[B]

Oct 31st 1918 E.V. Just before sleeping I had an impression that if I added up the total letters in my Mottoes they would = 31. I did so mentally and found UNUS IN OMNIBUS (= 13 = Achad) OMNIA IN UNO (= 10. .1 = 10) PARZIVAL = 8. 13 = 10 = 8 = 31.

This is extraordinary because it was a kind of revelation.

Back to text

[C]

I think this is one of the reasons why the Original in the writing of the Beast must always be included with any translation into other tongues. For there are mysteries in the English that would not work out if translated. Back to text

[D]

Ruler of {Libra} is {Venus} = Love. Love is the law, love under will.

Back to text

Believed to have been originally transcribed by Frater Nachash. HTML formatting and

some correction of typographical errors by Benjamin Rowe, March 1997.

<http://www.hermetic.com/browe-archive/achad/misc/31hymns.htm>

34 captures

31 Aug 2003 - 7 Mar 2022

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About this capture

XXXI HYMNS

TO THE STAR GODDESS

Who is Not

BY XIII: which is ACHAD

I. Invocation

Mother of the Sun, Whose Body is White with the Milk of the Stars, bend upon Thy servant and impart unto him Thy Secret Kiss!

Enkindle within him the Holy Ecstasy Thou hast promised unto them that love Thee; the Ecstasy which redeemeth from all pain.

Hast thou not proclaimed: All the sorrows are but shadows, they pass and are done, but there is that which remains? That the Universe is Pure Joy--that Thou givest unimagined Joys on Earth--that Thou demandest naught in sacrifice?

Let me then rejoice, for therein may I serve Thee most fully. Let it be Thy Joy to see my joy; even as Thou hast promised in Thy Holy Book!

Now, therefore, am I Joyful in Thy Love.

AUMN

II. The Brook

I wandered beside the running stream, and mine eyes caught the glint of Thy Starry Orbs in the swirling waters.

So is it with my mind; it flows on towards the Great Sea of Understanding wherein I may come to know Thee more fully.

Sometimes, as it journeys, it threatens to overflow its banks in its eagerness to reflect a wider image of Thine Infinite Body.

Ah! How the very stones, over which flow the life of my being, thrill at the tender caress



of Thy reflected Image.

Thou, too, art Matter; it is I -- Thy Complement -- who am motion! Therefore these very stones are of Thee, but the Spirit -- the Life -- is the very Self of me; mine Inmost Being.

Flow on, O Stream! Flow on, O Life! Towards the Great Sea of Understanding, the Great Mother.

### III. The Rose Garden

Long have I lain and waited for Thee in the Rose Garden of Life; yet ever Thou withholdest Thyself from mine Understanding.

As I lay I contemplated Thy nature as that of an Infinite Rose.

Petals, petals, petals.. but where, O Beauteous One, is Thy Heart?

Hast Thou no Heart? Are Thy petals Infinite so that I may never reach the Core of Thy Being?

Yet, Thou hast said: "I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you: Come unto me!"

Yea! Mine innermost sense is drunken; it is intoxicated upon the Dew of the Rose. Thy Heart is my Heart; there is no difference, O Beloved.

When I shall have penetrated to the Heart of Thine Infinite Rose, there shall I find Myself.

But I shall never come to myself---only to Thee.

### IV. The Fox Glove

Tall and straight as a Fox Glove do I stand before Thee, Mother of Heaven.

The flower of my being is given over to a strange conceit; I grow up towards the Stars and not towards the Sun.

Art Thou not Mother of the Sun?

Thus have I blasphemed the Lord and Giver of Life for Thy sake. Yet am I not ashamed, for in forgetting the Sun I am become the Sun--Thy Son--yet a thousand times more Thy Lover.

The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but now I have nowhere to lay my head; for tall and straight as a Fox Glove do I stand before Thee. My resting place is the Womb of the Stars.

Yet all that I may comprehend of Thine Infinite Body is but as the Glove upon one of Thy soft sweet hands, touching the Earth, not hurting the little flowers.

#### V. The Storm

A Dark Night and the Storm. The lightening flashes between Thee and me. I am dazzled so that I see Thee not.

So in the depths of my being flash the fires of life; they blind me to the Understanding of Thee and Thine Infinite Body of Stars.

Yet I see Thee reflected in the body of her I love, as we lie with quivering limbs awaiting the coming of the sound of thunder.

She fears the thunder, and turns within herself for consolation.

But even there the Lightning flameth, for I have loosed the fires of my being within the dark recess---in honour of the Storm and of Thine Infinite Body which I see not.

#### VI. The Hole in The Roof

Once I knew an ancient serpent. He delighted to bask in the Sunshine which penetrated through a tiny hole in the roof of the cave.

He was old and very wise.

He said: "Upon me is concentrated the Light of the whole Universe."

But a little brown beetle, who had long lived in the cave with him, looked up, and spreading his wings passed out through the hole in roof---into the Infinite Beyond.

Thus, forsaking wisdom, would I come to Thee, Beloved Lady of the Starry Heavens.

#### VII. The Design

Strange curves: and every Curve a Number woven into a Musical and Harmonious Pattern.

Such was the design showed me by my friend when first we met.

It was like an exchange of greetings by means of an inward recognition.

Oh! Could I but grasp the Ever-changing Design of Thy Star Body, Mother of Heaven!

Yet, it is written: "Every man and every woman is a star. Every number is infinite, there is no difference."

Such then is Life, for those who love Thee: Strange Curves, and every Curve a Number woven into a Musical and Harmonious Design.

#### VIII. The Snow Drift

My body was blue as Thine, O Beloved, when they found me. I was stiff as if held in a close embrace. Nor was I conscious of aught but Thee, till the small fires of Earth brought me back with an agony of tingling pain.

How came I to be lost in the snow-drift?

I remember how I had taken shelter from the blinding storm. The snow fell about me, and I waited, turning my thought to Thee.

Then did I realize how every snow-flake is built as a tiny star. I looked closer, burying my face in the white pile, as in Thy Bosom.

Mine arms embraced the snow-drift; I clung to it in a mad ecstasy.

Thus would I have pressed Thy Body to mine, wert Thou not Infinite and I but as tiny as a star-flake.

So was my body frozen---as by the utmost cold of inter-stellar space.

It was blue as Thine when they found me locked in Thine embrace.

#### IX. Daylight

In the Daylight I see not Thy Body of Stars, O Beloved.

The little light of the Sun veils the Great Light of the Stars, for to-day Thou seemest distant.

The Sun burns like a great Torch, and Earth seems as one of His little Spheres, filled with life.

I am but a tiny spermatozoon, but within me is the fiery and concentrated essence of Life.

Draw me up into Thyself, O Sun! Project me into the Body of Our Lady Nuit!

Thus shall a new Star be born, and I shall see Thee even in the Daylight, O Beloved.

#### X. The Bird

Once I bought a little bird; his cage was very small; it had only one perch. He was so young he had not even learned to sing, but he chirped gladly when I brought him home.

Then I raised the bars of his cage, and without a moment's hesitation he flew out into the room, and spying the cage of the love-birds, perched upon it and examined it carefully.

Not long afterwards another and stronger cage was obtained for the love-birds, for they had pecked through some of the frail bars. When the little bird was offered the discarded cage, he quickly hopped from his tiny one to theirs.

Now he has three perches and room for his tail, and when we open the door of his cage he refuses to come out. Perhaps he fears to lose what he had once coveted and then obtained.

Herein lies the secret of Government. Give the people what will make them reasonably comfortable; let them have three perches and room for their tails; and forgetting their slavery and restrictions, they will be content.

Hast Thou not said "The slaves shall serve." Lady of the Starry Heaven?

#### XI. The Moral

There is another moral to the story of the little bird. Having gained his desire for a larger cage, he forgot his longing for Freedom.

The door remained open; the room was before him, wherein he could stretch his wings and fly.

Yet he preferred his cage.

The wide world might have been his had he known how to use it, but he was not ready for that; he would have perished of cold had I let him out into the wintry snow.

Let those who would travel the Mystic Path remember this: Earth Consciousness is an illusion and limitation. When it frets us, like a little cage, our chance for greater freedom comes.

But when a larger cage is offered---when we obtain Dhyana---let us not rest there thinking ourselves free. The door is open, Samadhi lies beyond, and beyond that, when we are ready for it, the Real Freedom, Nirvana.

O Lady of the Stars, let me not content till I penetrate the ultimate bars and am Free---One with the Infinitely Great as with the Infinitely Small.

## XII. The Invisible Foot Prints

Long have I roamed the Earth delighting in the Good, the Beautiful and the True; ever seeking the spots where these seem to be most Perfect.

There is joy in this wandering among the flowers of life, but Thy Joy, O Beloved, is to be desired above all.

Now I seek a resting place, I am set upon a new Quest, to Worship at Thy feet.

For it is written of Thee: "Bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, and her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers."

Oh! That I might discover Thine Invisible Footprints upon the Earth and there come to the Understanding of Thy Being, O Beloved.

## XIII. The Finger Tips

Or, it may be, O Beloved, I shall discover the imprints of Thy finger tips amid the flowers or upon the Black Earth.

Hath not Nemo a Garden that he tendeth? Doth he not also labour in the Black Earth?

Who knoweth when Thy hands may grasp me and draw me up into Thine arms, there to nestle at Thy breast, to feed upon the Milk of the Stars?

Beloved, verily this tending of the Garden of the World---although the labor may seem heavy---leadeth to a Great Reward. As Thou hast said: "Certainty, not faith, while in life upon death, rest, ecstasy." Nor dost Thou demand aught in sacrifice.

What do the Bhaktis know of Love? They see the Beloved everywhere.

But when I am one with Thee, O Beloved, I shall not see Thee, for I shall know Thee as Thou art.

#### XIV. The Well of Stars

I know a hidden well of clearest water. Naught but the coping of delicate pink onyx is visible until the secret spring be touched.

Then beware! For above the entrance hangs a fiery sword.

Few find this Well or know its Secret; there are but two roads leading thereto.

From the broad Mountain summit we may search the slopes for a vision of the Woodland Delta where grow the Trees of Eternity, or we may journey through the Valley between the Ivory Hills---if we fear not the purple shadows and the black pit-fall.

From Thee we came; to Thee may we return, O Well of Living Stars!

#### XV. The Icicles of Isis

It hath been written how the Old King dreamed of his banished peacock, entombed in a palace of ice, who cried: "The Icicles of Isis are falling on my head."

Thus it is with those who are banished to the Palace of the Moon---for the Word of Sin is Restriction.

Oh! Lady of the Starry Heavens, let me not become frozen at the touch of the cold Veil of Isis. For the Moon is but the dead reflector of the Sun, and He but the youngest of Thy Children of Light.

Let me lift Thy Peacock Veil of a Million Starry Eyes, O Beloved!

Show Thy Star Splendour, O Nuit; bid me within Thine house to dwell!

#### XVI. Purple Mill

The delicate purple mist streams up from the hills: I watch and wait for the meaning of it all.

Sometimes it seems like the incense smoke of Aspiration ascending towards the Sun---giver of Light, Life, Love and Liberty to the Children of Earth.

But the Sun is going down behind the Mountains, and Thy Starry Lamps glow in the

Sky.

Is not the Lamp above the Altar a symbol of the Desire of the Higher to draw up the lower to Itself?

So, O Lady of Heaven, I liken the Mist to the life-breath of Souls who pant for Thee here below.

And I remember Thy words:

Above, the gemmed azure is  
The naked splendour of Nuit;  
She bends in ecstasy to kiss  
The secret ardours of Hadit.  
The winged globe, the starry blue,  
Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-khonsu!  
I, too, would ascend as a delicate purple mist that steams up from the Hills. Art Thou not all Pleasure and Purple?

#### XVII. The Infinite Within

I would that I were as the feminine counterpart of Thee, O Beloved; then would I draw the Infinite within.

Yet since Thy Pure Being must ever be more refined than this body of mine I should interpenetrate every part of Thee with my living flesh.

Thus, O Beloved, should we enter into a new and more complete embrace: not as of earth wherein the male uniteth with the female by means of the physical organs of love, but with every atom of my being close pressed to every atom of Thine---within and without.

Then, O beloved, would I cry unto the Lord of the Primum Mobile to teach me the Art of the Whirling Motion of Eternity.

Thus, whirling within Thee, our never-ending nuptial feast shall be celebrated, and a new System of Revolving Orbs be brought to birth.

Ah! the shrill cry of Ecstasy of that Refined Rapture---the Orgasm of the Infinite Within.

#### XVIII. The Rainbow

As I sat in the shelter of the forest glade, my eye caught the multi-coloured gleam of diamonds. I looked again; the Sun rays were playing upon the dew which clung to a little

curved twig.

It seemed like a tiny rainbow of promise.

Then, while I watched in wonder, a small grey spider bridged the arch of the bow with his silken thread.

Ah! My Beloved, thus, too, hath the Spider of Destiny woven his silken rope from extreme to extreme of the Great Rainbow of Promise.

Fate hath fitted me as an Arrow to the String of Destiny in the bow of the Sun.

But Whose Hand shall draw that Mighty Bow, O Beloved, and send me upon fleet wings to my resting place within Thine Heart?

#### XIX. Dropped Dew

As I came from tending the Rose Garden and was about to return to my humble shelter, my eyes caught the gleam of dropped dew like a tiny trail along the path.

It was very early; the Sun had not yet re-arisen; the Stars still twinkled faintly in the sky.

Who could have come before me to the Garden?

I followed the trail of dew, stooping down so that I saw in each crystal drop the reflection of a tiny star.

Thus came I to my lady's chamber; she it was who carrying roses had left this silvery thread as a clue to her hiding place.

When I found her, her eyes were closed, as she pressed the fragrant the pink blossoms to her white breast.

Then did I bury my face in the blossoms and I saw not her eyes when she opened them in wonder.

Thus, too, would I follow the Star-trail of Dropped Dew, ere the re-arisen Sun hides Thee from me, O My Beloved!

Thus would I come to Thee and bury my face in Thy Breast amid the Roses of Heaven.

Nor should I dare to look into Thine eyes, having discovered Thy secret---the Dew of Love---the Elixir of Life.



## XX. Twilight

Twilight... and in a few brief moments the Stars will begin to peep. I will await Thee, here amid the heather, O Beloved.

I wait... no stars appear for a mist has stolen up from the foot of the mountains.

Thus I waited for a sight of Thy Star Body till the cold damp mist of suppressed emotion chilled my being and my reason returned.

The woman stood girt with a sword before me. Emotion was overcome by clarity of perception. Then did I remember Thy words: "The Khabs is in the Khu not the Khu in the Khabs. Worship then the Khabs and behold my light shed over ye."

Thus turned I my thoughts within, so that I became concentrated upon the Khabs---the Star of mine inmost being. Then did Thy Light arise as a halo of rapture, and I came a little to lie in Thy bosom.

But I offered one particle of dust---and I lost all in that hour.

Such is the Mystery of Her who demandest naught in sacrifice.

The twilight is returned.

## XXI. The Dog Star

Wisdom hath said: "Be not animal; refine thy rapture! The canst thou bear more joy!"

I have been like an unleashed hound before Thee, O Beloved. I have striven towards Thee and Thou seest in me only the Dog Star.

Yet will I not fall into the Pit called Because, there to perish with the dogs of reason. There is no reason in me; I seek Understanding, O Mother of Heaven.

Thus, with my face buried in the black earth, do I turn my back upon Thee. I will refine my rapture.

So Thou mayest behold me as I am, and so Thou shalt Understand at last, O Beloved; for in reverse Thou readest this DOG aright.

Hast Thou not said: "There is none other?"

## XXII. Pot-pouri

The roses are falling. This is the night of the full moon whereon the children of Sin attend the Sacred Circle.

Therein they will sit divided---but not for love's sake---for they know Thee not---O Beloved. Into the Elements, the fiery, the watery, the airy and the earthly Signs are they divided when they gather at the Full Moon within the forest.

I wandered down the deep shadowy glade, there I espied a tiny sachet of pot-pouri, dropped---maybe---from the streaming girdle of one of the maidens.

Tenderly I raised it. Its perfume is like unto the perfume of her I love. She, too, perhaps, has heard the call of the moon and is even now on her way to the secret tryst.

But hast Thou not said: "Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing and any other thing; for thereby cometh hurt."

What matter then the name of the maiden? What matter the flowers of which it is composed?

Yet dare I not burn this incense unto Thee, O Beloved, because of Thine hair, the Trees of Eternity.

Oh! Little sachet of pot-pouri, thou hast reminded me of her I love, for the roses are falling, it is the night of the Full Moon and the children of Sin gather to attend the Sacred Circle.

### XXIII. Red Swansdown

It hath been told how Parzival shot and brought down the Swan of Ecstasy as it winged over the Mountain of the Grail.

But there is within the archives another story, unheard by the ears of men.

From the breast of the Eternal Swan floated one downy feather, steeped in blood. This did the youngest and least worthy of the Knights hide tenderly in his bosom till he concealed it within the hard pillow of his lonely couch.

Night after night that holy pillow became softer; sweeter and sweeter were his dreams. And one night---the night of the crowning of Parzival---he was granted the Great Vision wherein the Stars became like flecks of Swansdown upon the Breast of Heaven, each living and throbbing, for they were steeped in Blood.

Then did every atom of his being become a Star racing joyfully through the Great Body of the Lady of Heaven. Thus in sweet sleep came he into the Great Beyond.

Grant unto me Thy Pillow of Blood and Ecstasy, O Beloved!

#### XXIV. Passing Clouds

A dark night: Not a star is visible, but presently the moon shines out through a rift in the clouds. And I remember, "The sorrows are but shadows, they pass and are done, but there is that which remains."

Yet is the moon but illusion.

A dull day: but presently the Sun is seen as the clouds are dispelled by His light.

Is He that which remains?

Night once more: the Sun is lost to sight, only the moon reminds me of His presence. The clouds scud swiftly across the Sky and disappear.

Thy Star Body is visible, O Beloved; all the sorrows and shadows have passed and there is that which remains.

When clouds gather, let me never forget Thee, O Beloved!

#### XXV. The Coiled Serpent

Thus have I heard:

The ostrich goeth swiftly; with ease could he outstrip those who covet his tail-feathers, yet when danger cometh he burieth his head in the sand.

The tortoise moveth slowly and when embarrassed he stoppeth, withdrawing into his own shell; yet he passeth the hare.

The hare sleepeth when he should be swiftly moving; he runneth in his dreams thinking himself at the goal.

But the Coiled Serpent hath wisdom, for he hideth his tail and it is not coveted; he raiseth his head and fears not; he moveth slowly like the tortoise, yet withdraweth not; he nestles close to the hare, darting his tongue with swiftness, yet falleth not asleep by the wayside.

Would that I had the Wisdom of the Coiled Serpent, O Beloved, for Thou hast said: "Put on the wings, arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!"

#### XXVI. Love and Unity

Twenty-six is the numeration of the Ineffable Name, but It concealeth Love and Unity.

The Four-lettered Name implieth Law, yet it may be divided for love's sake; for Love is the law.

The Four-lettered Name is that of the elements, but it may be divided for the chance of Union; for there is Unity therein.

There is but One Substance and One Love and while these be twenty-six they One through thirteen which is but a half thereof.

Thus do I play with numbers who would rather play with One and that One Love.

For Thou hast said: "There is naught that can unite the divided but love!"

And is not Achad Ahebah?

#### XXVII. The Riddle

What is that which cometh to a point yet goeth in a circle?

This, O Beloved, is a dark saying, but Thou hast said: "My colour is black to the blind, but the blue and gold are seem of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me."

And Hadit hath declared: "There is a veil; that veil is black."

I would that I could tear aside the veil, O Beloved, for seeing Thee as Thou art, I might see Thee everywhere, even in the darkness that cometh to a point yet goeth in a circle.

For Hadit, the core of every star, says "It is I that go," and Thou, Mother of the Stars, criest "To me! To me!"

Resolve me the Riddle of Life, O Beloved, for loving Thee I would behold Thy Secret Glory.

#### XXVIII. Sayings

Isis hath said: "I am all that was and that is and that shall be, and no mortal hath lifted my veil."

Who cares what is back of the moon?

Jehovah showed his back unto Moses, saying: "No man hath seen my face at any time."

Who cares to face the elements?

Hadit hath said: "I am life and the giver of life; therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death."

Who cares to know death?

But Thou, O Beloved, hath said: "I give unimaginable joys on earth, certainty, not faith, while in life upon death, peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice."

Who would not long to invoke Thee under Thy Stars, O Beloved?

XXIX. The Falling Star

Falling, falling, falling! Thus fall the Rays from Thy Body of Stars upon this tiny planet, O Beloved! Innumerable streams of Light like Star-rain upon the black earth.

Since every man and every woman is a star, their lives are like unto streams of light concentrated upon every point in Space.

As I lay with arms out-stretched, my bare body shining like ivory in the darkness. my scarlet abbaï flung wide, mine eyes fixed upon the star-lit Heaven; I felt that I, too, was falling, falling, falling, in an ecstasy of fear and love into the void abyss of space.

Then did I remember that Thou art continuous. Beneath, above, around me art Thou. And lo, from a falling star I became as a comet wheeling in infinite Circles, each at a different angle, till my course traced out the Infinite Sphere that is the Symbol of Thee, O Beloved.

Then did I aspire to find the Centre of All.

And even now I am falling, falling, falling.

XXX. Justice

I am a Fool, O Beloved, and therefore am I One or Nought as the fancy takes me.

Now am I come to Justice, so that I may be All or Naught according to the direction of vision.

No Breath may stir the Feather of Truth, therefore is Justice ALone in L. Yet the Ox-goad is Motion and Breath Matter if it be called the Ox which is also A.

How foolish are these thoughts, which are but as the Sword in the hand of Justice. They are as unbalanced as the Scales that stir not, being fixed in the figure of Law above the Court House of a great City.

But Thou hast said: "Love is the law, love under will."

And Love is the Will to Change and Change is the Will to Love.

Even in the stern outline of the Scales of Justice do I perceive the Instrument of Love, and in the Life Sentence, the Mystery of Imprisonment in Thy Being, O Beloved!

XXXI. Not

Three Eternities are passed... I have outstripped a million Stars in my race across Thy Breast---The Milky Way.

When shall I come to the Secret Centre of Thy Being?

Time, thou thief, why dost thou rob the hungry babe? Space, thou hadst almost deceived me.

O Lady Nuit, let me not confound the space-marks!

Then, O Beloved, Thy Word came unto me, as it is written: "All touching; All penetrant."

Thus left I Time and Space and Circumstance, and every Star became as an atom in my Body, when it became Thy Body. Now never shall I be known, for it is I that go.

But Thou, O Beloved, though Thou art infinitely Great, art Thou not energized by the Invisible Point---the Infinitely Small?

A Million Eternities are Present, Deem not of Change; This is the Here and Now, and I am

NOT

-oOo-

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About this capture

I. N. R. I.

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DE MYSTERIIS ROSAE RUBEAE ET

AUREAE CRUCIS

by

ONE

Whose Number is

777

Frater Achad

Wherein, under the form of an admonition to an Adeptus Minor of the R.R. et A.C., is disclosed the true Symbolism of the Rosy Cross for the enlightenment of those who are worthy of the same.

MARK WELL, O my Son, and give heed unto this my counsel and advice, O thou who hast for the first time this day beheld the Mysteries of the Redde Rose whereon sparkleth the Dew, and of the Golden Cross from which cometh the Light of the World. Is not this Symbol to be found upon the breast of all true Brethren of the Rosie Cross? Hold fast to this Jewel and treasure it as thy Life itself, for many and great are its virtues, and of these will I now discourse unto you in part.

Know then, O my Son, that there be many Crosses and that the Symbolism of these varieth according to the Art of the Wise which giveth them due Proportion; so, too, are to be found Roses whose Petals signifie a Five-fold, and a Twenty-two-fold, and a Forty-nine-fold Order. These, again, may seem to be united or divided, in whole or in part; yet each Symbol concealeth its aspect of the One Secret most perfectly, according to the Understanding of the true Seeker after L.V.X.

It would seem in these latter days that the true Light hath been much darkened and obscured, so that even the most ignorant imposters, having heard our motto "Omnia ab Uno," which signifieth how All cometh from the One, have thought that all Roses and all Crosses be alike and of equal virtue; yet herein they err gravely, which error hath become apparent in the strange confusion which at this time prevaleth, so that their words have become as a Babel, even as it was of old time to the great hurt of the human race.

And even though our Father, Christian Rosencreutz, and our Antient Brethren his heirs

and successors, did much to restore the Order of the Universe and the Power of the Word therein, yet such is the Darkness in which men live, and such the confusion that is now upon us, that it were indeed time that the true Brothers should again extend the Light of the Cross, if-so-be a spark of the true Fire yet burns brightly within them.

Unto you, O my Son, in whom that Fire burns, I would be as a bellows to fan the Flame into a great burning which shall illume the Darkness wherein thou walkest; so that from a flickering rushlight thou mayest become as a Lamp of Pure Oil, and that thy Lamp may shine forth as an Ever-burning Star of Hope to thy fellow men.

For this reason will I discourse unto you, not of the Cross of Suffering to which thou wert bound and upon which thou tookest thine obligation on behalf of the Universe that Obligation, every Clause of which contained a Secret reference to the Holy Sephiroth, the Emanations of the One from Whom cometh All but rather of that great and complete Symbol of the Rose and Cross concealed within thy breast, upon the back of which is engraved "Magister Iesus Christus--Deus est Homo--Benedictus Dominus Deus Noster qui dedit nobis Signum" and thy Mystic Name as Fra:. R.R. et A.C.

But it is of the face of the Cross that I would chiefly discourse unto thee, for, wearing it upon thy breast, thou art become as the Sun who seeth not His own Face, yet giveth the Light of His Countenance to the Just and to the Unjust with equal Love and Blessing.

What is it, then, that I see upon thy breast, O my Son?

In the Centre of All is a Single Point of Light whose Starry Brilliance blinds these eyes, for it is even as Hadit, Thy Secret Self at the Centre of thy Being. It is Unique, Thy One Secret which thou sharest with the One, not the Many. It is Thy True Name, the Word which brought Thee into Being, whose Echo thou art, and will be to the End. This I know, for such a Word and such a Light dwelleth in Me, and I in Him. It is also that Word which is writ in the White Cubic Stone, but for each it is different, and no man may know It but he who possesses It.

Around, and Illumined by that Central Light, is a Rose of Five Petals. It is the Star of Unconquered Will, the Will of the One Light and Word of thy Being as it comes into Manifestation in Matter. It is the Sign of Man, the Microcosm, who mirrors through his Five Senses, the Great Rose of Creation. This Rose lives indeed, and the Green barbs, which have opened to display it, are still bright with colour as they extend in Four Directions, each harmonizing and bringing to a point Two of the Elements from which thou wast made.

This Rose sparkles upon a Cross of Gold, and though crucified thereon, to it Glory and Suffering are identical. This Cross is of Six Squares, an Unfolded Cube; it is that same White Stone wherein the True Name was Concealed, yet opened as a Cross in order that it may be known as a Living Stone, displaying the Secret of Life Itself. With its Arms it showeth forth the L.V.X. which is the Light of the Cross; its sacrifice discloseth the



Rose of Love, and this supreme act of revealment declareth its own essential Liberty. Thus we find Light, Life, Love and Liberty in the very Heart of Man, while concealed behind all are the words: Deus est Homo.

This, O my Son, I behold On the Centre of thy Jewel, but even as thou art but a tiny image concealed within the Heart of a Greater Rose, wherein it flashes forth as a gleam of Red Gold.

Thou rememberest, O my Son, when thou wast within the Sacred Vault, which is to be found within the Mountain of A:--that Vault of Seven Sides of which showeth forth the Colour of one of the Great Planetary Intelligences? Never wilt thou forget that LIGHT which is the Great Mystery of the Ceiling of the Vault, even though, Ages hence, the Darkness of the Floor may be obliterated from thy memory when the Light has completed Its Work.

Dost thou remember how, touching with the Wand the Rose and Cross upon the breast of the form in the Pastos, thou wert prompted to say "Out of the darkness let the light arise"? And how a Voice from the still figure within, replied: "Buried with that LIGHT in a mystical Death, rising again in a mystical resurrection, Cleansed and Purified through him our MASTER, O Brother of the Cross of the Rose! Like him, O Adepts of all ages, have ye toiled; like him have ye suffered Tribulation. Poverty, Torture, and Death have ye passed through. They have been but the purification of the Gold."

"In the Alembic of thine Heart,  
Through the Athanor of Affliction,  
Seek thou the true stone of the Wise."

Hast thou not found such a Stone concealed in the Heart of the Rose of Creation? Is not that Stone Thyself? Never again wilt thou be "Shut up" for the Rose of Thy Being has opened, and Thy prison has been exchanged for a Cross. But in this transition "That which is below has become like unto that which is above" and that which is within seeth Itself in that which is without. Thus there is Beauty and Harmony in this Degree of Adeptship.

But though thou mayest know the Word of this Grade and the Formulae thereof, thou hast yet to Overcome many difficulties e'er thou art Master of the Temple of the Universe. Around thee I see the First Three Petals of the Greater Rose, forming an upright Triangle upon which are the Sacred Letters Aleph (A), Men (M) and Shin (Sh), each shining upon a petal of a different Colour--Yellow, Blue, and Red. As thou hast already been taught, these are the Three Mother Letters of the Sacred Hebrew Alphabet, the Letters of the Three Elements, of which the Fourth, or Earth, is the admixture. Thou must master the Elements, O my Son! These are to be found in the Cross of thine own being, and thou already learned to "Establish thyself firmly in the equilibrium of forces, in the centre of the Cross of the Elements, that Cross from whose Centre the Creative Word issued in the birth of the dawning Universe." Thou has learned to be "Prompt and active as the Sylphs, but to avoid frivolity and caprice; to be

energetic and strong like the Salamanders, but to avoid irritability and ferocity; to be flexible and attentive to images like the Undines, but to avoid idleness and changeability; to be laborious and patient like the Gnomes, but to avoid grossness and avarice." Thou must not forget these early lessons in thy search after greater ones.

Seven other Petals encircle these Three, each again shines forth in its true Colour, forming the Rainbow of Promise; but of Promise fulfilled, since the Circle is Complete. Upon each Petal appears another Sacred Letter, the Letters of the Seven Planets, those great Elementary Rulers whose Influence is ever-present and whose Aid and Co-operation of the Great Celestial Intelligences. Who, through thine own Holy Guardian Angel, are ever ready and willing to lend thee of their Wisdom and Power. These are the Rulers of the Sephiroth below Chokmah and above Malkuth, according to the Plan of the Minutum Mundum which thou saw'st upon the small altar within the Vault of Initiation.

Yet again, surrounding these Seven, are twelve outermost Petals, engraved with the Simple Letters of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the Sphere of the Fixed Stars. Each has its appropriate Colour, and all may be recomposed into the White Light of the Centre. In the Outer these Colours mix and form the Grey of the Sphere of Chokmah, which is ever the balance of Black and White; but Within, the Great Star Universe is focused upon that Central Point, which is Everywhere, since the circumference of the Infinite Rose is Nowhere. This Centre is the Kether of the Whole Scheme, for "Deus est Homo."

Thus, O my Son, have I drawn for thee the Great Rose of Two-and-twenty Petals, the Two-and-twenty Letters of the Holy Alphabet from which may be formed all Words, sacred and profane. These are united and bound together in such a manner that the Sigils of the Angels may be drawn therefrom, but of this I may not speak more plainly, for it is thy task to discover and use them. And the Influence of the Rose is that MEZLA which is the Influence from the Crown, and this descendeth like Dew upon the Rose, even as it Uniteth the Sephiroth of the Tree of Life. This Tree is itself formed as an Ankh, which is but a form of the Rose and Cross, used by our Brethren of Antient Egypt as a Sign of their Way or Going; as such it is the Key of the ROTA, or Taro of Thoth.

When, O my Son, by means of thy Central Will, thou shalt have expanded thy Rose of Five Petals so that it comprehends this Greater Rose whereof the Petals are Two-and-twenty, thou mayest come to a further understanding of the Cross which hath Four Arms, the sum of which from One to Four, being Ten, as are the Holy Sephiroth.

The Great Cross, of which the cross of thy being is a reflection and minute counterpart, is again formed of Six Squares, for it, too, represents the Unfolded Cube. The Cube is matter, the Cube unfolded displays the several Elements with their Spiritual Centre. So, likewise, doth IHVH appear as God of the Elements until SHIN, the Holy Spirit, descendeth into the midst and bursteth Him asunder as IHShVH, which is the Name of the God-Man, the Redeemer.

So likewise is Man, the Pentagram of the Elements Crowned with Spirit, shown with Unconquered Will on each Arm of the Cross. Thus is he Master of the Four Worlds, through co-operation with the Macrocosmic or Divine World which is found Symbolized by the Hexagram below the Great Rose on the lower Arm of the Cross, and which appears surrounded with the Sign of the Sun in the midst.

The extremity of each Arm of the Cross is Triple, and each triplicity is assigned to the Three Alchemical Principles in their proper combinations. Thus again we find the suggestion of Twelve Circles, corresponding to the Zodiac or Star Universe, while the Thirteenth is concealed as a Point in their midst, and is the UNITY thereof. Thirteen is One plus Three which is Four; Four is the Number of Manifestation in Matter; in in Matter the Three Principles (or Gunas) are ever operative, singly as forces united as Spirit.

Thou has, O my Son, the knowledge of the Invoking and Banishing Rituals of the Pentagram, whereby thou mayest control the Elements and the Astral Plane; therefore thou understandest how these Pentagrams should be traced with thy Wand and Will, and how this formula is symbolically shown in the arrangement of the Symbols of the Elements which are shown round the Pentagrams upon the Arms of the Mighty Cross. Thou knowest, too, how the Planetary Rulers, and even the Zodiacal Signs, are to be Invoked or Banished by means of the Holy Hexagram, the true arrangement of which is also shown in this Symbol. But what of the Barbed Rose Leaves which in the Microcosmic Rose were single, and here are shown as Triple in each quarter? What of the Letters and Symbols thereon?

Here indeed is given the Formula whereby the L.V.X. may be drawn from the Cross, and the Key-Word found, and the Word be subtly extracted therefrom. Without this knowledge how can'st thou give the true Signs of thy Grade? Let us therefore analyse the Keyword, as did our Antient Brethren:

I. N. R. I.  
Yod. Nun. Resh. Yod.  
Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.  
Scorpio, Aphopis, Destroyer.  
Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.  
Isis, Aphopis, Osiris..  
I. A. O.

Make now the Signs whereby the L.V.X. which is the Light of the Cross, shines forth, and thou hast the meaning of the Rose Leaves of thy Mystic Jewel; leaves that are Ever-Green as Life Itself.

And now, O my Son, go thou and partake of the Mystic Eucharist, even as thou hast been taught by Those who Know. Fortify thyself, for thou hast yet a perilous journey before thee. Thou hast been led unto the Light; bethink thee that there is yet another Rose and Cross, the Rose of Nine-and-forty Petals which is Seven by Seven upon the

Cross of Five Squares. The Mysteries of these thou wilt someday know, but not now; for these partake of the nature of that Great Darkness of N.O.X., the Darkness which is as the Light which is Higher than Eyesight; the Pure Darkness of Understanding, or of the Womb of the Lady Babalon, and the City of the Pyramids which is the abode of NEMO.

May thy Mind be open unto the Higher,  
Thy Heart a Centre of Light,  
And thy Body the Temple of the Rosy Cross.

Vale Frater!

Original transcription believed to be by Frater Nachash, 1991. HTML conversion by Benjamin Rowe, 1997

<http://hermetic.com/browe-archive/achad/misc/liberqna.htm>

16 captures

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About this capture

LIBER QNA

VEL

NAMEN DEI

sub figura CLI

by Frater Achad

1. In the Beginning, created, ALHIM, the Essence of the Heavens and the Essence of the Earth.

2. Thus the first Name given in the Book of Genesis is that of The Elehim, the Creative Gods.

3. And the Numeration thereof is 86. Many and great are its mysteries.

4. Then, in the Second Creation Story, is made mention of IHVH = JaHVeH, the Tetragrammaton or Name-of-the-Four-letters, whose numeration is 26.

5. And this name was throughout the Second Story combined with that of the First, as it is written IHVH ALHIM, whose numeration is 112.

6. And the Name-of-the-Four-letters, IHVH, was considered by the Jews too sacred to be pronounced, save only once a year by the High Priest in the Holy of Holies, amid the blare of trumpets, and thus, in reading aloud, there was substituted the name ADNI, Adonai, which being translated is "Lord." And the numeration thereof is 65.

7. But unto Abraham and unto Isaac and unto Jacob, with whom God made His first Covenant, His Name IHVH was not revealed, for by them was He known by His name AL (God) Shaddai, that is to say: GOD Almighty. And the numeration of AL is 31 (many and great are its mysteries); and the full numeration of AL ShDI, is 345, which is also that of the mysterious word HShM, Ha Shema, which meaneth The NAME.

8. But only unto the Prophet MShH, Moses, the numeration of whose name is 345, was revealed by God His Highest Name, that is by numeration 543, the numerical Temurah of 345, which name is AHIH AShR AHIH, Ehieh Ashur Ehieh, which meaneth "Existence IS Existence" -- the NAME of the Highest GOD.

9. Even as it is written in Exodus 3.13: "And Moses said to God, `Behold, when I come to the children of Israel, and say to them, The God of your fathers hath sent me to you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? What shall I say to them?" And God said to Moses, `I AM THAT I AM.' And he said `Thus shalt thou say to the children of Israel; I AM (AHIH) hath sent me to you."

10. And the numeration of AHIH is 21, many and great are its mysteries.

11. "And God said moreover to Moses, "Thus shalt thou say to the children of Israel; IHVH, (JaHVeH) the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob hath sent me to you; this is my name for ever, and this is my memorial to generations of generations".

12. And again in Exodus 6.2: "And God spake unto Moses, and said to him, `I AM IHVH (JaHVeH). And I appeared to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, as AL (or God) Almighty, but by my name IHVH was I not known to them. And I also established my covenant with them to give them the land of Canaan, the land of their sojournings wherein they sojourned!"

13. And the numeration of AHIH IHVH, I AM JaHVeH, is 47, but by the Qabalists these Names (of Macroprosopus and Microprosopus) have been coalesced into the most mysterious name AHIHVH, the numeration of which is 32.

14. Thus did God reveal His name to Moses as of the Vast Countenance AHIH and of the Lesser Countenance IHVH, and both these Holy Names have been held most sacred.

15. But in the whole of Judaism and its sacred literature there is nothing that is so holy as the sentence known as the Shema, Ha Shema, which is to say "The NAME" -- "Hear, O Israel: IHVH ALHIM IHVH AChD, JaHVeH our God JaHVeH is ACHAD: Achad meaning ONE -- UNITY. (And this Shema occurs in the Book of Deuteronomy Chapter VI verse 4.)

16. And these words of the Shema are immediately followed by the Command: "And

thou shalt love IHVH thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt press them upon thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write upon the door-post of thy house, and on the city gates.

17. This, then is the Commandment which IHShVH (Jesus) later referred to as "The whole of the Law and the Prophets."

18. And the numeration of AChD (Unity) is 13. Likewise is the numeration of AHBH, Ahebah, LOVE, 13. And together Unity and Love are 26, which is the numeration of IHVH, which implieth that the One God is Love, and as such most worthy of the whole love of His chosen people -- first and foremost and always.

19. After which First Commandment cometh the love of the neighbour and of one another, and of all creatures for His sake.

20. And what of this Love (AHBH) when extended, or as the Qabalists say, spelt in full? Spelt in full AHBH (13) becomes ALP HH BITH HH the numeration of which is 543 the equivalent of AHIH ASHR AHIM -- I AM THAT I AM -- The NAME of the Highest GOD.

21. ACHAD is AHEBAH -- God is Love.

22. But there is a further great Mystery of the name of God which was also revealed unto Moses (345) but of which word is indeed seldom spoken, yet which when known and revered unlocks many secret gates.

23. This Holy name is QNA whose numeration is 151.

24. What meaneth this?

25. When Moses having broken the First tablets of the law received from God on Mount Sinai, returned again with other tablets that the Lord might write again thereon (See Exodus Ch 34 V.1) God made a further covenant with him (verse 10) and disclosed a third name to Moses (verse 14) as follows: "For thou shalt worship no other God; for IHVH whose Name is JEALOUS (QNA) is a jealous God."

26. Now the primary meaning of this word JEALOUS is: Eager to uphold, solicitous for, guarding watchfully. Its secondary meaning as applied to the Commandment of God is: Requiring whole-hearted worship and service. And only in its tertiary and further meanings does it have reference to: Apprehension of being supplanted, outdone by a rival in love; or in the favour of another etc. But it does also mean: Zealously vigilant. Thus its root is in "Zeal": Intense enthusiasm; ardour, fervour.

27. It is this intense enthusiasm, this ardour, this fervour that QNA is in Himself and

demand of others: Thou shalt LOVE Me with thy whole heart, thy whole soul, thy whole mind and thy whole strength for I AM LOVE Itself and I AM JEALOUS, because passionate Love in its very nature implies the possibility of Jealousy.

28. And how does this Great Name of God give us the key to our choice of a Number most adequate to represent Him?

29. The Numeration of QNA is 151.

30. The Numeration of AHIH (I AM) spelt in full (ALPh HH IVD HH) is 151.

31. The Numeration of IHVH ALHIM IHVH AChD (JaHVeH our GOD JaHVeh is ONE) is 151.

32. This shows in one combination or another the original ALHIM (Our God) of the First Creation Story, AHIH the highest Name given to Moses, IHVH the Ineffable name of Four Letters, AChD, the true Unity, are all through the Number 151 equivalent to this Holy Name QNA which has been "rejected".

33. That it does represent the Stone that the Builders rejected is shown as follows: Tradition has it that the Original Law was written upon a Sapphire Stone. Moses broke and discarded the original Tablet of the Law. And QNA being written in full becomes QOPH NVN ALPh which is 403 which number is that of the words ABN SPHIR, that is to say the Sapphire Stone.

34. Now as for the sound of this Holy Name QNA it is CANA. And this surely suggests the land of CANAan, the promised land flowing with milk and honey. It is also significant that the first miracle performed by IHShVH took place at CANA of Galilee in connection with a marriage, or love feast, where Water was changed into Wine, and whereat Jesus first signified the Kingdom of Heaven which is within every man as leaven is within three measure of meal.

35. But finally there is a more than possible connection with certain prophecies in Liber legis, which is called the Book of the Law in the New Aeon. Mention is made therein of a word not known: and this was once explained (after the discovery of the key AL) as a word NOT known.

36. But there is towards the end of this Book -- Chapter III verse 72 -- a certain mysterious word which may have reference to the "not known" of Chapter III verse 2. "I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power: the wand of the force of Coph Nia -- etc."

37. Now there is, as has been shown elsewhere, a most interesting correspondence between the words "Coph Nia" and The Book of the Law, their Hebrew equivalents having the same numeration.

38. But in the Commentary on Liber Legis written by 666 there occurs these words

"Coph Nia": the original MS has -- left incomplete as not properly heard. The present text was filled in later in her own hand by the Scarlet Woman."

38. Now there was another word not rightly heard when the original MS was made: thus the title of first editions appeared as Liber L. vel Legis, and only after the discovery of the Key to the book did this get changed to the proper title: Liber AL vel Legis.

39. It is here suggested then, that the word "Coph was given (or put down) for the Hebrew letter "Qoph" and that the Intelligence dictating Liber Legis gave this separate letter Qoph as the first letter of a word, but pronounced it apart specially to distinguish it from "Kaph". It is further suggested that what was written as "NIA" was intended to be the rest of the Word, viz: NA, so that the word should read QNA or CANA, or KANA by sound. Had, however, the whole word been pronounced thus it would surely have been written down with an initial letter of either C or K, and to avoid this the first sound given was "Coph" or "Qoph". This led (as JEALOUSLY does) to a misunderstanding. May not the word JEALOUS (QNA) be the "word not known" which has caused the "Division hither homewards" of Chapter III.2.?

40. The further correspondences of this Number 151 are also worthy of note.

41. There is the word QVMH which means: A standing upright, and "stature".

42. There is also the sacred word MQVH which appears in Jer.XVII.13, where it is written:

12. "A glorious throne on high from the beginning hath been the place of our Sanctuary.

13. "O IHVH, the hope of Israel, all that forsake thee shall be ashamed.

"They that drew back from me shall be written on earth, because they have forsaken IHVH, "THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS." (MQVH = 151)

43. Let us then not forget "to rejoice" (GIL = 43) to

THE END

Written down by Frater Achad this twenty third day of April in the year Nineteen hundred and thirtysix at "Tall Timbers" Deep Water, B.C., Canada

Original transcription believed to be by Frater Nachash. HTML formatting by Benjamin Rowe, March 1997.

<http://www.hermetic.com/browe-archive/achad/misc/kronos.htm>

18 captures

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About this capture  
THE CONJURATION OF KRONOS

(3 knocks)

Procul, O procul este profani!

I invoke Kronos: Lord of the Ages!  
Hail unto Thee, O Kronos.  
Even unto Thee: O Thou Great One of the Night of Time!  
Thou, the terrible and hoary One, the Dweller in Eternity:  
That didst devour Thy Children!  
Thou, that sittest upon the Throne of Jehovah Elohim:  
And Whose Darkness is concealed in the Heaven of Understanding!

Hear me: O Thou Mighty God of the Sabbath!  
Thou, that art established in the four quarters of the Universe!  
Thou, that sweepst the World with Thy Sickle:  
And with Thy Tau Cross cleavest the Gates of Matter!

Hear me: O Thou Mighty Lord of Khem!  
Thou, that hast the dreadful Horns of the Goat:  
And concealest from Man Thy Holy Mysteries!  
Thou, that exaltest Maat, hidden in a Robe of Sorrow:  
And rejoicest in them that endure and are just among Men!  
I am Enoch Thy Prophet:  
Unto whom Thou didst commit Thy Mysteries:  
the Subtleties of the Holy Qabalah!

Hear me: SET: KRONOS: SATURNUS:  
By whatever Name I call Thee:  
Thou art still Silent unto Eternity  
for No-man hath known Thy Name!

Thou, that art upon the Frontiers of the Abyss:  
Thee: Thee: Thee: I invoke!  
Thou that sittest in the City of the Pyramids:  
Thee: Thee: Thee: I invoke!  
Thou that are encamped upon the Great Sea:  
Thee: Thee: Thee: I invoke!  
SHABBATHAI!

Unto the Ineffable Silence:

Unto the Night of Pan:  
Unto the Mysteries of N.O.X.  
Thither I lift up mine Eyes!  
Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O Babalon:  
Lady of the City of the Pyramids:  
Thou, that bearest the Cup of Sacrament!  
Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O Chaos:  
Peace of Eternity: Whence Cosmos arose  
And whither it must return!  
Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O Thou Oneness:  
Crown of Truth Ineffable,  
Whose White Brilliance Shineth at the  
Summit of the Highest Heaven!

Thee, I seek: Unto Thine Unity are mine eyes ever turned:  
Though it be hidden from me by mine own blindness!  
Yet it is written:  
"Unto the persevering mortal the blessed immortals are swift."  
I invoke Aima, the bright and fertile Mother, by the Ritual of Silence.

(Pause)

I descend from the Palace of Understanding.  
I greet you, I embrace you, o children of Earth,  
That aspire Unto the Light, like the little flowers,  
That turn to the Sunshine in Life's lovely Garden ---  
The Continuous One of Heaven.  
The Waters of the River of Amrit.  
The Cup of Intoxication!  
The Dew of Immortality.  
The Continuity of Existence.  
The Love that knoweth no Symbol.  
The Perfection of the Universe.  
The Squaring of the Circle.  
The Entry into the Palace of the King's Daughter:  
And in the heart of the Sphinx dances the Lord Adonai,  
in His garlands of roses and pearls  
making glad the concourse of things;  
yea, making glad the concourse of things.  
AMEN.

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About this capture

ADDITIONAL NOTES ON LIBER LEGIS

Frater Achad

August 8-9, 1936

Chapter I.

45. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay are none.

46. Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty one the Jews call it; I call it eight, eighty, fourhundred and eighteen.

47. But they have the half: unite by thine art so that all disappear.

48. My prophet is a fool with his one, one, one; are not they the Ox, and none by the Book?

Comment: Aug 9, 1936

A new interpretation of the above verses has since yesterday opened up to me; it does not necessarily abrogate the previous one.

The uniting of the Perfect and the Perfect (v.45) is again referred to when it is said: "unite by thine art etc." (v.47).

"Nothing is a secret key of this law." This "Nothing" is "Ain"; the Perfect Nothing of First Veil of the Negative, back of the whole Qabalistic system of the jews; and its numerical value is 61, as stated in verse 46. (This appears as the first half of an equation, which equation is probably that which is referred to in verse 56 (NV) of Chapter I, q.v.)

"I (NV) call it eight, eighty, fourhundred, and eighteen." It has been shown elsewhere how these numbers, as representing the initial, letters, and numeration of Parzival, the Pure Fool, can be reduced to "Nothing" by Tarot.

But there is another concealed meaning, which seems to connect this one with the "child" mentioned in verse 56, and also to show the passing of the old aeon, and the mystery of the "empty left-hand" of Chapter III, verse 72, q.v., etc., etc.

Nuit says: "I call it (nothing) 8,80,418" which together make 506. Now firstly 506 is a glyph of NV herself, for her number is 11 (5 plus 0 plus 6 = 11), and she is identified with six and fifty, the 50, in the case standing before the 56 (as it is secretly written, Chapter III, v.8., None = Nun = 50, shall stand before "you" = U = 6--another glyph of

NV.)

But 506 has another meaning: it is Sh V R, that to say, "Bovis a sinistra" -- the Ox at the left hand, the old aeon which has been left, and yet which is a part of the Perfect team, when equated with AIN, nothingness so that both become none--"nay, are none."

This old aeon, the secondhalf of the equation, is (v.56) to be "left unattacked" by the Prophet.

Now comes the uniting by art of the two halves of the equation (v.47); that is to say, we must add the two numbers 61 and 506, which gives us 567 (a true number sequence) and we must unite the letters of A.I.N. with those of Sh.V.R. which, being rightly done by art, gives R A Sh V N I = 567 = FIRSTBORN - the child of the New Aeon, and of the Old, which again equals PARZIVAL, etc. etc so that all may be said to disappear, and yet the Perfect and the Perfect have become One.

This is further proved by the reference in verse 48 to the Ox (ShVR) and None (Ain) which are so by the "Book" the Sepher (book) Sephiroth, as well as by the "Book" of Hermes--the Taro. The one, one, one is really 111 -- Aleph, the Ox, spelt in full, and AVM of Ch. I, verse 56, the seal of the "child," and which reappears again as the penultimate word of the whole Book AI -- Auma Ha.

There is, however, a further mystery of the uniting by art so that all disappear, but this can not be revealed at present because it is connected with the secret word (the word not known) pronounced by the Firstborn in 1926- the mystery of the babe within the egg of the fifth element (Chapter II, v.49) which is the Quintessence, or Aethyr of the Pure Fool (Note. MANIO in the `egg' `In A Nest' in Manifestation.)

N.B. The "team" of "Oxen" (and of fools) may be the A. • A. •. as representing twice Nemo is Fra A. • A. •. and also the twin focii, or "pillars" of the OVAL, or "crushed" circle. yet "still the Moving Fingers writes."

-o-

<http://hermetic.com/browe-archive/achad/misc/Stepping%20out%20of%20the%20old%20aeon.htm>

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STEPPING OUT OF THE OLD AEON

## INTO THE NEW

By Frater Achad

(Originally published in The Equinox, Volume III, No. I)

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

As all of you should know, we have entered a New Aeon. A Higher Truth has been given to the World. This truth is waiting in readiness for all those who will consciously accept it, but it has to be realized before it is understood, and day by day those who have accepted this Law, and are trying to live it, realize more and more of its Beauty and Perfection.

The new teaching appears strange at first; and the mind is unable to grasp more than a fragment of what it really means. Only when we are living the Law can that fragment expand into the infinite conception of the whole.

I want you to share with me one little fragment of this great Truth which has been made clear to me this Sun-Day morning: I want you to come with me - if you will - just across the border-line of the Old Aeon and gaze for a moment at the New. Then, if the aspect pleases you, you will stay, or, it may be, you will return for a while, but the road once open and the Path plain, you will always be able to get there again, in the twinkling of an eye, just by readjusting your Inner sight to the Truth.

You know how deeply we have always been impressed with the ideas of Sun-rise and Sun-set, and how our ancient brethren, seeing the Sun disappear at night and rise again in the morning, based all their religious ideas in this one conception of a Dying and Re-arisen God. This is the central idea of the religion of the Old Aeon but we have left it behind us because although it seemed to be based on Nature (and Nature's symbols are always true), yet we have outgrown this idea which is only apparently true in Nature. Since this great Ritual of Sacrifice and Death was conceived and perpetuated, we, through the observation of our men of science, have come to know that it is not the Sun which rises and sets, but the earth on which we live which revolves so that its shadow cuts us off from the sunlight during what we call night. The Sun does not die, as the ancients thought; It is always shining, always radiating Light and Life. Stop for a moment and get a clear conception of this Sun, how He is shining in the early morning, shining at mid-day, shining in the evening, and shining in the night. Have you got this idea clearly in your minds? You have stepped out of the Old -Eon into the New.

Now let us consider what has happened. In order to get this mental picture of the ever-shining Sun, what did you do? You identified yourself with the Sun. You stepped out of the consciousness of this planet; and for a moment you had to consider yourself as a Solar Being. Then why step back again? You may have done so involuntarily, because the Light was so great that it seemed as Darkness. But do it again, this time more fully, and let us consider what the changes in our concept of the Universe will be.

The moment we identify ourselves with the Sun, we realize that we have become the source of Light, that we too are now shining gloriously, but we also realize that the Sunlight is no longer for us, for we can no longer see the Sun, any more than in our little old-aeon consciousness we could see ourselves. All around us is perpetual Night, but it is the Starlight of the Body of Our Lady Nuit in which we live and move and have our being. Then, from this height we look back upon the little planet Earth, of which we, a moment ago, were a part, and think of Ourselves as shedding our Light upon all those little individuals we have called our brothers and sisters, the slaves that serve. But we do not stop there. Imagine the Sun concentrating His rays for a moment on one tiny spot, the Earth. What happens? It is burnt up, it is consumed, it disappears. But in our Solar Consciousness is Truth, and though we glance for a moment at the little sphere we have left behind us, and it is no more, yet there is "that which remains." What remains? What has happened? We realize that "every man and every woman is a star." We gaze around at our wider heritage, we gaze at the Body of Our Lady Nuit. We are not in darkness; we are much nearer to Her now. What (from the little planet) looked like specks of light, are now blazing like other great Suns, and these are truly our brothers and sisters, whose essential and Starry nature we had never before seen and realized. These are the 'remains' of those we thought we had left behind.

There is plenty of room here, each one travels in His true Path, all is joy.

Now, if you want to step back into the Old Aeon do so. But try and bear in mind that those around you are in reality Suns and Stars, not little shivering slaves. If you are not willing to be a King yourself, still recognize that they have a right to Kingship, even as you have, whenever you wish to accept it. And the moment you desire to do so, you have only to remember this -- Look at things from the point of view of the Sun.

Love is the law, love under will.

(Transcription and HTML conversion by Benjamin Rowe, December 29, 1997.)

<http://www.hermetic.com/browe-archive/achad/misc/aeontest.htm>

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About this capture

NEW AEON TEST QUESTIONS

1. Do you consider yourself to be living in the Old or the New Aeon?

2. If in the former, how would you designate it; (2b) If the latter how would you designate it?

3. If the former, do you wish to try to qualify for the latter?

4. Liber Legis, Chapter I, verse 50 says:

``Behold! there are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest."

To which of these three classes do you consider yourself to belong?

5. If to the first: What do you suppose is meant by the words ``must pass through fire"? Are you prepared to try to pass this ordeal?

6. If the second, please answer the following questions:

THE PLENUM IS INFINITE; ITS MANIFESTATION IN TIME AND SPACE, THROUGH CHANGE, BECOMES ``ALMOST INFINITE."

(a) Is this statement philosophically, theologically or mystically true?

(b) Can you symbolically shew it to be such?

7. If the third, please answer this question :

How is it possible, other than mentally or spiritually, to feast in the presense of ones' enemies (as, for example, while under guard in a concentration camp) without visible motion of any kind which could attract attention?

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Love is the law, love under will.

The Law is for all.

Yours in Unity and Love

Achad

June 17, 1948

Three carbons made. Copies sent to Yorke, Handel and Kowal.  
<http://www.hermetic.com/browe-archive/aboutNortons.htm>

31 captures  
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About this capture

His Imperial Majesty Norton I,  
Emperor of the United States And Protector of Mexico

Avatar of Eris

His Imperial Majesty Norton II,  
Rogue Magister and Hermetic Philosopher

Avatar of Set  
Independent Agent for the Enochian God

Home  
<http://zpub.com/sf/history/nort.html>  
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About this capture

EMPEROR  
NORTON

At the pre-emptory request of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I Joshua Norton, formerly of Algoa Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and now for the last nine years and ten months past of San Fransisco, California, declare and proclaim myself the Emperor of These United States. - September 17, 1859



## To Sign or View the Emperor Norton Guestbook

### Highlights from the Emperor's reign ...

1819 Born in London, England on February 14 to John and Sarah Norton [John and Sarah married at Epping Essex u.k. June 30, 1793 and immigrated to s.africa in 1820.had two sons--Philip and Joshua - Source: Jos Driver, a decendent of Philip Norton] The Norton Family Tree

1849 Arrived in San Francisco from South Africa with US\$40,000

1854 Lost the considerable fortune he had built up in real-estate speculation by trying to corner the rice market in San Francisco

1859 September 17 - Issued the first of his now famous proclamations by proclaiming himself the Emperor of the United States

**Proclamations** He continued to make proclamations throughout his reign. These included commanding that the Golden Gate bridge be built and one about the name of the city, "Whoever after due and proper warning shall be heard to utter the abdominal word 'Frisco,' which has no linguistic or other warrant, shall be deemed guilty of a High Misdemeanor." Penalty for noncompliance was \$25. Newspapers of the day printed his proclamations (and even made some up which were not from Norton!) See the Norton Archive for more.

Many of the "decrees" attributed to Norton I were fakes; written in jest by newspaper editors at the time for amusement, or for political purposes. Those "decrees" listed here were, we believe, actually issued by Norton. - Norton I, Emperor of the United States [sfmuseum.org]

### Norton Notes

An Exhibit of the Emperor's notes - In order to pay his bills he issued paper notes, mostly in 50 cent denominations but some \$5 and \$10 notes exist. Today they are worth far more than the face value (if they can be found).

**Politics** In 1869 he abolished both the Democratic and Republican parties, declaring "Being desirous of allaying the dissension's of party strife now existing within our realm, [I] do hereby dissolve and abolish the Democratic and Republican parties, and also do hereby degree the disfranchisement and imprisonment, for not more than ten, nor less than five years, to all persons leading to any violation of this our imperial decree." --San Francisco Herald, August 4, 1869

Another time he called upon the other leaders of the world to join him in forming a League of Nations where disputes between nations could be resolved peacefully.

1880 Died January 8, on California St. On January 10, he was buried in the Masonic Cemetery. The funeral cortege was two miles long - Between 10,000 and 30,000 people were reported to have attended. See: Le Roi Est Mort

1934 Grave moved to Colma Cemetery. [location]

### Articles About the Emperor

A little levity about arrogance - by Clifford A. Schaffer

Emperor Joshua Norton - an excerpt from the Principia Discordia

Joshua A. Norton - a chronology from Gladys Hansen's San Francisco Almanac

Through Space And Time With The Emperor Norton - Adapted from The Barbary Coast

by Herbert Asbury, 1933

Wikipedia: Joshua A. Norton - A very well written entry in the Wikipedia Encyclopedia

The Madness of Joshua Norton by Joel GAZis-SAX

Bibliography Joshua Abraham Norton (1819-1880) - a proper Bibliography worthy of the Emperor

An Emperor Norton Bibliography at Spiritual Matters

Archives Emperor Norton's Archives [at notfrisco.com]

During his daily patrol of the streets of San Francisco Norton made certain that all sidewalks were unobstructed. He reviewed the police to see that they were on duty. He checked on the progress of needed street repairs, inspected buildings under construction, and in general saw to it that all office city's ordinances were enforced.

"During one of the typical anti-Chinese demonstrations so common at the time, the emperor gave the local populace a lesson in the practical application of civics - and prayer. Sensing the dangerously heated tone of one particular meeting, Norton is reported to have stood up before the group, bowed his head and begun reciting the Lord's Prayer. within a few minutes the agitators retreated in shame without putting any of their threats into cruel action." (Source: temporarily unavailable. )

sightings ...

The King in Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn is reportedly modeled from the character of Norton I. Also mentioned in The Barbary Coast by Herbert Asbury and The Wrecker by Robert Louis Stevenson

The Principia Discordia - JOSHUA NORTON CABAL - Surrealists, Harlequinists, Absurdists and Zonked Artists Melee

A patron saint of the Cacophony Society

Discordian Saint Second Class - being Saints who, by their existence, are ineligible for higher levels of Sainthood, which are reserved for nonexistent saints.- Discordian Saints Emperor Norton is the subject of the story \_Sandman: Three Septembers and a January\_, by Neil Gaiman. Historical fact in this story comes from Herbert Asbury's \_The Barbary Coast\_ and William Drury's \_Norton I, Emperor of the United States\_. It was inspired by Catherine Caufield's The Emperor of the United States of America and Other Magnificent British Eccentrics. - The Annotated Sandman

The Madness of Joshua Norton by Joel GAZis-SAX ... The members of E. Clampus Vitus come to Colma every year to rededicate themselves to absurdity. "If it is absurd, I believe it" is the Clamper motto.

Clampers toast Emperor Norton History buffs honor lunatic of old-time San Francisco - by Matthew B. Stannard, SF Chronicle, January 13, 2002 ... And for much of their existence -- at least since the society's rebirth in the 1930s -- the Clamper year has unofficially begun with a pilgrimage to the grave of the Emperor Norton I, held around the date of his death, Jan. 8.

about > emperor norton [at emperornorton.com / Emperor Norton Records]

Emperor Norton's Palace Registry

05 Mar 2008 - I came across your site while scouting for mentions of Joshua Norton. I became acquainted with his story, as many modern readers have, in the Sandman

books by Neil Gaiman. I am a lyricist in Pennsylvania, and had long wanted to write a lyric inspired by, and partially about, Emperor Norton. The song can be heard (and the lyrics read) on my website.

## San Francisco History Index

<http://www.hermetic.com/browe-archive/nortonii.htm>

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Josh Norton is the grade-name and nom-de-net of Benjamin Rowe, an hermetic magician. He adopted the name upon his accession to the grade of Magister Templi, for its appropriate symbolic content. Having achieved the grade entirely without the assistance of incarnate teachers, masters, or initiatory organizations, the accomplishment has no "official" standing whatsoever. Like his namesake, he has simply declared it to be so. People are free to think him a loon if doing so comforts them; it doesn't matter in the least.

On the mundane levels Norton is a rather dull fellow, a sort of suburban monk. He lives in a sleepy upper-middle-class town on the periphery of a conservative and temporally-retarded Ohio river city. Nothing exciting ever happens there, and he likes it that way. He spends most of his time doing his magickal work, writing about the results, and firing off the occasional missive to usenet and email groups. Very few magicians or seekers have ever met him in person, and he assiduously avoids festivals, conferences, conventions, and other magickal gatherings. When not engaged in these activities, he devours huge quantities of science-fiction, programs computers, listens to classical music, and indulges a low taste for action-adventure movies and bacon cheeseburgers.

On the magickal levels he somewhat resembles his friends, the Enochian "angels". Like them (and unlike most modern magisters) he acts more as a gate than as an embodiment of some magickal power or principle. He was not "cast forth as a Star", but rather as the Space between. It is not what he is that is important, but what passes through him; he feels little attachment towards the results of his work, and no desire at all to control how other people think of it.

His last long-term magickal project (an exploration of all the "91 Parts of the Earth" from Liber Scientiae) bogged down at the halfway point due to waning enthusiasm; the Parts were progressing into territory that is already too well-explored to be interesting. Currently he is working on a paper discussing the Magister Templi grade.

<http://www.ringsurf.com/ring/enochian/>

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Thanks for visiting Norton's Imperium!  
Josh Norton has entered into a period of Silence; it is extremely unlikely that you will receive a reply to an unsolicited message. The one exception is for problems downloading files from the site; a query of this sort will yield you a form-letter listing the most common solutions to such problems.

If you still want to write to him, here's the address: <mailto:browe@one.net>

For secure communications, add his PGP public key to your keyring and use it to encrypt your message. Remember: if you want any reply to be secure, you must include a copy of your own public key, or have your key registered on a PGP public keyserver under the same email address you are using for your message.

For those wishing to discuss Enochian magick, Josh Norton recommends subscribing to the enochian-I mailing list. You will get a much wider variety of viewpoints there. To subscribe, send a message to [majordomo@hollyfeld.org](mailto:majordomo@hollyfeld.org) with the body text: subscribe enochian-I

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A ring for Enochian web sites.

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## The Works of Frater Osiris

Frater Osiris is an author, editor, and occultist interested in Chaos Magick, The Left-Hand Path, Thelema, and evocation. He is the founder and Chief Adept of The Temple of Light and Darkness, an independent neo-Golden Dawn temple currently working through the grade ceremonies published by the Open Source Order of the Golden Dawn. He has attained the P.I. degree of the Ordo Templi Orientis but is no longer a member of that Order. Now a Citizen of the Infernal Empire, Frater Osiris lives and plays in Seattle, Washington.

thoth companionFrater Osiris' first commercial book, The Thoth Companion, is now available at a bookstore near you. This comprehensive reference work examines all seventy-eight cards within the context of Thelema, Qabala, and ceremonial magic—the spiritual foundations upon which the deck was built. These detailed interpretations reveal valuable insights, significant correspondences, and Crowley's encoded secrets. Straightforward and user-friendly, this guide also includes a glossary, bibliography, index, and an extensive appendix featuring correspondence tables. Click on the book cover to order The Thoth Companion from Amazon.com.

Osiris' classic manual on Goetic evocation, Practical Goetic Magick, is also still available. For more information, [click here](#).

Magick      Tarot  
AL-KT Banishing      On Anubis and the Moon

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About this capture

Casa del Campo

Thelemista

"Thelemista"  
 original in watercolor

January 2006

self

"Self"

original in watercolor

October 2005

Gerald Enrique del Campo, poet, musician, photographer, magician, philosopher, painter, writer, and lecturer on occult and religious topics was born in Cordoba, Argentina on January 14, 1960.

From 1982 till 1986, he studied Enochian Magick with David Kennedy, Israel Regardie's personal secretary.

In 1987 he joined Ordo Templi Orientis, where he eventually became Master of RPSTOVAL Oasis. Later he served that Order in the capacity of Quartermaster and volunteered to serve an eleven year term with the OTO's Electoral College.

From 1988 until 1990 he was a member of the College of Thelema and studied under Phyllis Seckler. In 1989, he became a founding member of the Temple of Thelema. In that same year he joined Fraternitas Lux Occulta and studied under Paul Clark.

In 1998 he became a members of The Hermetic Order of QBLH. On August 23, 1999 he founded the Order of Thelemic Knights, a Thelemic charitable organization based on the virtues soldiering and chivalry as exemplified by Templarism.

On January 1, 2003 he was consecrated Bishop and received Apostolic Succession and adopted the name Tau Apollonius. On that same occasion he founded the Thelemic Gnostic Church of Alexandria.

As of today, Gerald del Campo has published two books. New Aeon Magick: Thelema Without Tears (Luxor Press Inc; 2nd Rev&En edition June 1, 2000), and New Aeon English Qabalah Revealed (Luxor Press Inc 2003).

New Aeon Magick is unique, in that rather than recycling already published material, it is focused on Thelema as it had manifested in his life at the time. It is also an excellent Hermetic Qabalah and comparative mythology source.

New Aeon English Qabalah Revealed is a primer on the New Aeon English Qabalah and a system of gematria referred to as Cipher 6. In this book, del Campo shows the relationship between the English letters and some very important passages of The Book of the Law.

Mr. del Campo is a prolific writer who is concerned with the positive and responsible promulgation of the Law of Thelema. Many of his writings have been translated into

various languages and some have become either recommended or required reading at various universities around the world.

The following list include some of his more popular writings in the area of Thelema, religion, philosophy and mythology which have appeared in various magical journals. They are not listed in any particular order, nor do they represent the entirety of his work. This list does not include his papers on magical tech, poetry or dissertations on photography, brewing or technical writings.

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After 9/11

Alchemy: The Struggle for Immortality

On The Animal Sacrifice

Bahkti and The Order

On The Use of Blood in Ritual

Brief Introduction to the Religion of Thelema

Chivalry Is Not Dead

De Matrimonium et Reconciliatio

Doing and Allowing Those To Do What One Does Best

Introduction To The Qabalah

Latin Variation of the Pentagram Ritual

Officium De Sacerdotium

On The Importance of Studying The Book of The Law

The Problem With Secular Democratic Politics

Progression of The Ego Into The Self via The Law of Thelema

A Soldier is A Soldier is A Soldier

Basic Techniques for Performing Sexual Alchemy

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To Gnow or Not to Gnow

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## The Qabalistic and Thelemic Works of Frater Achad

### The lamen of Frater Achad

The complete published works of Frater Achad, the magical motto of Charles Stansfield Jones, cabalist extraordinaire.

Charles Stansfield Jones (1886-1950) was an early aspirant to A.:A.: (the 20th to be admitted as a Probationer, in December 1909) who “claimed” the grade of Magister Templi as a Neophyte. He also became an O.T.O. initiate, serving as the principal organizer for that order in British Columbia. He worked under a variety of mottos and mantonyms, including V.I.O. (Unus in Omnibus, “One in All,” as an A.:A.: Probationer), O.I.V.V.I.O., V.I.O.O.I.V., Parzival (as an Adeptus Minor and O.T.O. Ninth Degree), and Tantalus Leucocephalus (as Tenth Degree O.T.O.), but he is best known under his Neophyte motto Achad (Hebr. “unity”), which he used as a byline in his various published writings.

— From “Charles Stansfield Jones” on Thelemapedia

This material presented here is updated from Norton’s Imperium also in The Hermetic Library. Previously, this material was several levels deep on the site, but this Frater Achad material deserves to be a featured part of the collection.

### QBL, or The Bride's Reception (PDF)

A basic primer on the Tree of Life from a Thelemic viewpoint. The appendix contains the magickal records of Achad's discovery of his "Restored" Tree of Life.

See also: Q.B.L. or The Bride's Reception: Being A Qabalistic Treatise on the Nature and Use of the Tree of Life

### The Egyptian Revival (PDF)

A detailed examination of Frater Achad's "Restored" Tree of Life, its justification in past cabalistic writings, and its relation to Thelemic symbolism. Contains many ideas later adopted (without credit) by other writers.

See also: Egyptian Revival or the Ever-Coming Son in the Light of the Tarot

The Anatomy of the Body of God (PDF)

Achad's magnum opus on cabalistic geometry.

See also: Anatomy of the Body of God

Crystal Vision Through Crystal Gazing (PDF)

The good Frater's classic monograph on this traditional method of scrying and its transformation into higher forms of spiritual vision. Lots of good advice for anyone learning or using any method of scrying.

See also: Crystal Vision Through Crystal Gazing

The Chalice of Ecstasy (PDF)

An analysis of Wagner's Parzival as it relates to the Path of Initiation and Thelema.

Liber 31 (PDF)

The magickal record of Achad's discovery of the Key of Liber AL vel Legis

See also: Liber Thirty-One

31 Hymns to the Star Goddess (PDF)

Prose "verses" to NUIT, in the style of Crowley's Book of Lies. Not great literature, but with some useful content.

INRI

Concerning the symbolism of the Rose and Cross.

Liber QNA

Concerning Names of God.

The Conjunction of Kronos

An invocation of Binah in the Golden Dawn style, thought to be written by Frater Achad.

Additional Notes on Liber AL vel Legis

Comments on Chapter 1, vv. 45-48.

Stepping Out of the Old Æon Into the New

An astronomical metaphor.

New Aeon Test Questions

Achad's Test Questions for the three "grades" of Liber AL.

Previously unpublished works by Frater Achad

Through the efforts of Frater 117 of Yggdrasil Camp, O.T.O. and Bishop T. Allen Greenfield, a number of new articles by Frater Achad were released to the public. These articles were first published (along with commentary and annotations by Bishop Greenfield) in Mjollnir, a quarterly journal from Yggdrasil Camp. (Note: The PDFs of the journal were linked to but not stored here, and there is no HTML version of the first work in The Hermetic Library.)

The Treasure House of Achad

An introduction to this series of Achad works by T. Allen Greenfield. From Mjollnir vol. 1, no. 1.

Belief vs. Knowledge

An essay contrasting religious belief with direct spiritual experience. From Mjollnir vol. 1, no. 2.

Mirrors of Life

Concerning subjective relativism and freedom of awareness. From Mjollnir vol. 1, no. 3.

Freedom

Concerning the enjoyment of life and living. From Mjollnir vol. 1, no. 4.

Untitled Letter to the Universal Brotherhood

Concerning Right Knowledge. From Mjollnir vol.2 no. 4.

Thinking Backwards

Concerning Crowley's method of discovering "past lives". From Mjollnir vol. 2 no. 3.

Nothing

Concerning the abandonment of all finite characteristics. From Mjollnir v2 no. 1.

Other materials

Achad's Lamén

Achad's Pantacle

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### The collection

The Hermetic Library was created in 1996, in the early days of the commercial Internet, and is one of the most comprehensive and popular resources on the Internet for the kind of information in its collection. Hermetic.com is justifiably famous, and perhaps a little infamous, as the source for an amazing collection of information useful to every researcher and student of esoteric studies and the modern Western tradition. Many students over the last decade found their start and much information useful to them by perusing the materials of The Hermetic Library and started their own electronic libraries by downloading pages and pages of content for their use and research.

Hermetic.com is justifiably famous, and perhaps a little infamous

The collection is, by and large, of a spiritual focus but not the areas of spirituality that you will generally see within the mainstream of American culture. The collection at the library houses materials related to hermeticism in a broad sense.

If you are the creator of an item you would like to donate to the collection, whether it be a piece of poetry, a series of journals, or digital artwork, relating to the Spirit, or would like to nominate a particular luminary who might want their work to be included, you can discuss that with us via [librarian@hermetic.com](mailto:librarian@hermetic.com) or check out our [Contact](#) page.



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Al Billings, Founder

Al Billings founded the Hermetic Library in 1996 because he wanted a place where he could host writings to do with Hermeticism and magic that would not otherwise be available, especially online. It has grown over the years to host the work of a number of magicians and to being one of the standard reference sites for the work of Aleister Crowley.

In his youth in the Seattle BBS scene of the late 1980s and early 1990s, Al was also quite well-known by the 'nym (pseudonym) "Grendel". He ran the Revelstone BBS out of North Seattle Community college "The Sacred Grove" until 1994. He ran an early Internet connection to his BBS as pagan.UUCP, connecting it to the Internet in early 1991. This BBS was later a member of the Fidonet technology Pagan/Occult Distribution Network (PODnet). This is when Al first met many luminaries from the esoteric community. From the early 1990s, he ran a number of early pagan-related

e-mail lists and, in 1994, he began creating websites on the recently popularized world wide web.

During the first few years of the 21st century, Al began to gradually shift his focus to non-magical interests, eventually becoming a Buddhist. With this transition, work on the Hermetic Library slowed and eventually stopped, for the most part. As of 2009, Al decided to transfer the site to new stewardship, in the hopes that a new custodian would have more time and energy to devote to it while he begins the process of working on his doctorate in Buddhist Studies in California.

You can follow Al via his blog, Open Buddha.

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Academic frustrations, why I am disheartened, and where I should be going  
September 25th, 2009 | 8 Comments | Posted in Academic, Buddhism, Daily Life  
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I'm attending the big Japanese Buddhism at UC Berkley this weekend. That has been very interesting so far. I had the opportunity to meet Dr. Paul Groner and Dr. Steve Covell, who have both written on Tendai, and talk with them a bit (especially Steve). I also was able to see Ryuichi Abe speak at the opening keynote. All of these are people who have written very good books that I happen to have.

This conference has once again brought the the forefront some of my ongoing issues with my Buddhist Studies work. I've been planning on focusing on Japanese esoteric Buddhism, specifically Tendai, for a while. I'd like my dissertation to focus on a particular tantric ritual or set of rituals. At this time, we (my advisor and I) have made the preliminary plan for me to focus on the Susiddhikara Sutra and its influence on the core Tendai rituals (or maybe just one, like the goma). The problem here is that every professor that I talk to about this, other than my advisor, starts talking about all of the language work that I'll need to do and then all the time I'll need to spend in Japan in order to get access to libraries of books, etc. etc. Dr. Covell mentioned today (and in a helpful way, I should add) that I should go to Taisho University to do research and that I'd really have to have my Japanese mastered in order to do that.

You know what? I have zero (none at all) interest in being an expert on, say, 12th century Japan, Japanese history, or of spending a year or two in Japan with a bookcase full of contemporary scholastic works on Taimitsu just to finish my dissertation. We're not talking about my academic career here, we're talking about what I need to do to get my degree.

Along with this, while I have been fortunate enough to be exposed to Tendai, anything beyond that seems to have strong karmic barriers or somesuch. To really understand these rituals, I would like to follow the same path that Dr. Payne (my advisor) and Dr. Covell (not to mention others) have done and be trained in the practices, instructed in the traditional meanings, etc. This requires Tendai ordination, which is a sisyphistic task as far as I can tell. I actually am friends with one Tendai priest (who reads this blog) and have spoken to others but the way things seem to be going, unless I want to abandon my home to go to Japan (and going there has been recommended against by more than one person), the process to do that here in the U.S. would take longer than actually getting my entire doctorate. Meanwhile, I can't shake a tree or a bush without someone not involved with Tendai falling out of it and making introductions to me.

I'm wondering if I'm suffering from a both "the grass is greener" issue and ignoring what is in front of my face. I have a background in Tibetan tantric practice. I've been fascinated by tantra for 20 years now and I've practiced a bit of it. That said, I'm a Zen priest, working and living in America, and participating in a non-denominational Mahayana seminary (outside of my doctoral work). Maybe I need to step back and away from the "Oooh, shiny!" smells and bells of esoteric Buddhism and its rituals and unify my current spiritual practice, where I live, and what I want to do for my academic work.

While I'm not interested in becoming an expert in 12th century Japan or learning Classical Chinese (just to read a few texts), I am very interested in the practice of Buddhism in the West, especially in the community of those that converted to it. Where is Buddhism going here in the next century? Are we creating new sects, trying to transcend sects (as seems to be happening in Zen), or doing something else? It seems like I should be considering finding a dissertation that focuses on the here and now or that is related to what I am involved with (meditation and koans, mostly) rather than

focusing on stuff that propels me to places where I don't want to be. Frankly, Buddhism now is much more interesting and almost none of it is esoteric in the sense of tantra if you leave out Tibetan Vajrayana. At the end of the day, as a practitioner who is also a scholar, I'm thinking that I should unify my interests, which are contemporary, not ancient.

I haven't come up with a dissertation idea that goes along these lines, having just spent a chunk of the afternoon thinking about this, but I should. One of my classes this term is dedicated to refining your dissertation and all the groundwork for it so as to not spend 11 years (a true story, it seems) doing a doctorate instead of five or six. If I want to change focus, I should do it now, rather than later. All dissertations are centered around a specific question that needs to be answered and also about what the answer to that question tells people (what is learned) that is new. Those two things are both necessary.

I guess I'd better quick cracking or I'm going to wind up banging my head against work that I don't have an interest in really doing just to create a dissertation.

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#### Buddhist Applications for iPhone

September 8th, 2009 | No Comments | Posted in Buddhism, Spirituality, Technology  
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Some of us in my sangha have discussed having Buddhist applications for the iPhone (or iPod Touch). It would be convenient to have our daily service, and the various sutras that we use in it, available easily. Since none of us program in Objective C, it isn't a project that has gotten very far. (I'm actually partial to the "Monastic Office" book with the rubberized cover that Shasta Abbey put out back in the day as a useful format for carrying around as well.)

I see that within a Tibetan context, someone has recently done this. You can go to <http://www.buddhistapps.com> and see the homepage for a Tibetan Buddhist application. It is a pretty basic application, focusing on taking refuge, generating Bodhicitta, mantra recitation, and then dedication of merit.

#### Daily Buddhist Prayers - Prayers

The nice thing about it is that it gives the Tibetan prayers in transliterated Tibetan and they recorded a monk chanting the prayers in Tibetan.

#### Daily Buddhist Prayers - Refuge

For anyone who has practiced within a Tibetan context in the past, as I have, the way that non-native speakers chant Tibetan is all over the map and is often not very melodious. This makes it a helpful touch.

I wish that this was available as a general framework. I could see using the same structure (with some additional steps) with an app for the Five Mountain Sangha for

daily practice as well.

I'd also like to see an application put together to allow for sutra reading for all of the sutras that are available as unencumbered English text. That might be a taller order given the variability in quality of translation.

For those interested in the application, you can get it here though they would like \$1.99 for it (which is pretty minimal).

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## Balsa Man 2009

September 6th, 2009 | 2 Comments | Posted in Daily Life, Science Fiction, Spirituality  
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This year, R and I had to forgo the great joy of attending Burning Man. To be honest, we went last year and swore that we wouldn't go two years in a row. Then I had the "year of illin" which has left me with sleep issues and my doctoral program started at the same time as Burning Man. This meant that it was just impractical to go (and we're thinking of going to Hawaii in January anyway).

As an alternative, we decided to attend the mighty Balsa Man event for 2009. It, of course, is in no way, shape, or form related to Burning Man in any way nor does it derive any of its symbolism and forms from Burning Man, such as this:

## Balsa Man!

This was Balsa Man's second year (and I hear last year was better...). I am told by the organizer that last year saw about 50 people showing up by word of mouth. This year, it was 200 or 300 people. Still, that's actually pretty small if you consider the would-be hipster numbers of the Bay Area.

Balsa Man, being a 1/16th scale event with its 35 inch tall man, encourages people to make art with this year's theme being "Big Dreams, Writ Small." R and I decided, late the evening before the event, to make our own art to contribute. I settled on the Monolith and ape-men of 2001 constructed out of legos. We did a late evening trip to target and R went and acquired the Burning Man stape of faux fur the next morning. With some glue, pain, and a bit of building, we created our piece:

## Monolith - 2

This piece seemed to be accepted fairly well with its simple but iconic origins. I noticed a lot of people giggling and taking photos of it (and no one stepped on it).

R and I braved the mutli-bridge transit (with the Bay Bridge being closed this weekend) and made it to the unnamed beach just as things were getting going. We managed to run into a couple of friends and took a look at all of the tiny art. I put a picture set on Flickr and there is a Balsa Man 2009 pool of photos as well.

After a couple of hours, there was a fairly quick burn (man, balsa burns fast with accelerants!) and it was over for the year. I expect that there will be more Balsa Man events (and perhaps regional spin-offs) in the years to come as well.

IMG\_0367

Update: Here is video of the burn:

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Doctoral work begins...

August 30th, 2009 | No Comments | Posted in Academic, Buddhism, Daily Life

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This week I had my first class in my doctoral program, which managed to actually come before my doctoral orientation. As part of the doctoral program at GTU, we are allowed to take classes at UC, Berkeley (aka "Cal"). These can be graduate seminars but people also take advantage of undergraduate classes, such as foreign language work.

I managed to get into a seminar focusing on Tibetan texts (officially) that is meeting in conjunction with one focusing on Sanskrit texts. Of course, I read neither language but the class is focusing on the Sarva-tathagata-tattva-samgraha (STTS). The STTS is a foundational text in the tantric tradition. One of the professors quotes another scholar (Davidson?) who called it the "Declaration of Independence" for tantric Buddhism. It is one of the earliest clearly tantric texts and, along with the Mahavairocana tantra, it is one of the few core tantras in the tradition of practice that went from China to Japan. It is a core text in both Shingon and Tendai Buddhism in Japan to this day. Most of the class is focusing on reading portions of it in Tibetan and Sanskrit but we will be reading a lot of secondary material around it, which will be useful to me. Additionally, a Newar priest from Nepal will be coming to town in November to create a Vajradhatu mandala and do a day event with us from the text. This is the mandala that the text describes in great detail. So, this class is quite an opportunity for me. It started on Cal's schedule, which is two weeks in advance of my other classwork so I had to go to my first doctoral class ever with a professor who wasn't even from my own program or school, which was a little uncomfortable (though he has been very friendly and helpful). It is a good break for me to get a chance to work with an expert in this text and in Tantra as there are not that many professors with expertise in the subject.

This last Friday was the first day of the official orientation at GTU. There are thirty eight incoming doctoral students (we'll see how many of us are there in a year or two). Out of the group, there was a small group from the local Islamic college in formation, including its head, two people in the Jewish program run jointing with Cal, two of us doing Buddhist studies, and the rest were from various Christian denominations doing different sorts of work. I spoke to the other Buddhist Studies person briefly and she's doing work focusing on Kwan Yin. We were briefed all day in sessions on the doctoral program, the plan for the next couple of years, the various affiliated bodies, and then given advice by a panel of professors. We have another full day of it tomorrow and then

most of a day on Tuesday. We all received our official student ID and I managed to get my current semester sticker, my library card, and to check out books from the library on the first day. This also allowed me to go to Cal today and check out a bunch of Shingon and Tendai ritual manuals from the East Asia library (along with a few books relevant to my Cal class).

After orientation, we wait until the next week for our classes, which is when I will begin my Japanese language coursework. Honestly, the language work is more intimidating to me than any of the other academic work. We'll see how it goes with that.

My new daily schedule has me splitting time between classes on certain days (as graduate classes tend to meet once or twice a week only) and my work at Mozilla. As I've mentioned to some people, I'm going down to 60% time at my job but Mozilla has been overwhelmingly supportive and helpful by keeping me on in a part-time capacity. I'm not sure that it would be possible for me to do this program at all without that being the case.

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Bruce Sterling's "At the Dawn of the Augmented Reality Industry"

August 23rd, 2009 | No Comments | Posted in Notable People, Science Fiction, Technology

594 people have read this post.

Bruce Sterling did a keynote at the Layar launch event the other day, "At the Dawn of the Augmented Reality Industry."

Video: Bruce Sterling's Keynote – At the Dawn of the Augmented Reality Industry

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The new æon

Photo: Joseph Thiebes @ [Thiebes.org](#)  
John G. Bell, Head Librarian & Curator

In late 2009, after the library had languished for a few years; a new librarian took over the site. "Hi! My name is John," he says, "I'll be your librarian today."

Around the same time as AI was online in the local BBS community in Seattle, WA; John was also online in some of the Citadel BBSs using the 'nym Helix Quark. Briefly, John was the sysop of a philosophy forum on one small system. Back in the day, John and AI met on a couple of occasions at social events and parties. During the 90's, John was also at several large regional ISPs in the Seattle area as a Systems and Technical Manager. He then transitioned into software development, creating an open source Library Automation System, inspired by the open source Koha project, which is still in use by several libraries in Washington State. After another several years pursuing his academic career, he now does technical consulting and volunteering when not hard at work on The Hermetic Library.

Over a decade later, when AI was looking for someone to take over The Hermetic Library and [Hermetic.com](#), the name John Griogair Bell came up in a couple conversations. Introductions were made, memories remembered and the library was transitioned to a new caretaker. The rest, so to speak, is history yet to be written.

A long-time armchair occultist, and not much of a joiner, John travelled his own path alone until he moved to Olympia, WA, where he was for several years an active and important member of the local Reclaiming-connected pagan group, responsible for the annual Samhain spiral dance. After finishing a graduate degree, John moved to

Portland, OR and, among other things, became a member of Sekhet-Maat Lodge, Ordo Templi Orientis, where he is an active ritualist and initiate.

John is an academic who pursues his interdependent interests in dialogue, systems thinking, design, transformation and communications. He has a couple degrees from some colleges and universities, but has not yet managed to acquire as many letters after his name as his name is long. "There's still time," he says.

John has been online since before the beginning of the commercial Internet, and his first direct Internet connection was also a dial-up connection through the network of the University of Washington. He maintains a personal blog and website, Arlecchino Malbenvolio. You can also check out his professional consulting service, XARC Academic Research and Consulting. You can also follow John on Facebook, Twitter and even Delicious.

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About The Mission of The Hermetic Library at Hermetic.com

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The Mission

The future of Hermetic.com is an exciting thing of which to be part. The content on Hermetic.com in The Hermetic Library has been an important part of the esoteric community online. The relationship has obvious reciprocal benefits as people can find what they are searching for and more people are attracted to the site. The Hermetic Library is a part of the community, and should be fully engaged as a service in general to the world, which we think is sorely in need of more Hermeticism and all that entails.

If you are familiar with the site you may already notice a few changes, but we will continue to roll out more as time goes by. We will I have keep to the spirit and excellence of the site while adding content and improving existing old pages. We are working to introduce the site to a wider audience, including adding a presence on social networking sites and other ways to engage the audience of people coming to the site.

We are continue to be excited to work with the people who have sponsored sites already as we also continue to update and improve content across the entire site. And, we are looking for new content and building new relationships.

Part of the current mission of The Hermeitc Library is to modernize the way our content is presented. That includes becoming part of the social network, and creating ways for people to participate with us in improving the content through feedback.

There is now publicly displayed information about how to get in contact with us, and we've begun to include tools on pages so that people can let us know if there's something on a page that needs to be edited or if they've got an idea they want to share.

We've developed ways to make announcements featuring incremental or monthly updates to the site, to keep awareness about the site fresh by posting those to The Hermetic Library accounts on Facebook, Twitter and even Delicious links ... and from there inform the world!

We aim to make the site more friendly and easier to navigate. We are also making it easier for users of the site to let others know about the content by adding social bookmarking links to each of the pages. There will be some links to purchase books through Amazon for not only content that's on the site but also for content that can only be found in print, so people can easily find the material to build their their personal library even as they might also use the site to search for a quote or material.

There is increasing benefit from interaction with not just the context of the text, but of the audience to the text, the authors to the audience, and the audience to the audience. That means also relationships with partner websites, and organizations, including creating cross-references.

We're trying to create the ideal conditions for the emergence of an integral esoteric bio-mechanical social web of interdependent physical, intertextual and hypertext forms ... or, to coin a term, the Interintegregor!

## The Feedback

Well, this is where you come in. Yes, you. You've gotten to this site, maybe you are even a devoted user. Heck, you must be devoted to have read this far, right? But, even if you're new to the site and have just started to explore what's here, you're part of this. Thank you very much for being a part of the history of what has made Hermetic.com a great site on the Internet, and we look forward to working with you in the future.

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The Hermetic ... what?

A brief discourse by John G. Bell

The term “hermetic”, or “hermeticism”, is one that gets used a lot in esoteric study.

There's several meanings for this term, and there's oppositional terms. Inspired by the possibility for a project recently, I thought that one of the first things I would do is to outline my own thinking about the term and how I use it. I wanted to do this so that I could think about the scope of what a project focused on hermeticism or using a

hermetic viewpoint would look like. This is not so much meant to be a serious treatise on the topic, but rather an exploration of my current thoughts and ideas. This is more of an exploration than an essay, a marker at the beginning of a journey to help me see where I was when some point down the road I look back.

## Hermes Trimegistus

The term hermetic is related to Hermes Trimegistus, the thrice-great. In fact, the late Latin term hermeticus is as much to say alchemical, and is derived from the name Hermes Trimegistus [see,amzn,amzn]. This is the hellenic Hermes-Thoth and, also like Ganesha being the scribe of the Mahabharata [amzn], is an archetypal magico-religious figure.

You know, one of the earliest references may not be to thrice-great but rather to triple-hero. This makes me instantly think of Triptolemos, literally threefold warrior, a demi-god in the Eleusinian mysteries [amzn,amzn] who was sometimes priest of Demeter, sometimes inventor of the plow (which is then a kenning or synecdoche for agriculture). Also, in the tripartite social structure of indo-european society [amzn], the semi-divine hero often fulfilled all three categories, being magician-king and warrior-poet and farmer-laborer combined. For example, Triptolemos already mentioned; and Orpheus who's magical music commanded even the rocks and trees to his bidding, who was one of the warrior-poets of the Argos in the Odyssey [amzn], and who cursed the bees of the bee-keeper. These semi-divine heroes walked the line between human and divine with the task of both upholding and challenging the world-order [amzn,amzn]. Also, it seems to me that to pass into life and through the two veils of the tree of life, that of Paroketh and of the Abyss, is to be thrice-born.

So, the term hermetic means related to Hermes Trismegistus or the many materials he was supposed to have written on the topics of alchemy and magic.

The term hermetic is also a more general term for the overall syncretic tradition that is evidenced in much of the specific Western esoteric traditions. In other words, the term hermetic, includes those parts of the western tradition which use the hermetic modality in their thoughts and works. These include a cornucopia of what often seem to be wild-eyed, fringe, and alternative groups throughout history: Alchemists, Rosicrucians, esoteric Christians, Kabbalists, Theosophical and the Illuminist or Perfectibilist currents within Freemasonry. This current continues in many of the modern occult and esoteric traditions, especially with so many having some connection or exposure to the materials from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, a true nexus point in the Western tradition.

This is to say that the hermetic philosophy is a kind scientific illuminism, which further term is familiar to those who've read Crowley [amzn]. Remember Clarke's Third Law [see] about any sufficiently advanced technology. But, also consider, Niven's Law or Heterodyne's rephrase, that any sufficiently advanced or analysed magic will appear as technology. This hermetic modality is a philosophy that attempts to relate, perhaps

universalize, magico-religious principles. To the extent that this universalization denatures the originals, I think that's not a good thing; but to the extent that this philosophy is one that normalizes the diversity of human understanding of the human relationship to the more-than-human, in essence facilitating the conversation between the blind men about the elephant, there's enormous value.

## Hermetic vs Mosaic

One way I often use the term hermetic is to mean esoteric and symbolic. So not more generally semiotic, but more specifically symbolic within philosophical, spiritual and religio-mythic contexts. Although, clearly, semiotic analysis and interpretation are useful. An example of this in use is from Campbell's *An Open Life* [amzn]:

"Now, the distinction between the Mosaic doctrine and the Hermetic doctrine is that the symbols which are shared are interpreted historically by the Mosaic tradition, and in the Hermetic tradition they are interpreted spiritually. So there grew, during those first centuries of Christianity, a whole literature of the Hermetic sort in which the symbols, interpreted in the orthodox Christian tradition as historical, were being read in a proper mythological sense. And these then began to link the Christian myth to pagan analogues. The Gnostics, for instance, were in that boat. But the orthodox Christians insisted on the historicity of all these events." (p77)

Notice that this introduces the oppositional relationship between hermetic and mosaic. I suppose it's quite possible and reasonable to see Campbell as the source from which I started to use the terms hermetic and mosaic as meaning symbolic and literal. I don't know now where or when I started to use these terms, so it seems as likely as any.

These two oppositional terms also for me have connotations of fun vs. boring as well as flexible vs. uptight, permissive vs. strict. Beginning to become more poetic in my analysis, I also see this opposition as curious vs. close-minded and multivalent vs. monovalent and polysemious vs. synonymous. Maybe even to go overboard I also think of many other oppositions when using hermetic and mosaic: nominalist vs realist, existential vs essential, freedom vs slavery, existentialist vs positivist, empiricist vs realist, allegorical vs tautegorical, antinomian vs legalist. I could go on and on.

Clearly, I have some value judgements about this pair, and have a bias toward the symbolic, mythical side. I feel that the hermetic thinker is one that is curious and skeptical, one looking to test propositions instead of blindly accepting them. The discipline of symbolic thinking seems to me to be one that is necessary in the face of a modern world where propaganda and persuasion, in the form of not just political discourse but also in marketing and advertising, seem the most common styles of communication. Many times I find myself baffled by people who's mode of thinking is mosaic, and most likely they by me.

To make my string of comparisons less pejorative to the literal, perhaps these can also be seen as meaning, to hint at the Tantric, expansive vs contractive, and thus akin to

the Alchemical solve et coagula. Following this thought, these two form an functional set necessary for change to occur, just as the action of solve et coagula results in transmutation. This is the tug of war between the Asuras and Devas that results in the churning of the waters of the world through the action of the Axis Mundi so beautifully represented at Angkor Wat [amzn]. This is the analysis and synthesis of the ancient dialectic, the thesis and antithesis of Hegel leading to synthesis, and the dialogism of Bakhtin [amzn]. Seen this way, these are the yin-yang, the unity of duality, and here were now back full-circle to ideas of Gnosticism, Neo-Platonism and more, which can be seen as coming under the umbrella of Hermeticism; thus, the opposition is contained by one of the polar pairs, just as the yin contains the yang.

It is to me no small irony that another meaning for hermetic, which I'm not talking about except for here, is to be tightly sealed or impervious to outside influence (although also derived from Hermes Trimegistus) [see]. Because this seems to me to be generally the opposite of the meaning I'm exploring. Hermetic is a one word oxymoron. But, then again, here's the unity in duality. And, indeed the universalist movements within the overall hermetic umbrella are a form of this contractive, simplifying, unifying effort even within what I take most often to be the opposite.

This opposition-within-position is completely non-Aristotelean, and warms the cockles of my evil little black heart. This is philosophical wabi-sabi. Put that in your pipes and smoke it, you frakkin' Randroids!

### Hermetic Drift

I'm not sure where I first heard the phrase hermetic drift but it's a great description of the kind of lateral surfing through correspondences that often happens when thinking about esoteric topics, ideas and terms. Connections can be made between things which are symbolic, even poetic; not based necessarily on logic or science. The risk seems to me that this can become a trap in Chapel Perilous or a dinner-date with Choronzon (Watch out for those meat pies, Saturninus! [see]). There's a term for the mania of seeing connections and patterns everywhere in meaningless or random data, apophenia. It is possible to get lost in Chapel Perilous and go insane unless one is prepared.

"Everything you fear is waiting for you with slavering jaws in Chapel Perilous"

— R. A. Wilson in "Cosmic Trigger" [amzn]

I'm not saying hermetic drift is a Bad Thing™. I'm just saying it's a double-edged sword, so be conscious of where you're swingin' that thang.

Some of the worst of the new age is an overbearing universalism, which seems to me to even become appropriation. This denaturing of difference is the worst kind of old-school

anthropology, like the Romans trooping around always engaged in a procrustean project to transform others into the familiar: “Oh, when you say Odin, you mean Mercury! Why didn’t you say so?” This seems to be one of the major projects, and thus I think failings, of movements like Theosophy; this essentially anti-intellectual, anti-academic haze that everything is the same and differences are mistakes in people’s understanding of their own traditions; it’s hierarchically arranged so that the so-called expert always knows better than the actual practitioners. This kind of expertise is really just another hall of mirrors, the echo chamber for the expert to see only what they are already conscious of in themselves everywhere else [see]. That kind of expert might as well be a brain in a jar never really engaging beyond their own illusions of self.

But, hermetic drift can be fun at parties, but probably not that useful for panty raids. Then again, no reason not to try anyway, I suppose ...

Hermetic man vs Mosaic man

The old Golden Dawn was really uptight about the use of the inverse pentacle. Seeing the pentacle as the five elements, with spirit being the point either up or down; the inverse pentacle had spirit beneath the rest of the elements. The triumph of matter over spirit could be seen as being lost in the world of illusion. However, it’s also possible to see the inverse pentacle as being the process of manifestation, and thus an appropriate pair with the upright pentacle; this is the lightning path bringing manifestation down and the snake wending back up the tree of life.

In a pyramidal arrangement, the elements form the base with spirit as the apex. The capstone of an ancient pyramid was said to have been golden, and seems like a better representation of the perfect ashlar. This perfect ashlar is not cubical but rather, like the Benben, representative of the primeval mound that rose from the primordial waters before the beginning of time, sacred as the place where the first rays of the sun-disk fell to create the universe. In the Amarna period, the Aten disk’s rays were hands extended giving the symbol of life, the ankh.

From Yates’ Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition [amzn]:

“The Egyptian Adam is more than human; he is divine and belongs to the race of the star demons, the divinely created governors of the lower world. He is even stated to be ‘brother’ to the creative Word-Demiurge?Son of God, the ‘second god’ who moves the stars.” (p27)

Indeed, “Every man and woman is a star” [see,amzn], and “... a star in the company of stars ...” [see] ring true to my ears. And, moreover, part of my own daily practice has been what I’ve called an Orphic spell, reconstructed from my reading on such things, a spell spoken to the guardians of the underworld by the initiated:

I am a child of earth and starry heaven. But my race is of the stars, as you well know. I have come here guided by the gods themselves. I am parched and dying of thirst. Let



me drink from the well of memory.

Moreover, from the short “The Crimson Permanent Assurance” from Monty Python’s The Meaning of Life [amzn]:

“Exec #1: Item six on the agenda: “The Meaning of Life” Now, uh, Harry, you’ve had some thoughts on this.

Exec #2: Yeah, I’ve had a team working on this over the past few weeks, and what we’ve come up with can be reduced to two fundamental concepts. One: People aren’t wearing enough hats. Two: Matter is energy. In the universe there are many energy fields which we cannot normally perceive. Some energies have a spiritual source which act upon a person’s soul. However, this “soul” does not exist ab initio as orthodox Christianity teaches; it has to be brought into existence by a process of guided self-observation. However, this is rarely achieved owing to man’s unique ability to be distracted from spiritual matters by everyday trivia.

Exec #3: What was that about hats again?”

Again, from Yates:

“... the difference between Hermetic man and Mosaic man, the one created divine, the other created out of the dust of the earth. The fall of Hermetic man is more like the fall of Lucifer than the fall of Adam.” (p27 footnote 1)

This distinction reminds me also of the notion I recently read in a collection of Steiner essays, The Temple Legend [amzn], of the Sons of Abel, or sons of God, and the Sons of Cain, or the sons of Man; those of Men to prepare the worldly and those of God to prepare the divine.

To equate hermetic man with the one created divine versus the mosaic man who is divinely created but of the earth is like the dichotomy between the upright and inverse pentacles. One is spirit triumphant over matter, the other is matter triumphant over spirit. Both are necessary parts of the process of creation, or existence.

The person that is developing a relationship with their divine self, whatever term one wants to use for that, and whether one thinks that that exists ab initio or is created through the process of communicating with it, either way this connection is made through developing a relationship; is a process by which one might be said to be remade from a mosaic into a hermetic being.

Then, in combining the two ideas, I might suggest that to think symbolically is to be closer to divinity. It is the mythological level which is more divinely imbued and more divinely directed. This is, I think, to say something very similar to how practitioners of traditional chinese Feng Shui talk about Chi, and that the information form is more important than the physical form [amzn].

I have running through my head right now the spoken word by Robert Anthony on Trance Mission's track "Every stone's dream" [amzn]:

"Every stone is light slowed down, tied in a knot; and light is every stone's dream."

Further, therefore, allegory and symbol seem then to be the way the mind of the divine works. To understand even a bit of the divine is to understand art, poetry and music; to be touched by metaphor and myth; and to realize that all is metaphor, all is in flux; and, flux is merely the appearance of waves on an ocean too vast and deep to ever be fully comprehended.

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Acquiring a Supernatural Assistant

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Papyri graecae magicae III.1-59

Papyri graecae magicae IV.1-25

Papyri graecae magicae IV.1227-64

Papyri graecae magicae IV.1716-1870 aka "The Sword of Dardanos"

Papyri graecae magicae VII.429-58

Ecloga Ex Papyris Magicis: Liber I

Ecloga Ex Papyris Magicis: Liber II

Ecloga Ex Papyris Magicis: Liber III

Mithras Liturgy

A Mithraic Ritual by GRS Mead. Taken from the Mithras Liturgy.

Demotic Magical Papyri Texts

The Demotic Magical Papyrus of London and Leiden

Curse Tablets

D.T. 237

D.T. 241

D.T. 242

D.T. 271 (Hadrumetum, North Africa, c. 3rd cent. C.E.)

Papers on the Greek Magical Papyri

Self-Identification with Deity and Voces Magicae in Ancient Egyptian and Greek Magic

The Demons of Magic

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The Sacred Texts

This is a collection of sacred writings or texts from a number of traditions, primarily those relating to Hermeticism.

Renaissance Neo-Platonism by Richard Hooker

Anonymous Works:

The Emerald Tablet of Hermes

The Papyrus of Ani (The Egyptian Book of the Dead)

The Sepher Yetzirah

The Chaldean Oracles

The Discourse on the Eighth and the Ninth

The Corpus Hermeticum

An Introduction to the Corpus Hermeticum

I. Poemandres, the Shepherd of Men

II. To Asclepius

III. The Sacred Sermon

IV. The Cup or Monad

V. Though Unmanifest God Is Most Manifest

VI. In God Alone Is Good And Elsewhere Nowhere

VII. The Greatest Ill Among Men is Ignorance of God

VIII. That No One of Existing Things doth Perish,  
but Men in Error Speak of Their Changes as Destructions and as Deaths

IX. On Thought and Sense

X. The Key

XI. Mind Unto Hermes

XII. About the Common Mind

XIII. The Secret Sermon on the Mountain

The Works of Plato:

The Symposium

Timaeus

The Seventh Letter

## The Works of Plotinus:

### The Enneads

The First Ennead

The Second Ennead

The Third Ennead

The Fourth Ennead

The Fifth Ennead

The Sixth Ennead

### Other Works

On the Gods and The World by Sallustius

The Theogony by Hesiod

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### Received Wisdom

Sacred Communications and Holy Books  
from the Gods

This page contains a selection of received holy books or transmissions given to various individuals during magical workings. These range from the famous, such as Liber Al vel Legis, to the unknown.

If you wish to add received material that you may have to this site, please contact the webmaster.

Liber Al vel Legis "The Book of the Law" as received by Aleister Crowley.

Liber Pennae Praenumbra Recieved by Nema.

Beta: A Comment on Communications from the Aeon of Maat is available as well.

Liber 49 The Book of Babalon and the record of its writing as received by Jack Parsons.

The Book of Gate Called Pan Recieved by Aion.

Commentary of The Book of Gate Called Pan by Aion.

Liber Pennae Ultim-Atum Received by Orryelle Defenestrade.  
A Commentary on Liber Pennae Ultim-Atum is available as well.  
The Book of Going Back By Night Received by Orryelle Defenestrade.  
Liber A vel Follis "The Book of the Holy Fool" as received by Perseverando.  
The Book of Ba Neb Tet Received by Frater Belarion Israfel El Shaddai  
The Book of Amsu Received by Usr Ra n-ka-teph  
The Book of Anubis Received by Unknown  
The Book of the Hollow Tree Received by Aion  
Liber Omonoia Received by Simon Hinton and including commentary.

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An Enochian Miscellany

Explanatory Pieces on Enochia  
The Enochian Hierarchy

The Forty-Eight Calls

Enochian Sermon by John Dee from A True and Faithful Relation

Planetary Attributions to the Elements and  
the Pentagram in Enochian Magick by David Jones

An Essay on Enochian Pronunciation by Christeos Pir

Concourse of the Forces by Israel Regardie

Enochian Magick Reference by Benjamin Rowe

Essay on Enochiana by Dean Hildebrandt

The System of Enochian Magick. Part I by David Jones

The System of Enochian Magick. Part II by David Jones

The System of Enochian Magick. Part III by David Jones

The System of Enochian Magick. Part IV by David Jones

The System of Enochian Magick. Part V by David Jones

Rituals and Ritual Elements

The Ritual of the Emerald Throne by Michael Sanborn

A Daily Opening by Michael Sanborn

Angelmas by Michael Sanborn

An Enochian Chant by David Jones

Personal Enochian Rituals by Tony Ianotti

An Enochian Pentagram Ritual by Frater ShARASH

An Enochian Setting of the Wards (Ogdoadic) by Al Billings

An Enochian Banishing Rite by Runar Karlsen

Evocation of ANODOIN by Gregory Peters

An Opening of the Portal of the Vault of the Adepts by Unknown

An Enochian Middle Pillar Ritual by Unknown

Invocation of the Bornless One - Enochian by IALPIRGAH

Opening by Watchtower from Israel Regardie's Ceremonial Magic

Ben Rowe's Work

This is a sample of Ben Rowe's work.

More can be found on The Enochian World of Benjamin Rowe.

Enochian Temples

The Lotus of the Temple

Enochian Temples: Analysis of the First Enochian Key

A Modified Hexagram Ritual for Enochian Workings

## A Ritual of the Heptagram

### Scholastic Work

The following are selections from the Thelema Lodge Calendar from the late 1980s. Thelema Lodge, OTO had a group called "The Center for Enochian Studies" led by David Jones that worked on making Dee's original texts available to interested readers. Here are the various writings produced by this group as presented in the TLC:

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 1

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 2

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 3

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 4

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 5

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 6

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 6b

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 7

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 8

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 9

The Center for Enochian Studies Volume I, Number 10

The Center for Enochian Studies Appendix a

The Center for Enochian Studies Appendix i

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About this capture

EGC LogoA Collection of Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica  
and Gnostic Mass Materials

This is an unofficial archive of essays and materials relating to the Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica (E.G.C.). This site is intended to serve as a resource for those interested in the E.G.C., the Gnostic Mass, and in Thelema. It should in no way be construed as being officially endorsed by the Ordo Templi Orientis and its contents, except when specifically noted, are not official or approved of by the E.G.C.

The Ordo Templi Orientis U.S. Grand Lodge website states the following about the E.G.C.:

Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica (E.G.C.), or the Gnostic Catholic Church (the Church), is the ecclesiastical aspect of Ordo Templi Orientis (O.T.O.). The E.G.C. is a Thelemic religious environment, dedicated to the advancement of Light, Life, Love, and Liberty through alignment with the Law of Thelema. The central activity of the E.G.C. is the celebration of the Gnostic Mass, as set forth in Liber XV, composed by Crowley for O.T.O. and E.G.C. in 1913. Lay membership in E.G.C. is available through baptism and confirmation. Members of O.T.O. in good standing are eligible for clerical ordination in E.G.C. Members of II° and higher (or even I°, in some situations) are eligible for ordination as Deacon, and those who have reached K.E.W. are eligible for ordination as Priest or Priestess. Many O.T.O. local bodies celebrate the Gnostic Mass on a regular basis, and in most locations, no formal affiliation is required to attend the Mass.

Official E.G.C. Rituals\*  
Liber XV: The Gnostic Mass

Liber XV: The Gnostic Mass: Annotations and Commentary by Sabazius

Baptism Ceremony for an Adult by Sabazius

Baptism Ceremony for a Child by Sabazius

Confirmation Ceremony by Sabazius

Ceremony for Deacon Ordination by Sabazius

Last Rites by Sabazius

Unofficial E.G.C. Rituals  
Rituals written by Sabazius

A Ceremony for a Feast for Life

Wedding Ceremony

A Ceremony for a Greater Feast for Death

Consecration of the Oil

A Basic Exorcism Rite

A Ceremony for Visitation and Administration of the Virtues to the Sick

Rituals written by Dionysos Thriambos

Dedications for Mass Weapons

A Liturgy of the Word of the Law

Ante-Mass Ritual

Rituals by Various Others

EGC Confirmation Ritual from the Babalon Sanctuary, E.G.C.

Minimass for a Dedicated Couple

A Wedding Ceremony

The Gnostic Mass done into Latin

Essays for the E.G.C. or the Gnostic Mass  
Essays by Sabazius

Introduction to the Gnostic Mass

The Sacramental System of E.G.C.

Alchemy of the Gnostic Mass

The Thelemic Clergy of E.G.C.

History of the Gnostic Catholic Church

Book List for EGC Priests & Priestesses

Essays by Dionysos Thriambos

Thelemic Catholicism

Sacred weapons of the Mass

A First Look at the Gnostic Mass

The Gnostic Mass as Biological Allegory

Magick of the Urpflanze

Advice for Deacons of Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica, an entire manual of diaconal technique, written when Dionysos Thriambos was a Deacon. The text includes a foreword by Sabazius X°, and was formatted by Fr. Sharash. The file is in Adobe Acrobat format.

Essays by Others

Crowley's Baptism Notes by Aleister Crowley

Creed of the Gnostic Catholic Church by Aleister Crowley

Liber XV and the Adeptus Minor Initiation by Robert Furtkamp

The Gnostic Mass: An Appreciation by A.T. Dennis

some thoughts on the Gnostic Mass from the acolyte's view... by Soror Nephthys

Cakes of Light recipe

A Cakes of Light recipe by Aisha Qadisha

The Aeon of the Death Cookie transcribed and edited by Rev. Karen DePolito

Functional and Symbolic Correspondences between EGC & MMM

Gnostics and Templars by Bishop T Dionysus

Notes on performance of the Gnostic Mass by Unknown

Liber XV: an analysis by Fr. V.I.T.R.I.O.L. with assistance and additional commentary by Sr. A.R.G.M. From Sekhet-Maat Lodge, O.T.O.

Masonic Legacy: Craft Symbolism in the Gnostic Mass by Frater S\N\B\, Master of Heru Behutet Oasis, O.T.O.

Questions or Comments?

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~ Commentaries on Liber AL ~

A Center of Pestilence

The Book of the Law - The actual text in question...

The Old and New Commentaries to Liber AL by Aleister Crowley

The Scarlet Sisterhood Commentary on Liber AL

Analyzing Liber AL vel Legis by Sam Webster

Random Notes on Liber AL by Benjamin Rowe

The Commentaries of AL: Chapter I by Motta

The Commentaries of AL: Chapter II by Motta

The Commentaries of AL: Chapter III by Motta

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The Golden Dawn

Library Project

The Golden Dawn Library project is a collective effort to see the entire corpus of materials deriving from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, a fraternal, magical order of the 19th century through to the present day, available online. This library will contain as many Golden Dawn and Golden Dawn derived documents as can be found. These documents will be keyed in by volunteers who wish to see these materials available.

Currently, a transcription of the original Cipher Manuscript, the foundation document, is available along with gif format images of its pages.

The Cipher Manuscript

Where Ra Pentagram Ritual

Tarot Cards

The Neophyte Ritual

The Golden Dawn FAQ, December 1999, version 6.0

Where Ra Papers

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The Libri of Aleister Crowley

A Portrait of the Master Therion by Leon Engers Kennedy

Aleister Crowley (Oct. 12, 1875–Dec. 1, 1947) – however one judges him – was a fascinating man who lived an amazing life. He is best known as being an infamous occultist and the scribe of The Book of the Law, which introduced Thelema to the world. Crowley was an influential member in several occult organizations, including the Golden Dawn, the A.:A.:, and Ordo Templi Orientis. He was a prolific writer and poet, a world traveler, mountaineer, chess master, artist, yogi, social provocateur, drug addict and sexual libertine. The press loved to demonize him and dubbed Crowley “The wickedest man in the world.”

— From “Aleister Crowley” on Thelemapedia

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| LXXVII | 77     | Liber OZ                                                      | 1941 |
| CI     | 101    | An Open Letter to those who may wish to join the Order        | 1919 |
| CLXI   | 161    | The Law of Thelema                                            | 1919 |
| CXCIV  | 194    | An Intimation with Reference to the Constitution of the Order | 1919 |
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## List

| Liber | Number | Class | Title                  |
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| I     | 1      | A     | Liber B vel Magi (TXT) |

An account of the Grade of Magus, the highest grade which it is even possible to manifest in any way whatsoever upon this plane. Or so it is said by the Masters of the



Temple.

II 2 E Message of The Master Therion, The (TXT)

Explains the essence of the new Law in a very simple manner.

III 3 D Liber III vel Jugorum (TXT)

An instruction for the control of speech, action, and thought.

IV 4 ABDE Liber ABA (Magick) (Part 1&2:TXT,Part 3:TXT,Part 4:TXT)

A general account in elementary terms of magical and mystical powers.

Also: Magick: Book 4, Liber ABA

V 5 D Liber V vel Reguli

Being the Ritual of the Mark of the Beast: an incantation proper to invoke the Energies

of the Aeon of Horus, adapted for the daily use of the Magician of whatever grade.

A pair of alternate, earlier forms are available as well.

VI 6 B Liber O vel Manus et Sagittae (TXT)

Instructions given for the elementary study of the Qabalah, Assumption of God forms, Vibration of Divine Names, the Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram, and their uses in protection and invocation, a method of attaining astral visions so called, and an instruction in the practice called rising on the Planes.

VII 7 A Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli (PDF) (TXT)

'The birth words of a Master of the Temple'. Being the Voluntary Emancipation of a certain Exempt Adept from his Adeptship. These are the Birth Words of a Master of the Temple. Its 7 Chapters are referred to the 7 Planets in the following order: Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Sol, Mercury, Luna, Venus.

Received Oct 29, 1907

VIII 8 D 8th Aether Liber CCCCXVIII (TXT)

And thus shall he do who will attain to the mystery of the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel.

IX 9 B Liber E (PDF) (TXT)

Instructs the aspirant in the necessity of keeping a record. Suggests methods of testing physical clairvoyance. Gives instruction in Asana, Pranayama and Dharana, and advises the application of tests to the physical body, so that the student may thoroughly understand his own limitations.

X 10 A Liber Porta Lucis (TXT)

An account of the sending forth of the Master Therion by the A.:A.: and an explanation of his mission.

Received Dec 12, 1907

XI 11 D Liber NU (TXT)

An instruction for attaining Nuit. An account of the task of the Aspirant from Probationer to Adept. Meditations on AL.

XIII 13 D Liber Graduum Montis Abiegni (TXT)

An account of the tasks of the aspirant from Probationer to Adept.

XV 15 Ecclesiæ Gnosticæ Catholicæ Canon Missæ (TXT)

The central public and private rite of Ordo Templi Orientis and its ecclesiastical arm,

Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica. Several equally canonical versions, with slight variations, of this document exist, published in several sources.

Written 1913

Version 1, published in The International, 1918

Version 2, published in The Equinox, III:i, 1919 [see]

Version 3, published in Magic in Theory and Practice, 1923

See also: the appendix of Book 4.

See also: The Blue Equinox: The Equinox, Volume III No. 1

XVI 16 B Liber Turris vel Domus Dei (TXT)

An instruction for attainment by the direct destruction of thoughts as they arise in the mind.

XVII 17 D Liber IAO

IAO. Sexual Magick. Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts. The active form of Liber CCCXLI.

Thought to be lost, though there is a spurious Liber IAO floating around [see].

XXI 21 B Khing Kang King - The Classic of Purity (TXT)

Taoist classic put into rhyme. A new translation from the Chinese by the Master Therion.

XXIV 24 B De Nuptis Secretis Deorum Cum Hominibus

Sexual magick.

Written between Sep 6 and Oct 8, 1914

XXV 25 D The Star Ruby (TXT)

(There are two forms of this Ritual) An improved form of the 'Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram'.

XXVII 27 A Liber Trigrammaton (PDF) (TXT)

Being a book of Trigrams of the Mutations of the Tao with the Yin and Yang. An account of the Cosmic process: corresponding to the stanzas of Dzian in another system.

Received Dec 14, 1907

XXVIII 28 D Septem Regum Sanctorum - The Ceremony of the Seven Holy Kings (PDF)

Being an Initiation Ritual for certain select probationers to A∴A∴

XXVIII 28 Tzaddi Beth Aleph vel Nike, The Fountain of Hyacinth

(See p753 of Magick: Liber ABA)

See: Book 93

XXX 30 B Liber Librae - The Book of the Balance (TXT)

Karma Yoga. An elementary course of morality suitable for the average man.

XXXI 31 Diary of Frater Achad, The (TXT)

XXXIII 33 C An Account of A∴A∴ (TXT)

Broadly based upon 'Cloud on the Sanctuary' by the Councillor Von Eckartshausen and now revised and rewritten in the Universal Cipher.

XXXVI 36 D The Star Sapphire (TXT)

An improved form of the Ritual of the Hexagram.

XLI 41 C Thien Tao (PDF) (TXT)

An essay on Attainment by way of Equilibrium.

Written 1907

XLIV 44 D The Mass of the Phoenix (TXT)

XLVI 46 The Key of the Mysteries (TXT)

A Translation of La Clef des Grands Mysteres, by Éliphas Lévi. Specially adapted to the task of the Attainment of Bhakta-Yoga.

Also: The Key of the Mysteries Equinox IX, Special Supplement

XLIX 49 Shih Yi Chien

An account of the divine perfection illustrated by the seven-fold permutation of the Dyad.

No full version of this is thought to survive.

XLIX 49 Collected writings of Jack Parsons, The

LI 51 The Lost Continent (PDF) (TXT)

An account of the continent of Atlantis: the manners and customs, magical rites and opinions of its people, together with a true account of the catastrophe, so-called, which ended in its disappearance. See also 'Atlantis'.

LII 52 Manifesto of the OTO (TXT)

This 1919 e.v. manifesto is by Crowley - others exist by other people.

LV 55 C Chymical Jousting of Brother Perardua, The (TXT)

An account of the Magical and Mystic Path in the language of Alchemy.

LVIII 58 B The Qabalah (PDF) (TXT)

A general discussion of the Method and uses of the Qabalah. (The Temple of Solomon the King)

LIX 59 C Across the Gulf (TXT)

A fantastic account of a past life in Egypt. Its principal interest lies in the fact that its story of the overthrowing of Isis by Osiris may help the reader to understand the meaning of the overthrowing of Osiris by Horus in the present Aeon.

LX 60 The Ab-ul-Diz Working

See: Equinox IVii

LXI 61 D Liber Causæ (TXT)

Explains the actual history and origin of the present movement. Its statements are accurate in the ordinary sense of the word. The object of the book is to discount Mythopeia. In other words, the collapse of the Order of the G.:D.: and the founding of the A.:A.:  
Rewritten Nov 16, 1907

LXIV 64 B Liber Israfel (TXT)

By Allen Bennet, Crowley, Others. Invocation of Thoth, as a prelude to preaching.

Formerly called 'Liber Anubis', an instruction in a suitable method of preaching.

LXV 65 A Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente (PDF) (TXT, Commentary: TXT)

An account of the relations of the aspirant and his Holy Guardian Angel.  
Received Oct 30 – Nov 3, 1907

LXVI 66 A Liber Stellæ Rubeæ (TXT)

A secret ritual of Apep, the heart of IAO-OAI, delivered unto V.V.V.V.V. for his use in a certain matter of Liber Legis. Sexual Magick veiled in symbolism.

Received Nov 25th, 1907

LXVII 67 C The Sword of Song (PDF) (TXT)

Two Poems. A critical study of various philosophies. An account of Buddhism. 1925.

LXX 70 C Liber LXX - The Cross of a Frog (TXT)

The Ceremonies proper to obtaining a familiar spirit of a Mercurial nature as described in the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine from a frog or toad.

LXXI 71 B The Voice of the Silence / The Two Paths / The Seven Portals (PDF)

By H.P. Blavatsky, with an extensive commentary by Crowley.

LXXIII 73 The Urn

This is a sequel to “The Temple of Solomon the King”, and is the Diary of a Magus. This book contains a detailed account of all the experiences passed through by the Master Therion in his attainment of this Grade of Initiation, the highest possible in any manifested Man.

The surviving portion of this Book appears in Equinox IVii.

See: The Vision & the Voice With Commentary and Other Papers: The Collected Diaries of Aleister Crowley, 1909-1914 E.V. (Equinox)

LXXVI 74 D Liber Testis Testitudinis vel Ayin Daleth

LXXVII 77 Liber OZ (TXT)

The Thelemic declaration of rights of Man, in five sections comprised of one syllable words.

Written in 1941

LXXVIII 78 B On the Tarot (TXT)

A complete treatise on the Tarot giving the correct designs of the cards with their attributions and symbolic meanings on all planes.

LXXXI 81 Moonchild (The Butterfly Net)

Magical adventure story concerning homunculi, particularly concerning the planet Luna, written in the form of a novel. Satirical of some members of the G.:D.:

Written 1918

LXXXIV 84 B Liber Chanokh (PDF) (TXT)

A brief Abstract of the Symbolic Representation of the Universe. Derived by Dr. John Dee through the Scrying of Sir Edward Kelley.

XC 90 A Liber Tzaddi vel Hamus Hermeticus (TXT)

An account of Initiation, and an indication as to those who are suitable for the same.

XCIII 93 Fountain of Hyacinth, The (TXT)

A diary of the use of cocaine and heroin and the relations of the Magician therewith.

See Liber Al vel Legis: Chapter Two, verse Twentytwo.

XCV 95 C The Wake World (PDF) (TXT)

A poetical allegory of the relations of the soul and the Holy Guardian Angel.

Written 1907

XCVI 96 B Liber Gaias PDF) (TXT) A Handbook of Geomancy

A guide but with some intentional inaccuracies.

XCVII 97 Soror Achitha's Vision - The Amalantrah Working (TXT)

Book 729 is also "The Amalantrah Working". Book 97 may be a different, and now lost, document. (See the note for p468 in Magick: Liber ABA)

C 100 D 𐌚𐌗 Agape Azoth sal Philosporum

The Book of the Unveiling of the Sangraal wherein it is spoken of the Wine of the Sabbath of the Adepts. Secrets instructions of the IX° O.T.O. (Sex Magick.)

CI 101 B An Open Letter to those who may wish to join the Order (TXT)

Enumerating the Duties and Privileges. These Regulations Come Into Force In Any District Where the Membership Exceeds One Thousand Souls.

CVI 106 B Concerning Death (TXT)

A treatise on the nature of death and the proper attitude to be taken towards it.

CXI 111 B Liber Aleph (TXT)

An extended and elaborate commentary on "The Book of the Law", in the form of a letter from the Master Therion to the son of mankind. Contains some of the deepest secrets of Initiation, with a clear solution of many cosmic and ethical problems.

This is also Equinox IIIvi

CXI 116 B Original number for Book 96. See: Liber XCVI

(See the note for p468 in Magick: Liber ABA)

CXX 120 D Ritual of passing through the Tuat, The (V.1:TXT,V.2:TXT,V.3:TXT)

A Ritual of Initiation for certain Select Zelators.

CXXIV 124 Of Eden and the Sacred Oak

CXXXII 132 Apotheosis

A treatise on the Incarnation of a God, instructions to Realize and Proclaim His Identity.

CXLVIII 148 C The Soldier and The Hunchback (PDF) (TXT)

A general discussion on philosophy.

CL 150 E De Lege Libellum (TXT)

A further explanation of the Book of the Law, with special reference to the Powers and Privileges conferred by it's acceptance. The Law of Liberty Love Life and Light.

CLVI 156 A Liber Cheth vel Vallum Abiegni (TXT)

A perfect account of the task of the Exempt Adept considered under the Symbols of a particular plane, not the intellectual. Sexual magick veiled in symbolism.

CLVII 157 Tao Teh Ching (TXT)

A new translation with a commentary by the Master Therion. This is the most exalted and yet practical of the Chinese classics. Also called Liber LXXXI

CLXI 161 Law of Thelema, The (TXT)

An epistle written to Professor L...B...K... who also himself waited for the New Aeon, concerning the O.T.O. and it's solution of Property, and now reprinted for the General

Circulation.

CLXV 165 B A Master of the Temple (PDF)

Frater Achad's magical diary with comments by Crowley.

CLXXV 175 D Liber Astarte vel Liber Berylli (TXT)

An instruction in attainment by the method of devotion, on Bhakta-Yoga; how one may unite oneself to any particular Deity. Both Magical and Mystical methods are given.

CLXXXV 185 D Liber Colegii Sancti (PDF) (TXT)

Being the tasks proper to the Grades and their Oaths proper to Liber XIII. This is the Official Paper of the various Grades. It includes the Task and Oath of all Grades to, and including, Adeptus Minor.

CXCIV 194 An Intimation with Reference to the Constitution of the Order (TXT)

Any Province of the O.T.O. is governed by the Grand Master and those to whom he delegates his Authority, until such time as the Order is established, which is the case when it possesses eleven or more Profess-houses in the province. Then the regular constitution is automatically Promulgated. The Quotation is slightly adapted from an address in one of the Rituals.

CXCVII 197 C The High History of Good Sir Palamedes the Saracen Knight of the Questing Beast (TXT)

A poetic account of the Great Work and enumeration of many obstacles.

CC 200 D Liber Resh vel Helios (TXT)

An instruction for the adoration of the Sun four times daily, with the object of composing the mind to meditation, thus to bring conscious relation with the center of our system; for advanced students, to make actual Magical contact with the Spiritual energy of the Sun and thus to draw actual force from Him.

CCVI 206 D Liber RU vel Spiritus (TXT)

Full instructions in Pranayama, describes various practices of controlling the breath, how to insure success, what results to strive for, and how to use them for the Great Work.

CCVII 207 A syllabus of the official instructions of the A.:A.: (TXT)

An enumeration of the Official Publications of the A.:A.: with a brief description of the contents of each book; this Catalog is an expansion thereof, including those publications which were written after "The Syllabus" was composed.

CCXVI 216 The I Ching (TXT)

A new translation, with a commentary by the Master Therion. The Yi King is mathematical and philosophical in form. It's structure is cognate with that of the Qabalah. The I Ching reduced expertly to a series of six-line mnemonic keys, one for each hexagram.

CCXX 220 A Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law  
(V.1:TXT,V.2:TXT,V.3:TXT,Comments:TXT,Es:TXT)

Received April 8, 9 and 10, 1904

See also: Commentaries on Liber AL

CCXXVIII 228 B De Natura Deorum

Written between Sep 6 and Oct 8, 1914

CCXXXI 231 A Liber Arcanorum (PDF) (TXT)

An account of the cosmic process so far as it is indicated by the Tarot Trumps. The sequence of the 22 Trumps is explained as a formula of Initiation.

Portions received Dec 5–6, 1907

CCXXLII 242 C AHA! (TXT)

An exposition in poetic language of several of the ways of attainment and the results obtained. In the form of a Discourse between an Adept and His Pupil.

CCLXV 265 The Structure of the Mind

A treatise of physiology from the mystic and magical standpoint. It's study will help the aspirant to make a detailed scientific analysis of his mind, and so learn to control it.

Likely not written as a document separate from Crowley's diaries. (See p753 of Magick: Liber ABA)

CCC 300 E Khabs am Pekht (TXT)

A special instruction for the Promulgation of the Law. This is the first and most important duty of every aspirant of whatever grade. It builds up in him the character and Karma which forms the Spine of Attainment.

CCCXXV 325 The Bartzabel Working

See: Equinox IVii

CCCXXXIII 333 C Book of Lies, The (PDF) (TXT)

93 short chapters each Qabalistically related to its chapter number. Deals with many matters on all planes of the very highest importance. It is an Official Publication for Babes of the Abyss, but it is recommended even to beginners as being highly suggestive. 1913.

CCCXXXV 335 C Adonis an Allegory (TXT)

A short play. Set in the hanging gardens of Babylon in classical times with classical characters. An account in poetic language of the struggle of the human and divine elements in the consciousness of man, giving their harmony following on the victory of the latter.

CCCXLI 341 Liber H.H.H. (TXT)

Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts.

CCCXLIII 343 AMRITA

CCCLXV 365 The Preliminary Invocation of the Goetia

With the barbarous names of evocation used therein, and the secret rubric of the ritual, by the Master Therion. This is the most potent invocation extant, and was used by the Master Himself in his Attainment. Please note that this ritual is identical with Liber Samekh in many aspects, however, there are differences. This is the 1904 version.

CCCLXVII 367 B De Homunculo

Written between Sep 6 and Oct 8, 1914

CCCLXX 370 A Liber A'ash vel Capricorni Pneumatici (TXT)

Analyzes the nature of the creative magical force in man, explains how to awaken it, how to use it and indicates the general as well as the particular objects to be gained thereby. Sexual magick heavily veiled in symbolism.

CD 400 A Liber Tau vel Kabbalæ Trium Literarum (PDF) (TXT)  
A graphic interpretation of the Tarot on the plane of Initiation. Analyzes the Hebrew alphabet into seven triads, each of which forms a Trinity of sympathetic ideas relating respectively to the Three Orders comprised in the A.:A.:  
Received Dec 13, 1907

CDXII 412 D Liber A vel Armorum (TXT)  
An instruction for the preparation of the Elemental Instruments.  
CDXIV 414 De Arte Magica  
Written between Sep 6 and Oct 8, 1914

CDXV 415 AB Paris Working, The (Opus Lutetianum) (TXT)  
(including Esoteric record and sundrys)  
A record of homosexual magick operations.  
CDXVIII 418 AB Vision and the Voice, The (PDF) (TXT)  
Being of the Angels of the Thirty Aethyrs, the Vision and the Voice. Besides being the classical account of the Thirty Aethyrs and a model of all visions, the cries of the Angels should be regarded as accurate, and the doctrine of the function of the Great White Brotherhood understood as the foundation of the Aspiration of the Adept. The account of the Master of the Temple should, in particular, be taken as authentic.  
CDLI 451 B Liber CDLI - Eroto-comatose Lucidity (TXT)  
The chapter «Of Eroto-comatose Lucidity» in Liber CDXIV - De Arte Magica (Liber 414)  
Written c. 1914

CDLI 451 Liber Siloam  
Thought lost. Liber Siloam is mentioned by Crowley and also mentioned is a practice called "Sleep of Siloam" [see]. A ritual called "Sleep of Siloam" was published in The Magical Link.

CDLXXIV 474 C Liber Os Abysmi vel Daath (TXT)  
Gnana Yoga. An instruction in a purely intellectual method of entering the Abyss.  
D 500 B Sepher Sephiroth (PDF) (TXT)  
By Allen Bennet, Crowley and Friends. A dictionary of Hebrew words arranged according to their value numerically. This is an Encyclopedia of the Holy Qabalah, which is a map of the Universe, and enables man to attain Perfect Understanding.  
DXXXVI 536 Liber DXXXVI  
A complete Treatise on Astrology. This is the only text book on astrology composed on scientific lines by classifying observed facts instead of deducting from a priori theories. Unpublished originally, but reconstructed from various sources in The General Principles of Astrology

DXXXVI 536 B Liber Batrachophrenoboocosmomachia (TXT)  
An instruction in the expansion of the field of the mind. Two practices designed to aid the student in developing an awareness of the Universe around him are given, one is active one passive. Requires Astronomical knowledge.  
DLV 555 D Liber HAD (TXT)



An instruction for attaining Hadit.

DLXX 570                Liber DCCCXIII vel Ararita (PDF)

An account of the Hexagram and the method of reducing it to the Unity, and Beyond.

DCXXXIII    633                De Thaumaturgia (TXT)

A statement of certain ethical considerations concerning Magick.

DCLXVI    666    B                Artemis Iota vel de Coitu Scholia Triviae

An instructional paper for members of Agapé Lodge O.T.O. on the topic of sexual ethics. This book was included as part of Chapter XV: Sex Morality in Magic Without Tears.

(See p753 of Magick: Liber ABA)

DCLXVI    666                The Beast

An A∴A∴ document which is an account of the Magical Personality who is the Logos of the present Æon. This could be a document called "The Master Therion, A Biographical Note" (TXT).

DCLXXI    671    D                Liber DCLXXI vel Pyramidos

(V.1:TXT,V.2:TXT,Bennett:TXT,Comments:TXT)

A ritual of self-initiation based on the Neophyte ritual.

DCLXXI    671                Liber DCLXXI vel ThROA

A ritual of Initiation with officers passing Probationer to Neophyte in A∴A∴.

Superseded by Liber Pyramidos

DCC    700                Liber Vesta

A book on the robes of the Order.

See: Equinox IVi

DCCXXIX    729    C                The Amalantrah Working (TXT)

Interviews with a discarnate entity.

DCCLXXVII 777    B                777 vel Prolegomena Symbolica Ad Systemam Sceptico Mysticae (PDF)

A complete dictionary of the correspondences of all magical elements, reprinted with extensive additions, making it the only standard comprehensive book of reference ever published. It is to the language of Occultism what Webster or Murray is to the English language.

DCCC800    D                Liber Samekh (PDF) (TXT)

Being the Ritual employed by the Beast 666 for the Attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel during the semester of His performance of the Operation of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage.

DCCC800    C                The Ship (TXT)

A mystery play. This was the source of the first and father Anthem in Book 15.

Appeared in Equinox IX. See: The Ship

DCCCVIII    808                Serpentis Nehushtan

Considered lost, no known copy

DCCCXI    811    C                Energised Enthusiasm (TXT)

An essay developing the idea of creativity - and genius - as a sexual phenomenon.

Specially adapted to the task of Attainment of Control of the Body of Light, development of Intuition and Hatha yoga.

DCCCXIII 813 A Ararita (PDF) (TXT)  
 An account of the Hexagram and the method of reducing it to the Unity and Beyond. This book describes in magical language a very secret process of Initiation.

DCCCXXI 831 D Liber Yod (TXT) formerly Vesta  
 An instruction giving three methods of reducing the manifold consciousness to the Unity. Adapted to facilitate the task of Raja Yoga, and of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

DCCCXXVII 837 C Law of Liberty, The (TXT)  
 This is a further explanation of the Book of the Law in reference to certain Ethical problems.

DCCCLX 860 C John St. John (TXT)  
 The Record of the Magical Retirement of G.H. Frater O.M. (Aleister Crowley). A model of what a magical record should be, so far as accurate analysis and fullness are concerned.

DCCCLXVIII 868 B Liber Viarum Viae (PDF) (TXT)  
 A graphic account of Magical powers classified under Tarot Trumps. An analysis of the 22 letters. To each is attributed a magical or mystical practice of progressive difficulty until attainment is complete.

DCCCLXXXVIII 888 The Gospel According to Saint Bernard Shaw  
 A complete study of the origins of Christianity.

CMXIII 913 B Liber ThIshARB Viae Memoriae (TXT)  
 Gives methods for attaining the magical memory, or memory of past lives, and an insight into the function of the Aspirant in this present life. (So to enable the Aspirant to calculate his True Orbit in eternity.)

CMXXXIV 934 The Cactus  
 A record of experiments with the Mescal buttons.  
 No known copy exists, probably was just a collection of case study documents destroyed by British customs. (See p753 of Magick: Liber ABA)

CMLXIII 963 AB The Treasurehouse of Images (PDF) (TXT)  
 A superb collection of Litanies appropriate to the Signs of the Zodiac.

MCLI 1151 Liber MCLI (TXT)  
 By Jim Graeb IX° O.T.O.. Being the requirements of Minerval to III°, in study and work in the O.T.O., as it has manifested under the Caliph.

MCXXXIV 1139 Title and status uncertain, but Book 868 called this book "The Utterance of the Pythoness".

MCCLXIV 1264 The Greek Qabalah (TXT)  
 A complete dictionary of all sacred and important words and phrases given in the Books of the Gnosis and other important writings both in the Greek and the Coptic. It is to the Greek Qabalah what the Sephir Sephiroth is to the Hebrew. The present form is taken from Crowley's notes by Bill Heidrick, IX° O.T.O. who partially reconstructed the document.

MMCCCLXI 2261 C A Note on Genesis (PDF) (TXT)  
 By Allen Bennet. A model of Qabalistic ratiocination. Specially adapted to Gnana Yoga. With a preface and notes by Crowley.

Liber Collegii Interni  
 Unknown

Some material exists in Crowley's notebooks, on the theory and practice of running a Magical Order, but nothing is known to survive with this title.

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Other Works by Crowley  
Cover Title

Magick Without Tears

Magick Without Tears @ Hermetic.com

Eight Lectures on Yoga

Eight Lectures on Yoga @ Hermetic.com

The Confessions of Aleister Crowley : An Autobiography

The Confessions of Aleister Crowley @ Hermetic.com

Little Essays Toward Truth

Little Essays Towards Truth @ Hermetic.com

The Heart of the Master & Other Papers

The Heart of the Master (PDF) @ Hermetic.com

Privately issued by O.T.O. in 1938

The Equinox of the Gods

"The Equinox of the Gods" @ Hermetic.com

Correspondence between Aleister Crowley and Frieda Harris (concerning the Thoth Tarot) @ Hermetic.com

Scrutinies of Simon Iff

The Investigations of Simon Iff @ Hermetic.com

White Stains & The Nameless Novel: Flowers of Eros and Evil  
Aleister Crowley And the Practice of the Magical Diary  
The Law Is For All: The Authorized Popular Commentary of Liber Al Vel Legis  
Sub Figura CCXX, the Book of the Law  
The Moonchild  
Book of Lies  
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777 And Other Qabalistic Writings of Aleister Crowley  
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R.R. et A.C.

Rosæ Rubeæ et Aureæ Crucis

The Order of the Ruby Rose & Golden Cross

Hexagram of the Beast

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Love is the law, love under will.

The Outer Order

(open to all) The Great Order

(open to all) Members' Entry

(Adepti only)

The Outer Court

Three degrees of pre-initiation

fellowship, open to all

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Favorite Quotes

"The Cosmos is an utterly malleable experience that feeds back to us what we want to perceive."

- Chris Ladue

Sacred Geometry

Sacred Geometry Home Page by Bruce Rawles

In nature, we find patterns, designs and structures from the most minuscule particles, to expressions of life discernible by human eyes, to the greater cosmos. These inevitably follow geometrical archetypes, which reveal to us the nature of each form and its vibrational resonances. They are also symbolic of the underlying metaphysical principle of the inseparable relationship of the part to the whole. It is this principle of oneness underlying all geometry that permeates the architecture of all form in its myriad diversity. This principle of interconnectedness, inseparability and union provides us with a continuous reminder of our relationship to the whole, a blueprint for the mind to the sacred foundation of all things created.

The Sphere

(charcoal sketch of a sphere by Nancy Bolton-Rawles)

Starting with what may be the simplest and most perfect of forms, the sphere is an ultimate expression of unity, completeness, and integrity. There is no point of view given greater or lesser importance, and all points on the surface are equally accessible and regarded by the center from which all originate. Atoms, cells, seeds, planets, and globular star systems all echo the spherical paradigm of total inclusion, acceptance, simultaneous potential and fruition, the macrocosm and microcosm.

The Circle

The circle is a two-dimensional shadow of the sphere which is regarded throughout cultural history as an icon of the ineffable oneness; the indivisible fulfillment of the Universe. All other symbols and geometries reflect various aspects of the profound and consummate perfection of the circle, sphere and other higher dimensional forms of these we might imagine.

The ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter,  $\pi$ , is the original transcendental and irrational number. ( $\pi$  equals about 3.14159265358979323846264338327950288419716939937511...) It cannot be expressed in terms of the ratio of two whole numbers, or in the language of sacred symbolism, the essence of the circle exists in a dimension that transcends the linear rationality that it contains. Our holistic perspectives, feelings and intuitions encompass the finite elements of the ideas that are within them, yet have a greater wisdom than can be expressed by those ideas alone.

## The Point

At the center of a circle or a sphere is always an infinitesimal point. The point needs no dimension, yet embraces all dimension. Transcendence of the illusions of time and space result in the point of here and now, our most primal light of consciousness. The proverbial "light at the end of the tunnel" is being validated by the ever-increasing literature on so-called "near-death experiences". If our essence is truly spiritual omnipresence, then perhaps the "point" of our being "here" is to recognize the oneness we share, validating all "individuals" as equally precious and sacred aspects of that one.

Life itself as we know it is inextricably interwoven with geometric forms, from the angles of atomic bonds in the molecules of the amino acids, to the helical spirals of DNA, to the spherical prototype of the cell, to the first few cells of an organism which assume vesical, tetrahedral, and star (double) tetrahedral forms prior to the diversification of tissues for different physiological functions. Our human bodies on this planet all developed with a common geometric progression from one to two to four to eight primal cells and beyond.

Almost everywhere we look, the mineral intelligence embodied within crystalline structures follows a geometry unfaltering in its exactitude. The lattice patterns of crystals all express the principles of mathematical perfection and repetition of a fundamental essence, each with a characteristic spectrum of resonances defined by the angles, lengths and relational orientations of its atomic components.

## The Square Root of Two

The square root of 2 embodies a profound principle of the whole being more than the sum of its parts. (The square root of two equals about 1.414213562...) The orthogonal dimensions (axes at right angles) form the conjugal union of the horizontal and vertical which give birth to the greater offspring of the hypotenuse. The new generation possesses the capacity for synthesis, growth, integration and reconciliation of polarities by spanning both perspectives equally. The root of two originating from the square leads to a greater unity, a higher expression of its essential truth, faithful to its lineage.

The fact that the root is irrational expresses the concept that our higher dimensional faculties can't always necessarily be expressed in lower order dimensional terms - e.g. "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." (from the Gospel of St. John, Chapter 1, verse 5). By the same token, we have the capacity to surpass the genetically programmed limitations of our ancestors, if we can shift into a new frame of reference (i.e. neutral with respect to prior axes, yet formed from that matrix-seed conjugation. Our dictionary refers to the word matrix both as a womb and an array (or grid lattice). Our language has some wonderful built-in metaphors if we look for them!

## The Golden Ratio

The golden ratio (a.k.a. phi ratio a.k.a. sacred cut a.k.a. golden mean a.k.a. divine

proportion) is another fundamental measure that seems to crop up almost everywhere, including crops. (The golden ratio is about 1.618033988749894848204586834365638117720309180...) The golden ratio is the unique ratio such that the ratio of the whole to the larger portion is the same as the ratio of the larger portion to the smaller portion. As such, it symbolically links each new generation to its ancestors, preserving the continuity of relationship as the means for retracing its lineage.

The golden ratio ( $\phi$ ) has some unique properties and makes some interesting appearances:

$\phi = \phi^2 - 1$ ; therefore  $1 + \phi = \phi^2$ ;  $\phi + \phi^2 = \phi^3$ ;  $\phi^2 + \phi^3 = \phi^4$ ; ad infinitum.

$$\phi = (1 + \sqrt{5}) / 2 \text{ from quadratic formula, } 1 + \phi = \phi^2.$$
$$\text{phi} = 1 + 1/(1 + 1/(1 + 1/(1 + 1/(1 + 1/(1 + 1/...))))))$$
$$\phi = 1 + \sqrt{1 + \sqrt{1 + \sqrt{1 + \sqrt{1 + \sqrt{1 + \dots}}}}}$$

phi = (sec 72)/2 = (csc 18)/2 = 1/(2 cos 72) = 1/(2 sin 18) = 2 sin 54 = 2 cos 36 = 2/(csc 54) = 2/(sec 36) for all you trigonometry enthusiasts.

phi = the ratio of segments in a 5-pointed star (pentagram) considered sacred to Plato and Pythagoras in their mystery schools. Note that each larger (or smaller) section is related by the phi ratio, so that a power series of the golden ratio raised to successively higher (or lower) powers is automatically generated: phi, phi<sup>2</sup>, phi<sup>3</sup>, phi<sup>4</sup>, phi<sup>5</sup>, etc.

phi = apothem to bisected base ratio in the Great Pyramid of Giza

phi = ratio of adjacent terms of the famous Fibonacci Series evaluated at infinity; the Fibonacci Series is a rather ubiquitous set of numbers that begins with one and one and each term thereafter is the sum of the prior two terms, thus:

1,1,2,3,5,8,13,21,34,55,89,144... (interesting that the 12th term is 12 "raised to a higher power", which appears prominently in a vast collection of metaphysical literature)

The mathematician credited with the discovery of this series is Leonardo Pisano Fibonacci and there is a publication devoted to disseminating information about its unique mathematical properties, The Fibonacci Quarterly

Fibonacci ratios appear in the ratio of the number of spiral arms in daisies, in the chronology of rabbit populations, in the sequence of leaf patterns as they twist around a branch, and a myriad of places in nature where self-generating patterns are in effect. The sequence is the rational progression towards the irrational number embodied in the quintessential golden ratio.

This most aesthetically pleasing proportion, phi, has been utilized by numerous artists since (and probably before!) the construction of the Great Pyramid. As scholars and artists of eras gone by discovered (such as Leonardo da Vinci, Plato, and Pythagoras), the intentional use of these natural proportions in art of various forms expands our



sense of beauty, balance and harmony to optimal effect. Leonardo da Vinci used the Golden Ratio in his painting of The Last Supper in both the overall composition (three vertical Golden Rectangles, and a decagon (which contains the golden ratio) for alignment of the central figure of Jesus.

The outline of the Parthenon at the Acropolis near Athens, Greece is enclosed by a Golden Rectangle by design.

### The Square Root of 3 and the Vesica Piscis

The Vesica Piscis is formed by the intersection of two circles or spheres whose centers exactly touch. This symbolic intersection represents the "common ground", "shared vision" or "mutual understanding" between equal individuals. The shape of the human eye itself is a Vesica Piscis. The spiritual significance of "seeing eye to eye" to the "mirror of the soul" was highly regarded by numerous Renaissance artists who used this form extensively in art and architecture. The ratio of the axes of the form is the square root of 3, which alludes to the deepest nature of the triune which cannot be adequately expressed by rational language alone.

### Spirals

This spiral generated by a recursive nest of Golden Triangles (triangles with relative side lengths of 1,  $\phi$  and  $\phi$ ) is the classic shape of the Chambered Nautilus shell. The creature building this shell uses the same proportions for each expanded chamber that is added; growth follows a law which is everywhere the same. The outer triangle is the same as one of the five "arms" of the pentagonal graphic above.

### Toroids

Rotating a circle about a line tangent to it creates a torus, which is similar to a donut shape where the center exactly touches all the "rotated circles." The surface of the torus can be covered with 7 distinct areas, all of which touch each other; an example of the classic "map problem" where one tries to find a map where the least number of unique colors are needed. In this 3-dimensional case, 7 colors are needed, meaning that the torus has a high degree of "communication" across its surface. The image shown is a "birds-eye" view.

### Dimensionality

The progression from point (0-dimensional) to line (1-dimensional) to plane (2-dimensional) to space (3-dimensional) and beyond leads us to the question - if mapping from higher order dimensions to lower ones loses vital information (as we can readily observe with optical illusions resulting from third to second dimensional mapping), does our "fixation" with a 3-dimensional space introduce crucial distortions in our view of reality that a higher-dimensional perspective would not lead us to?

### Fractals and Recursive Geometries

There is a wealth of good literature on this subject; it's always fascinating how nature propagates the same essence regardless of the magnitude of its expression...our spirit is spaceless yet can manifest aspects of its individuality at any scale.

### Perfect Right Triangles

The 3/4/5, 5/12/13 and 7/24/25 triangles are examples of right triangles whose sides are whole numbers. The graphic above contains several of each of these triangles. The 3/4/5 triangle is contained within the so-called "King's Chamber" of the Great Pyramid, along with the  $2/3/\sqrt{5}$  and  $5/\sqrt{5}/2\sqrt{5}$  triangles, utilizing the various diagonals and sides.

### The Platonic Solids

Here are LOTS of math details and images of the Platonic Solids and Archimedean Solids.

The 5 Platonic solids (Tetrahedron, Cube or (Hexahedron), Octahedron, Dodecahedron and Icosahedron) are ideal, primal models of crystal patterns that occur throughout the world of minerals in countless variations. These are the only five regular polyhedra, that is, the only five solids made from the same equilateral, equiangular polygons. To the Greeks, these solids symbolized fire, earth, air, spirit (or ether) and water respectively. The cube and octahedron are duals, meaning that one can be created by connecting the midpoints of the faces of the other. The icosahedron and dodecahedron are also duals of each other, and three mutually perpendicular, mutually bisecting golden rectangles can be drawn connecting their vertices and midpoints, respectively. The tetrahedron is a dual to itself.

What is your favorite Platonic Solid?

Tetrahedron

Hexahedron (cube)

Octahedron

Dodecahedron

Icosahedron

Here are some animations of counter-rotating polyhedra and images of the Platonic solids showing their relationships as duals.

Here are fold-up patterns for the Platonic Solids.

### The Archimedean Solids

There are 13 Archimedean solids, each of which are composed of two or more different regular polygons. Interestingly, 5 (Platonic) and 13 (Archimedean) are both Fibonacci numbers, and 5, 12 and 13 form a perfect right triangle.

Here are fold-up patterns for the Archimedean Solids.

## Stellations of The Platonic Solids and The Archimedean Solids

This is a stellation of a dodecahedron where each pentagonal face is capped with a pentagonal pyramid composed of 5 golden triangles, a sort of 3-dimensional 5-pointed star.

Here are more images of polyhedra (Platonic and Archimedean Solids.)

## Metatron's Cube

Metatron's Cube contains 2-dimensional images of the Platonic Solids (as shown above) and many other primal forms.

## The Flower of Life

Indelibly etched on the walls of temple of the Osirion at Abydos, Egypt, the Flower of Life contains a vast Akashic system of information, including templates for the five Platonic Solids. The background graphic for this page is a repetitive hexagonal grid based on the Flower of Life.

For further information, visit my Resources page.

## Sacred Geometry

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Order the Digital Download here.

The Geometry Code (book)  
by Bruce Rawles  
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Other Geometry Code products  
An assortment of prints, apparel, houseware (such as tile coasters) featuring the symbolic imagery of the Geometry Code available here.

Our Affiliates  
Related products that emphasize service, integrity, quality, sustainability, and

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Bluehost - a webhost that offers superb customer service, technical expertise and value; we've tried quite a few web hosts over the last decade; these folks are tops in every respect!

CitizenRe - Rethink solar for your home: an inspiring visionary photovoltaic program that we're quite enthused about:

- no system purchase
- no installation cost
- no maintenance fees
- no permit hassles
- no performance worries
- no rate increases

Creative Catalyst Productions - Excellent instructional videos for artists. My wife raves about these and the few I've seen I can attest to the quality and usefulness of the info for artists as well!

Emerald Energies - Unique videos including two interviews with Bruce Rawles about Sacred Geometry and the Seven Hermetic Laws and an Overview of Sacred Geometry, books and other products.

Ergo In Demand - a cornucopia of LCD Monitor Arms, Computer Furniture, Computer Workstations, Computer Office Furniture, Printer Stands and Cabinets , featuring products like the laptop desk stand (put 06-NS001B into the Product Search window) that I'm enjoying (can you see my spine smiling? :-) RIGHT NOW.

Flying Cat Travel - Cruises, Airline Flights, Hotel Reservations, Resorts, Rental Cars, Tours, Golf Vacation Packages, Entertainment, Event Tickets, Specials and more.

Gaiam - (formerly Real Goods) a pioneer in solar equipment and now in products for sustainable living.

Hay House - books, media and events featuring inspiring authors

LightSOURCE - In addition to collaborating on the Geometry Code screensaver, Mika Feinberg has created several other exquisite screen saver/meditation tools.

The Leap! documentary DVD (even though I haven't seen it in it's entirety) promises to be superb on the basis of some of the excerpts I've seen (including Gary Renard).

LinkShare Affiliates - a huge assortment of affiliate links for YOUR website; we've picked some of the ones we believe in here.

Netflix - Every week we look forward to a new DVD delivered to our mailbox without having to drive anywhere (saves gas, \$ and time)! We select the lineup that will arrive right from our home computer, and we've seen some great movies this way. See also: Spiritual Cinema Circle.

Source Books - Robin and Jerry Miner feature an excellent selection of books, videos and related material; they get my enthusiastic endorsement.

Spiritual Cinema Circle - provides new inspirational films delivered to your door on DVD every month; unique movies, many of which aren't available anywhere else; a great complement to Netflix.com.

StudioPress (formerly Revolution2) offers superbly designed, easy-to-use (and cusotmize) professional WordPress templates. Many of our blogs (such as ACIMblog.com, NancyBolton.com) and client blogs (such as Laskow.net/blog) use these excellent, well-supported themes.

Travel Essentials makes lots of neat gear that we've used, including including luggage and accessories such as the Anne McAlpin packing board, which is actually quite handy to keep your suitcase organized.

TriCityNewBalance.com (Southern Sports LLC) makers of New Balance shoes; I walk/hike/jog dozens of miles every week in these very comfortable shoes.

Website Magazine - a free website trade publication ... We read it routinely for great ideas for our websites; our own and our clients.

Zometool - Superb creative geometric toys from the wizardry of Marc Pelletier! I use mine for demos and exploration.

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Welcome to the Web of Hiram

This website began when Dr Robert Lomas of the University's School of Management, decided to create an electronic database of the Masonic material held in many of the University's Special Collections as part of his on-going research into the cultural origin of scientific ideas.

As other material has been donated to this work it has been added to the archive. None of the rituals and statutes recorded in the data are currently in use. It is in effect a scrap heap of discarded ritual and belief. But just as an archaeologist can search through ancient midden heaps and in doing so discover a lot of information about the people who dumped the rubbish, so this archive gives valuable insight into the cultural contributions of Freemasonry.

Whilst researching the book Turning the Hiram Key Dr Lomas obtained copies of out-of-copyright published material by the Masonic writer Walter Leslie Wilmshurst and transposed them into web-format. A section of Wilmhurst's writings, with the full text of rare items, has now been added to this site.

Dr Lomas is currently conducting a survey on public attitudes towards Freemasonry. If you would like to contribute to this survey please click on this link. [SURVEY](#)  
If any readers have old and discarded Masonic material they would like to contribute to this conservation project then please click on the link marked Content Manager at the foot of this page.

For further information regarding the University of Bradford's J.B.Priestley Library Special Collections, either visit <http://www.bradford.ac.uk/library/special> or email [special-collections@bradford.ac.uk](mailto:special-collections@bradford.ac.uk).

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First Open Source Gnostic Church

Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis  
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Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Bishops | FAQ | History | Links | Membership | Philosophy | Rites | Saints | Writings  
Our church, Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis, or Universal Gnostic Church, is an international organization dedicated to the advancement of Light, Life, Love, and Liberty through alignment with the Law of Thelema. Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis (EGnU) was founded by a College of Bishops on the Fourth of July in the Year 2000 C.E.

Membership in Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis is available through baptism, confirmation, and dedication; advancement is independent of and does not require membership in or affiliation with any particular Order. It is a Church wherein all Thelemites may work together.

Much has been written about the history of the Gnostic Church, the value of apostolic succession, and other similar issues by those bent on proving the validity and authority of their own particular lineage and church. However, in Classical Gnosticism, the historical continuum of the visible cosmos was regarded as a creation of inferior and anti-spiritual ruling powers, the Archons. As such they considered it a prison in which the spirit or Divine Spark is trapped in exile. They believed that the goal of existence is to extract the sparks trapped in matter, so that they can return to their true spiritual home.

Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis does not accept or practice this extreme dualistic form of Classical Gnosticism. We acknowledge, as does Tantric theory, that the material elements, properly used, can assist us on the path to Gnosis. Yet there may be an element of truth to the myth of the Archons -- the desire for power and authority over others may hinder not only ones own spiritual progress, but may also become an obstacle for those who submit to that authority.

On the other hand, the value of the direct transmission from master to student of the essence of a spiritual practice cannot be denied. As the aim of Gnosticism is spiritual evolution, which in our opinion flourishes best in a heterogenous environment, our Bishops have received and worked transmission from a wide variety of sources: Wicca, The Golden Dawn, Ordo Templi Orientis, the Horus-Maat Lodge, the Nath and Kaula Tantras of India, and the Vajrayana Tantras of Tibet.

Thus, while following in the tradition of the Gnostic Churches of the past and present, such as l'Église Gnostique de France, l'Église Gnostique Universelle, and Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica, we embrace a wider definition of Gnosis and inherit a colorful phantasmagoria of rites and rituals from the many gnostic traditions of the world.

If you are interested in our church, we invite you to join the Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis Community on LiveJournal where you can learn by interacting with members of the church.

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Love is the law, love under will.

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Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis

The unfragmentary non-atomic fact of my universality

Then saith the prophet and slave of the  
beauteous one: who am I, and what shall  
be the sign? So she answered him, bending  
down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching,  
all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the  
black earth, & her lithe body arched for love,  
and her soft feet not hurting the  
little flowers: Thou knowest! And the sign  
shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of  
the continuity of existence, The unfragmentary  
non-atomic fact of my universality.

( Write this in whiter words )

( But go forth on )

-- Liber AL, page 0/6

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Hermetic Alchemical Order of the QBLH  
Text Presentation Introduction

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In keeping with our commitment to the Occult community of the World Wide Web, we have provided an alternative to our Multi-Media Presentation. This Text Presentation of the QBLH Web Site, contains all of the documents and essays that comprise the Site, thereby making this information accessible to visitors with disabilities, text-based browsers, or systems without Multi-Media capabilities. Hyper links to the Multi-Media presentation of each page are also provided.

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AvatarSearch - Search Engine of the Occult Internet!

The Virtual Mystical Worlds Series  
a presentation of  
the Hermetic Alchemical Order of the QBLH  
Welcome to the Virtual Mystical Worlds Series. Here, anything which can be dreamed of is possible within the realms of Virtual Reality. This is a land which has been almost completely untapped (except for the most rigorous of cavalier explorers). Prepare yourself for a new and exciting leap into the next great horizon on the Internet: Virtual Reality.

This collection is an on going exhibit of Virtual Worlds which are of interest to the Occult community. Having started as an experiment of "Les Gallery de Occult Art" the "Worlds Series" has grown in such popularity that it is now a separate section of the QBLH web site.

The exhibits featured here deal with a variety of content. From Occult Art Galleries, real Mystical sites on the earth and to places that do not exist in the physical. Some of the exhibits are housed here at the QBLH site while others are located on various sites around the internet. In all cases where we reference another site's VRML file we will also include a hyperlink to their home page so that you may visit their web site.

If this is your first time here (or you are new to VRML) please take a moment to read our overview page which describes the technical requirements for viewing our VRML files. Also, due to the complex nature of some of our Virtual Worlds it will be necessary to use a specific VRML browser. The Overview provides links to the specific tools needed to view our Virtual Reality Worlds.

We hope you enjoy your tour thru Virtual Reality.

Read Tech Notes



Le Galleries  
Les Gallery de Occult Art  
Volume 1

"Stand Alone Version"

A VRML edition of Les Gallery de Occult Art Volume 1.

This edition features the art works of William W. Webb, H.R. Giger and Joseph Linsner.

Suggested Browser: Live 3D

Also available: standalone download format (Includes special viewer, MIDI, auto tour)

Mystical Places  
Fifteen Light Years  
Fifteen Light Years of the Universe

Visit the major stars which are within 15 Light Years of our solar system.

Visit: 1996 Internet World Exposition at the Maui High Performance Computing Center.

Suggested Browsers: Live 3D (most other browsers)

Special Note: World is x-gzip'ed for compactness

Solar System

The Virtual Solar System

Take a ride on the tail of a comet. Travel around the sun with the moons of Saturn. A truly unique view of our Solar System in motion, up close and personal. (Animated).

Visit: Planet 9 Studios

Required Browser: Live 3D

Special Note: World is x-gzip'ed for compactness

Pyramid of Cheops

Inside the Pyramid of Cheops

Wander thru the inside of the Pyramid of Cheops. Walk down the star passage into the King's Chamber. An interesting VRML "x-ray'ed" journey.

Visit: Dimensional Graphics VRML Gallery

Suggested Browsers: Live 3D, Virtus Voyager (most other browsers)

Special Note: World is x-gzip'ed for compactness

Stonehenge

## Stonehenge at Night

A Virtual look at Stonehenge at Night. As you enter this World look off in the distance to see the moon rising just over the site.

Special Note: Live 3D users can best view this world with "Texture Lighting" and "Collision Detection" set ON.

This World is currently still under development

Suggested Browsers: Live 3D, Virtus Voyager (most other browsers)

## Sacred Spaces

Temple of Kali

(No Longer Available)

The Temple of Kali

A simple view of an imagined temple dedicated to the Hindu Goddess Kali

Visit: Tranz-Dimensional Research

Suggested Browsers: Most VRML Browsers

Temple of Kukulcán

## Special

Virtus ".wrk" Version

For PC (PKzip'ed)

For Mac (binhex'ed)

The Temple of Kukulcán (a/k/a El Castillo)

Located at Chichen Itza in Yucatan, Mexico. The outer Postclassic pyramid was built over a Terminal Classic Puuc-style pyramid, and its design is thought to relate to the Mayan calendar. Each of the four stairways has 90 steps, and the total number of steps, combined with the number of stairways and the single upper platform adds up to 365. The nine main platforms of the pyramid are thought to represent the 18 months of the haab, and the 52 panels represent the number of years it takes for a calendar round

date to recur.

Also available: Virtus Walk ".wrk" format (compressed) (Requires Virtus Voyager or Virtus Walk thru)

Visit: Rabbit In The Moon: Mayan Glyphs And Architecture

Suggested Browsers: Live 3D, Virtus Voyager (most other browsers)

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Hermetic Alchemical Order of the QBLH  
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Welcome to the Web Site of the QBLH. We are a Thelemic Hermetic Alchemical Magickal Order. We are pleased to announce the World Premier of our Virtual Mystical Worlds Series. Utilizing state of the art VRML Virtual Reality technology, to bring information to the Occult and Mystical community! We have a wonderful Multi-Media Version of Liber AL vel Legis with hypertext links to images of the original manuscript. Our presentation of The Stele of Revealing Includes its entire English translation scrolling across the bottom of your browser. And please stop in our Les Gallery de Occult Art Featuring Occult Artists and Their Art Works. If you are an Artist or Poet, and would like to appear in our Gallery, please contact us, we would love to hear from you!! Thank you for visiting us! This Web Site is a Presentation of Lodge Babalon, QBLH. Please note, that due to the Multi-Media nature of some pages, not all pages will be available in the Text-Presentation format.

Welcome To All Who Enter

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Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

QBLH is a Hermetic Order of individuals who nurture and cultivate a world view, through the liberty of living as Thelemites (see Liber AL vel Legis or the Book of the Law).

QBLH recognizes that every man and every woman is a veiled Star. Becoming one with the Higher Self requires an awakening from a state of sleep; and the unveiling of the Self is facilitated by the application of Qabalah, Magick, and esoteric psychology. We treasure the fragments of Western tradition while incorporating useful Eastern lore; essentially, this translates into an appreciation and debt to the Oral Tradition and Tantric Way, preserving the Gnosis and growing with it through practical Work and research.

To better serve the student concerned with Spiritual Regeneration, we proceed in



keeping with the Hermetic Axiom:

"To KNOW, To WILL, To DARE, and To KEEP SILENT." As one dares to evolve as the independent ruler of his or her destiny, only by the single-pointedness of an act of Will can the Center of Self be approached and Realized. Once an Individual decides to move along the Path of Higher Consciousness, the Inner Self (or "Holy One") takes more steps toward the seeker than can ever be imagined. The true teacher is the Self.

QBLH, in its current phase, began more than thirty-five years ago with three initiate Fraters (brothers), into whose keeping the Keys of Wisdom were passed.

After a probationary period, QBLH Fraters and Sorors are gradually made aware of the use of these Keys. Each aspirant is expected to maintain solitary research and, to some extent, share the fruits of these labors. No dues are exacted, no grades conferred. Qualified probationers, sincere and devoted to the Great Work, may write for application to the Order of the QBLH.

Love is the law, love under will.

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An open discussion forum for the Mystical, Magickal and Pagan community. A meeting place to interact with others and exchange information and ideas.

Welcome to

"The Magickal Forum"

AvatarSearch - Search Engine of the Occult Internet!

Why Link when you can AvatarSearch

The Magickal Forum is provided to the Mystical, Magickal and Pagan community as a meeting place to interact with others and to exchange information and ideas. It is a state of the art information messaging system utilizing the latest in internet technologies. It includes "The Aristotle Message Search Engine" to assist you in finding messages containing specific topics of discussion. Additionally, there is an extensive Help section to answer any questions which you may have regarding The Forum's use.

The Magickal Forum is sponsored by the Hermetic Alchemical Order of the QBLH. If you have arrived here from another web site please take a moment to view some of the other features located here on the Web Site of the QBLH in addition to The Magickal Forum. Our features include: an Occult Art Gallery, Magickal Classifieds for the Occult and Pagan community, a selection of Mystical Virtual Reality displays, the Mystic Site of the Web Awards featuring some of the finest Mystical & Pagan web sites on the internet. And be sure to have a look at our hundreds of Occult Web Link Reviews as well as our Multimedia version of Liber AL.

On behalf of the Hermetic Alchemical Order of the QBLH I would like to thank you for taking part in our contribution to all of the various Mystical and Pagan communities together here on the internet.

Sincerely,

Soror Ishtaria, QBLH

Please Click Here as the Forum Awaits You...

The Magickal ForumQBLH Table of Contents

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"Les chateau d'Art occulte"

is a presentation of the Hermetic Alchemical Order of the QBLH

Les Gallery de Occult Art specializes in artistic works of the Occult. This highly neglected and yet most intriguing area of human expression has its roots farther back in time than any other art form. From the earliest talismatic drawings on cave walls, by ancient shaman, to the contempary works of artists such as H. R. Giger the occult artist has always been with us.

The works presented here are by people who are accomplished occultists as well as artists. These individuals, from a variety of magickal traditions, bring to us their own special insight both in imagery and word.

Many of the works that you see on display are available in either the original or in copies. As a general policy we do not sell artwork. However, Les Gallery de Occult Art will be happy to put you in contact with a specific artist so that you may discuss possible purchase of their work. In each full art display you will find a contact button, by selecting that button you may get in touch with the creator of that work. In some cases artists have, for reasons of privacy, requested that we forward the inital e-mail inqueries to them. When writing an artist please include in the body of your e-mail the name of the piece that you are interested in.

The gallery is broken up into different volumes, each showing the works of one or more artists. You may invision these as different "wings" of the gallery. As each new wing is added it will be made available from this menu. We at Les Gallery de Occult Art sincerely hope that you enjoy the works that you will see presented here.

One final note: if you have reached Les Gallery de Occult Art from another web site please take a moment to tour thru Our other sections. This is a rather large web site and we have many other interesting sub-features (Les Gallery de Occult Art is only one of them).

Thank You from

The Hermetic Alchemical Order of the QBLH

Volume 1

William W. Webb, Hermetic Alchemist

William Webb is a long time initiate of the Western Hermetic Alchemical Tradition. His experience of over 50 years in the study and practice of western occult tradition provides a backdrop for his accomplishments as a visual artist.

Volume 2

Joseph James Thiebes, Stone Worship Design

Joseph Thiebes has studied Eastern and Western Mysticism for ten years. At 24, he has been using computers for most of his formative years, and his recent work has been towards combining these two passions in computer art. Using Fractint, Photoshop and other graphic software, he has created a wide variety of telesmatic images and meditative aides.

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occult art  
Gallery of Occult and Psychedelic Artwork by Joseph Thiebes      NEWS! 5/22/2002  
Four new works from this year! Check out the following exhibits for the new pieces:

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Divining Perception  
Sex & Death

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Now accepting credit card payments! Come look at the Bookmark section to see. You'll  
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art gifts, artistic bookmarks, handmade journals

Gifts of Art

The Illuminatus! Trilogy by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson

Books by Robert Anton Wilson

The Illuminatus! Trilogy

UFOs, Zombie Nazis from the ocean floor, hundreds of conspiracies, and the Goddess of Discord!

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· [The Mystic Site of the Web Awards](#) ·

The Mystic Site of the Web Award exists exclusively for the benefit of the Occult Community on the Internet. Its sole purpose is to provide a means of recognition for a Web Site's Achievement and service to the Occult community worldwide.

This section is more than just a list of links. These Award Winning Web Sites are among the very finest of an Occult nature on the Internet. All of the sites listed here have

proven to demonstrate both Excellence in Design and provide an important resource to Mystics and Occultists Worldwide. No preference is given to any specific Occult Tradition (Eastern or Western, Oral or Written) as the primary concern is what these sites have offered and the way in which it is presented.

Since this is an ever increasing collection of Award Winning Web Sites it is suggested that you revisit us as often as is possible. Additionally, if you believe that you know of an Occult Web Site which ranks among the very finest, but is not listed here, please feel free to submit it to us. We will be happy to consider it for the Mystic Site of the Web Award.

Recipients of the

· MYSTIC SITE OF THE WEB ·  
Award

· Anandazone

A beautiful site containing a collection of interesting documents, philosophy and outstanding occult art work by the site's WebMistress.

· Aunt Agatha's Occult Emporium

Aunt Agatha's Catalog and pagan/metaphysical gathering place. Containing featured artists, information and links. This site has been an occult resource for quite some time.

· Church of Tantra

A nice collection of information concerning both Eastern Tantra and Western Sex Magick. All encased in a lovely web site.

· Covenant of the Goddess Home Page

The Covenant of the Goddess, an international organization of cooperating, autonomous Wiccan congregations and solo practitioners. COGWEB serves as an important linking point to the Pagan and Wiccan community.

· HIEROPHANT

The Hierophant web site stands as an example of both and eye for the elegant and an keen selection of important documents provided to the Pagan and mystical community.

· Illuminations

Illuminations offers a range of perspectives on the nature of self, knowledge and our place in the universe. It provides an aid to those starting on the "inner quest."

· Llewellyn Publications

Llewellyn Publications has been a faithful information provider for many years bringing to print titles which would otherwise never be made publicly available. It is a pleasure to have them join all of us among the sites of the internet.

· Osel Shen Phen Ling Tibetan Buddhist Center, (Missoula, Montana)

A critical resource of Tibetan Mysticism, fine Tibetan art work and a wonderful picture of his holiness the Dalai Lama. (One of only 8 other FPMT sites worldwide).

- Pagan Best of the Web!

Providing a needed service to the Pagan community by awarding sites who have proven to be the "Best of the Web." We are proud to find another group of people on the internet who are concerned about this area of the community's needs!

- Societas Gnostica Norvegia Homepage

A vital link to the Worldwide Gnostic community, this site contains a large list of Gnostic information as well as a huge collection of mystical web sites.

- Stone Worship Design

A visually stunning web site full of mystically oriented information, links, music and outstanding mystical art work by the site's WebMaster and others.

- The Alchemy Web site

Provides one of the most extensive collections of Alchemical documents on the Internet. 15 megabytes of information organized into about 600 individual sections and 130 graphic images.

- The Hermetic Fellowship

A striking web site containing information related to variety of the Ancient Mystery Religions among them are: Neo-Paganism, Qabalah, Rosicrucianism, Theurgy, Gnosticism and Alchemy.

- The Mystical Internet

Successful publication of the "THE EQUINOX" on the internet. Also a rich collection of Thelemic documents, occult software, and very many internet links.

- The Timothy Leary Home Page

The Official Web Site of the late Timothy Leary, one of among the most influential men of the 20th Century.

- Temple of Awakening

Dedicated to the rediscovery and revitalization of the spirituality of ancient Tamera, now known as Egypt. With Mystical links and valuable information.

- Thelema Lodge, O.T.O

Could be mistaken for being a commercial site due to its clean organization, friendly atmosphere and use of VR graphics.

- Thelesis Camp, O.T.O

The web site of Thelesis Camp, O.T.O located in Philadelphia, PA. This site contains a collection of links and other information of interest to all Thelemites.

· Triple Goddess WebPlace

A wonderful web site containing a collection of Pagan information, newsletters, articles, links and more.

· William Blake Camp, O.T.O

A beautifully assembled web site with a fine collection of Thelemic information, art and links to many other magickal places.

· Witches League for Public Awareness

In addition to performing a vital service to the Pagan community this beautifully assembled web site provides a very polished and professional appearance. Additionally, much information offered in a very crisp and clean presentation.

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Republished from

"Thelema", Autumn issue, 1981

with edits by Soror Ishtaria, Lodge Babalon

"The voice of my beloved", the Holy One, blessed  
be He, saying, Open to me an opening no bigger than

the eye of a needle, and I will open to thee the  
Supernal Gates.  
-Zohar.

When any individual decides or Wills to move along the Path of Higher Consciousness, then the Holy One or Interior Self takes more steps toward him/her than there are sands in the Worlds of Time. These steps of our Higher Self are called the Welcoming of God, or the Qabalah. (As the Bridegroom greets his Bride, Shakti, in nuptial embrace, so should the man welcome his Source for integration.)

Aleister Crowley's magickal Son, Frater Achad, has written: "The; Root of the word Qabalah is QBL meaning "To receive." The numeration of QBL [each Hebrew letter has a numerical equivalent; Q=100, B = 2, L =30] is 132, which suggests the Supernal Triad. The word Qabalah is in Hebrew QBLH. The Final He' suggests the Daughter, Malkuth. Kether, Chokmah, Binah, are the Roots of the Elements Air, Fire, and Water. Malkuth alone is attributed to Earth which is a compound of the other three. Therefore QBLH implies that Malkuth is "To; Receive" the "Roots;" of the Primordial Elements directly from the Supernals, and is composed thereof."

The stars and their revolutions were the original Time Keepers of early Man. The original is founded upon these astronomical observation's of periodicity or cycles. Gerald Massey, scholar and mage extraordinaire, has emphatically stated,

"...the; Kabala is the doctrine of the starry revolutions and repetitions."

Further, he has stated that -

"The; secret wisdom of the Jewish Kabala relates primarily to the mythological astronomy and the doctrines of the hidden wisdom concerning cycles of time. In its latter forms, abstractions and other mystification's took the place of, obscured, and obfuscated the primordial facts."

Liber XIII, issued from Q.B.L.H., is intent on pointing the Way to those early "primordial; facts", and to assist the individual concerned with Spiritual Regeneration. As the bulk of regular consciousness is ingrained in the material, so we begin our Journey from Malkuth or the Physical Plane. And this is the rationale for the Restored Paths of the Tree...from Aleph to Tau.

QBLH is a Hermetic Order of individuals who are cultivating and nurturing a "Weltanschauung;" or world view, through the application of the liberty of living as Thelemites (see Liber AL vel Legis-The Book of the Law). This overall perspective extends to a "yoga;" and synthesis of East and West. We treasure and cultivate the few fragments of the Western Esoteric Tradition, while incorporating the useful Eastern lore. This translates, essentially, into an appreciation and debt to the Tantric Way.

QBLH, in its current phase, was initiated more than 35 years ago by three Fraters

(Brothers). The Initiated Wisdom or Keys were communicated directly by a living Teacher, who in turn received the Gnosis from another Adept, and with contact of the Real Teacher-the Inner Self.

In keeping with the Hermetic axiom - "To; KNOW, To WILL, To DARE, To KEEP SILENT." We Know the course of our upward spiraling evolution, Will to be one-pointed to the Higher, Dare to be a Self-reliant ruler of our destiny, and remain Silent in the Tao of Timeless Presence.

Those who have felt the pull of destiny to become more than they are, are invited to study, learn, and apply the "Gnosis; of Regeneration."

No dues are exacted!

Members are encouraged (but are not required) to develop their own individual Magickal System along established Alchemical principals. (Magickal systems, like mathematics, aid one in working with and describing the Universe. But the system is NOT the Universe).

No Initiations are performed nor Grades conferred for attainment(In reality initiations can not be conferred by anyone other than the personal Higher Self).

One QBLH purpose is to help an individual far enough along the way so that they don't need an Order, and can Work on their own.

A group or Order is like a cell; it must divide. Nothing endures very long on this Plane of manifestation. In the end only the Inner remains.

#### Suggested Reading:

Liber XIII, Damon, Altar, and Nemo. Q.B.L.H. Publications.

Occult Psychology, LaDage, Alta. Llewellyn Publications.

Cipher of Genesis, Soares, Carlo. Shambhala Publications.

Liber AL vel Legis, (The Book of the Law), Crowley, Aleister.

Q.B.L, or the Bride's Reception, Achad, Frater. Weiser.

The Egyptian Revival, Achad, Frater. Weiser.

Works of Carl Jung.

Works of Gerald Massey.

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## · Knights, Chivalry, & Orders ·

by Frater Polemos

Knighthood and chivalry have long been characterized as ideals worthy of the attention of man throughout romantic literature. These ideals have acquired a mystique that combine aristocratic or upper class mannerisms and etiquette and Christian virtues. By the Sixteenth Century, chivalry had become a relic, though the writings of Sir Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas pere sparked renewed interest in the Nineteenth Century. So also has the mystique of chivalry been associated with the courtship of women, an influence coming from the south of France mostly inspired by the latter writer to which *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte Cristo* are attributed, and interestingly *L'Alchimiste*.

When speaking of Knighthood, however, there are distinctions to be made. The original forms of Knighthood were composed of three divisions, that of royalty, that of nobility, and that bestowed upon individuals of merit, or whose characterization of service was exemplary. There are also religious orders of Knighthood, and organizations and fraternities which employ knighthood as an honorary title in association with charitable and social functions.

In the Twelfth Century, Knighthood was attained through apprenticeship. Generally, at the age of seven, a boy would be sent to the estate of a landed noble and so serve until the age of puberty as a page. At this point, the young man would assist his liege in the field as an esquire and engage in practice of his martial skills. So he would remain until his mastery with weapons and horsemanship was recognized by another Knight. Herein, there are traditions that continue to this day. In the recognition of the young man's skills, he would be 'dubbed a knight' by a hard slap on the shoulder by a fist, or the flat of a sword. In the Thirteenth Century, the process of becoming a Knight became more ceremonialized, serving as an event to hold tournaments, jousts, and feasts. The custom of a subordinate walking to the left of a superior officer or senior official is extant from these times wherein the esquire would often be the shield-bearer for the Knight. Raymond Lully's *Book of the Order of Chivalry* written in the Thirteenth Century remained popular until the Fifteenth Century, a point serving to assist in demonstrating the link between the Chivalry and the Occult.

The root meanings of Knight are somewhat interesting to note, originally the term meant "serving boy." The French *chevalier* equated to horseman and these two terms came to have essentially the same meaning. Ideally, a Knight would be a man of prowess, loyalty and generosity and according to the Church, at the time, would put his sword at the service of the poor and needy (frequently interpreted as 'the Church' itself) The Crusades led to the founding of numerous knightly orders. For the most part, this was the result of the massive expenditures required to fund the expeditions of many minor landed nobles to pave safe passage for pilgrims on their way to the Holy Lands. This frequently resulted in losses of estates and major financial woes which led many

nobles to lend themselves to mercenary units in the employ of kings and other offices of royalty and higher nobility.

There are three knightly orders of principal importance; the Order of the Poor Knights of Christ, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and the Teutonic Knights of St. Mary's Hospital at Jerusalem. The history of each is worthy of extensive comment, suffice that for this present article, it is appropriate to abbreviate this comment.

The first was also popularly known as the Knights of the Temple of Solomon, or simply Knights Templar. This order developed from a small military force formed in Jerusalem in 1119 by Hugh des Payens and Godfrey of St. Omer. Its aim was to protect pilgrims visiting Palestine after the First Crusade. The Knights Templar were granted sanction by the Pope in 1128 at the ecclesiastical Council of Troyes. Their form of organization was closely patterned after the Order of Cistercians (later known as the Trappists<sup>341</sup>). They were composed of three orders, knights, chaplains and sergeants, headed by a grand master. The knights were the only members authorized to wear the distinctive white mantle with a large red Latin cross on the back. The Knights Templar after being deposed from Jerusalem by the Muslims in 1187, became extremely wealthy as the result of developing a system of transmitting money and supplies from Europe to Palestine. They developed an efficient banking system upon which the rulers and nobility of Europe came to heavily rely.

Their wealth aroused the envy of the King of France, Philip le Bel. While having vast influence over great portions of Europe and the Roman Catholic Church, he was also a spendthrift, squandering great sums of money to maintain his lifestyle. Impoverished and on the verge of war, Philip conspired against the Order. But, let's back-up for just a moment so we may analyze and characterize the nature of this conspiracy.

One of the major events associated with King Philip's reign was his struggle with Pope Boniface VIII. This grew out of Philip's desire to levy taxes against the clergy. This was countered by the bull *Clericus Laicos* in 1296 forbidding clergy to pay taxes to secular powers. This was countered further by Philip's mandate forbidding the export of coins, thereby depriving the Pope of French revenues. This was reconciled temporarily but escalated when the King arrested the papal legate in 1301. Pope Boniface was imprisoned, and while he escaped, he died soon afterward.

In 1305, Philip obtained the election of one of his own supporters as pope, Clement V. The King compelled him to reside in Avignon in southern France. This began what was known as the Babylonian Captivity of the papacy from 1309 to 1377, during which time the popes were subjected to strong French influence. In 1307, King Philip had the present Grand Master of the Knights Templars, Jacques de Molay, arrested on charges of "Satanism" and sacrilege". In 1312, by his own application of force supported by the "authority of the Church" (which served to say "God") by way of papal mandate, the members of the Order and all its assets were seized. Many members confessed to the crimes levelled against them only after torture, but several

recanted this. Their assets were, for the most part, incorporated as part of the King's Treasury, though the actual property was given to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

It stands worthy of additional note that not only did Philip seize the assets of the Templars, but that he greatly increased taxes, debased the coinage several times, arrested the Jews and the Ramseyards (Italian bankers), appropriating the assets of the former and demanding large subsidies from the latter. The Knights Templar were also effected by King Edward II of who disbanded the Order in England, taking their assets but not outwardly persecuting the bewildered knights.

The Sovereign Military Order of the Hospital of Saint John of Jerusalem, of Rhodes and Malta, were, historically the protectors of a hospital built in Jerusalem before the first Crusade. Known in short as Hospitalers or Knights Hospitaler, the order was founded after the formation of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, approved by Pope Paschal II in 1113 and again by Pope Eugene III in 1153.

After the failure of the Crusades, the Hospitalers shifted their headquarters to the island of Rhodes where it became a substantial naval power, keeping the eastern Mediterranean Sea free from Muslim ships. When Rhodes was seized by the Turks in 1522 they were left without a home, until 1530 when they were ceded the island of Malta. The Order of Malta maintained an important presence well into the 19th Century, though it lost virtually all of its English, German, and French properties over the course of its years. When Malta was seized by Napoleon, their headquarters was moved to Trieste in 1798 and again to Rome in 1834.

The Knights Hospitalers as recognized by Pope John XXIII in 1961 is primarily a chivalric and religious community, that maintains diplomatic relationships with several countries and the Vatican. The grand master of the Knights Hospitalers is titled prince and holds rank in the Catholic Church equivalent to that of a cardinal.

The Teutonic Knights were another religious-military order, patterned after the Knights Templar, formed by German nobles in 1190-91 in Acre, Palestine. They were given papal recognition in 1199. By the time they had reached Palestine and Jerusalem, the Knights Templar has been there for several decades, as had the Knights Hospitaler. While they spent several years in Palestine, they found that most everything of value had been plundered and picked dry. Upon returning to Germany, they extended their presence in northern Europe, holding as a papal fief the entire Baltic region from the Gulf of Finland to portions of Poland. The Duchy of Prussia secularized their southern territories in 1525 and their northern territories were divided by Poland, Russia, and Sweden after 1558. It continued in southern Germany through 1809, when it was dissolved by Napoleon. Revived in 1834 it remained primarily a charitable organization, instilled with religious discipline again in 1929. It continues with its headquarters in Vienna.

While the histories of the knightly orders have been subject to great tragedies, it cannot be asserted that the knights were at all times knightly. The Knights Templar

were undoubtedly responsible for the imbezzlement of large sums of money, and their pride, or irreverence, placed them at odds with the church and other "powers at be" on several occasions.

The Knights Templar are perhaps the most well-known formation of medieval knighthood and chivalry. It is appropriate to mention a number of others. One has been commented upon at some length in association with its supposed connections with Witchcraft, namely the Order of the Garter. Founded in 1350 by King Edward III, it carries the motto, Evil to the one who thinks evil. Another important Order was founded in 1687 by King James II in Scotland for royalty and sixteen Scottish nobles, known as the Order of the Thistle. This establishes the importance to this day, connections with the Scottish clans. This Order maintained the motto, Nemo me impune, which translates as "No one harms me with impunity."

Noteworthy also are the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece, sanctioned by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy in 1429; the Italian Order of Annunziata established in 1362 by Amadeus VI, Count of Savoy; and the Order of the Elephant established in Denmark in 1462. Later orders also arose, the Legion of Honor in 1802 by Napoleon; the Order of Leopold in 1832; and the Legion of Merit by King Edward VII, in 1902. And there are other orders, established in connection with the Roman Catholic Church, particularly that of the Order of Christ in 1318 and the Order of the Holy Sepulcher in 1496 by Pope Alexander VI.

After the fall of the Knights Templar, its traditions were incorporated into Freemasonry, of which there are two primary representations, the York Rite and the Scottish Rite. Similar organizations were founded along the lines of freemasonry, but of little esoteric significance. It is commented by several occultists that these were the result of internal friction and fragmentation, if not outright dismissal. Some other more social orders include the Independent Order of Odd Fellows founded in England in the Seventeenth Century and introduced into the United States in 1819; and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks established in New York City, New York in 1868 that provides scholarships and aids disabled children, hospitalized and disabled veterans.

The Sons of Liberty represented the formation of the first specifically American fraternity in the 18th Century, as a means of resisting British oppression. Linked with this are both the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution for substantiated descendents of individuals who directly aided the war effort. Another American order, the Improved Order of Red Men, founded in 1833, included in its practices many native American rituals.

In the early 1800's, anti-masonic sentiment arose in the United States in response to allegations that the Masons kidnapped and murdered a William Morgan of Batavia, New York, a Mason who threatened to expose the secrets of the Masonic Orders. This resulted in the formation of the Anti-Masonic Party in 1827, continuing through to 1834. This faction managed to acquire a considerable number of seats in the Twenty-Third Congress, but eventually dissolved as its leadership established the Whig Party or

joined the Democratic Party. One of its most notable proponents was Millard Fillmore, 13th President of the United States.

While many of these organizations have no direct link with contemporary occultism, they do stand to demonstrate the linear development of the circumstances and conditions that led to the foundation of its earliest predecessors. The impact of these orders has not always been directed towards positive lines, as they have led to the establishment and development of organizations similar in nature to the Mafia and the Klu Klux Klan.

When speaking of knighthood, we are speaking of a very rich, very interesting and extensive history and heritage which serves to represent an ideal, that in its finest form, is worthy of the attention of all men, and women. The development of these orders has been subject to intensely complicated political and religious maneuvers patterned over economic and social concerns often under the guise of things entirely different. But, such is the role of the 'serving boys.'

Fiat Justitia Ruat Coelum.

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- Naga: The Serpent ·

by Soror Ourania

Reprinted from Thelemix and Therion Rising.

The word Naga is rooted in Sanskrit and means "Serpent". In the East Indian pantheon it is connected with the Serpent Spirit and the Dragon Spirit. It has an equivalency to the Burmese Nats, or god-serpents. In the Esoteric Tradition it is synonymous for Adepts, or Initiates. In India and Egypt, and even in Central and South America, the Naga stands for one who is wise.

Nagarjuna of India, for example, is shown with an aura, or halo, of seven serpents which is an indication of a very high degree of Initiation. The symbolism of the seven serpents, usually cobras, are also on Masonic aprons of certain systems in the Buddhistic ruins of Cambodia (Ankhor) and Ceylon. The great temple-builders of the famous Ankhor Wat were considered to be the semi-divine Khmers. The avenue leading to the Temple is lined with the seven-headed Naga. And even in Mexico, we find the "Naga" which becomes "Nagal." In China, the Naga is given the form of the Dragon and has a direct association with the Emperor and is known as the "Son of Heaven"...while in Egypt the same association is termed "King-Initiate". The Chinese are even said to have originated with the Serpent demi-gods and even to speak their language, Naga-Krita. For a place that has no serpents, Tibet, they are still known in a symbolic sense and are called "Lu!" (Naga). Nagarjuna called in Tibetan, Lu-trub.

In the Western traditions we find the same ubiquity for the Naga, or Serpent. One simple example is the Ancient Greek Goddess, Athena. She is known as a warrior Goddess as well as the Goddess of Wisdom; her symbol being the Serpent as displayed on her personal shield. Of course, in Genesis the Serpent is a Naga who instructs the new infant (humanity) in what is called the Knowledge of Good and Evil. The Christian church has, unfortunately transformed the Initiate-Teacher into a tempting and negative demon-character. An apocryphal tradition says that Apollonius of Tyana, while on a visit to India, was taught by the "Nagas" of Kashmir. (See The Life of Apollonius, by Philostratos.) It is felt by many scholars of the Western Tradition that the life of Apollonius was taken from the New Testament, or that the narratives of the New Testament have been taken from the life of Apollonius. This is felt because of the undisputed and clear similarities of construction of that particular narrative.

Naga is one of a handful of rare words surviving the loss of the first universal language. In Buddhism, Wisdom has always been tied, symbolically, to the figure of the Serpent. In the Western Tradition it can be found as used by the Christ in the Gospel of Saint Matthew (x.16), "Be ye therefore as serpents, and harmless as doves."

In all mythological language the snake is also an emblem of immortality. Its endless representation with its tail in its mouth (Ouroboros), and the constant renewal of its skin and vigor, enliven the symbols of continued youth and eternity.

The Serpent's reputation for positive medicinal and/or life-preserving qualities have also contributed to the honors of the Serpent as STILL seen by the employment of the Caduceus. To this very day, the Hindus are taught that the end of every Universal Manifestation (Kalpa) all things are re-absorbed into Deity and the the interval between "creations." He reposes upon the Serpant Sesha (Duration) who is called Ananta, or, Endlessness. (See Ophiolatry by Hargrave Jennings)

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- [Occult Royalty](#) ·

by Renee Ramsey, 1948-1995

Reprinted from Therion Rising.

True Royalty is inherited or acquired. Both are valid. In the inherited form, the bloodline reigns supreme. In the acquired form, Gnosis becomes the avenue of the blood. Tradition makes a True Occultist/Magician a "King" as validly as does the bloodline of the inherited form of Royalty. Initiation into True Occultism constitutes an authentic, or genuine, Royalty. As the Great Art of Occultism, and therefore Magick, is



styled by all True Adepts as "the Royal Art" or "Sacred Sphere or Empire, the Sanctum Regnum" - Initiation is as indispensable as blood for the continuity of Life.

The Grand Symbol of the Royalty of Magick and Occultism is known by many names: the Holy Quintessence; the Grand Arcanum the Pentalpha; the Pentagon; the Astron Aimabasilikon; etc. The Sacred Pentagon leads to the True Path of Gnosis.

True Occult Royalty can only be conferred by one of Royal bloodline, by one who has acquired Royal status, or preferably, by one who has a Royal bloodline and has been Initiated into Occultism. This last circumstance is the rarest of all. It is the Ancient Magists (Occultists) from the East who first conferred a True Lineage, Blood Royal, to the West and sealed it in a perpetuity with the Royal Symbol. The Mysteries of the True Gnosis, therefore, may only be found in the Symbolism of Royal Philosophico-Religious Hieroapocrypha. And these can only be fully understood through the guidance of one expert in the Oral Tradition.

The True Occult Order endeavors towards balance. All works tend to accomplish this through its Initiates; it demands this of its Adepts and Princes, otherwise their titles are worthless. The Spiritual and Material must balance; Intellect, Reason, and Responsibility must reach an equilibrium with the Senses, Appetites, and Passions. Harmony and Beauty can ensue only with these things in balance. With the advent of Equilibrium, we realize our Immortality and the value of Respect and Charity for others. The Lodge, being a Royal Symbol for the Universe is tri-pillared: Wisdom-Power-Harmony. The Royal Secret, though ever present, is known only to the few. They who have yes, let them see! The Sacred Empire lives and is Eternal! OM!

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· The Secret of Life ·

by Soror Ourania

The immense pillars at Karnak say it with hieroglyphics. The main Sphinx on the Avenue of the Sphinxes proclaims it. It is written on a huge block on the Isle of Elephantine. Near Mount Sinai it is recorded. In Arabian Petra it may be read. "The Secret of Life is Love; Love is the Secret of Life." Also on a great rock near Dier, in Arabia, is found the following: an inscription states, "The Torch of Life is Fed by the Oil of Love." The Brotherhood of the Z.Z.Z. was presented a large stone block from the Mexican Adepts which was inscribed with, "The Torch of Love is the Secret of the Soul." Also written was, in brief:

The inner Light is a natural Fire whose main flame is proportional of the Internal man toward the External, shining and growing in its own manner according to the impulses of the particular man. From this inner Temple to the external life the sacred, Spiritual flame consumes, eternally, the grosser elements, that through this purification may pour forth the great radiant Sacred Flame."

Unselfish, universal Love alone can open the soul to an illumination of thought which expands the spiritual side of man while balancing the material aspects of the being. An illumination of mentality attracts more than mundane intuition, it accretes soul gnosis filled with perceptions of the interior causes of things bringing a wider vista and larger panorama of awareness to the seeker. With a truly open mind, one may walk upon the holy and sacred paths of Natural Mysteries and thereby participate in the Truth, Wisdom, and Pageantry of all Ages, Epochs, and Aeons.

Love is manifested by the Good. And Spirit is ultimately a weaving of Love and Good. Evil is merely the outcome of the limitation, or distortion, of Spirit. Matter is a limitation of the Good but is essential and a requirement for creation. In this manner, therefore, do we have Duality. But it is Wisdom with Love which is truly immortal.

The selfish man is, in reality, the Love-less man. One may have Wisdom without Love...this is selfishness; another may have Love sans Wisdom...this is preferred, as Love dispels selfishness and therefore, ignorance. There is no more an ignorant person than one who is Wisdom-filled but Love-less.

Love comes in two aspects: mundane and selfish; or, higher and selfless. The former fosters emptiness, loneliness and falsity. The latter creates harmony, unification, and peace. If the premise that Love is the Secret of Life is accepted, then one can see why the world is in the state it finds itself. It can only be altered one individual at a time.

After all, you and only you are responsible for your actions and thoughts. Love, True Love, can neither be imposed, nor legislated; it must come from within to the external by willing and peaceful means.

The life currents, or laws manifest discordantly to the discordant and harmoniously to the well-balanced. The Divine Law of Love is opened to all who wish to become attuned and receptive to it. If one desires authentic illumination, one must climb the very Alps of personal harmony and pure Love. The Mountains of Light are permanent, simple, and crystalline. He who aspires to, and reaches the top of, the mountain summits, will have acquired a purer atmosphere in this lifetime.

When the Fire is seen, listen to Its voice. The discovery of this Fire has most people dashing away in a cacophonous frenzy but, nay, the Spiritual heights can only be obtained through a calm, serene, obliviousness from all the physical surroundings, both external and internal. One must become lost in Spirit, suspended between the spiritual and material realms. Only then can the Fire of Love be perceived and understood. It is at this point that one becomes truly free and opened to the instructions of Truth.

Along with the cultivation of Love, one must ever perfect their patience quotient. Patience is usually arrived at by a slow, suffering speed. And, in this drama called Life, a rather repetitious thing, with a continual change of characters and events, there are but few who study its depths of meanings. Most only play and fulfill their pleasures until that final curtain descends. But it is hoped that you may be one of the few who will strive to possess patience on the arduous road to True Love and Wisdom. One key is given to you on the journey, and that is, Silence.

"I sent my soul through the invisible,  
Some lessons of the after-life to spell,  
By and by it came and answered,  
I myself am heaven and hell."  
- A Poem from the Persian.

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· The Will: Theory & Application ·

by Frater Megalion Adama

· INTRODUCTION ·

"Man, know thyself and thou knowest all," is a fragment of Wisdom lost upon the common man. It was taught in the East and in the most famous of the mystery schools of ancient Greece. This statement was actually the answer to a very profound question: "What is that knowing in which one may know all?" This great truth is so because until we do know ourselves, we cannot acquire freedom from the bondage of life because only when transcending the limitations of time, space, and matter like gods awaiting to be freed, can the bondage of ignorance be eradicated. For as long as man is separated from Wisdom he is bound in matter; as long as he is separate from Reality he is unable to know himself or anything higher. Some believe that God descends to man, but man is a 'fallen' God and must raise himself to the state and awareness of God....

The matter of the Will is the essence of the entire Thelemic movement. It is a matter that has been given to extensive philosophical discussion. The Will is regarded as a potency, faculty, or force that is possessed by man. In Liber AL vel Legis, there are a number of references to the Will possessed of both an external and internal meaning, which may be subject to many individual interpretations. It is appropriate to touch upon the matter of the Will not only in the context of the Thelemic movement, but in its relation to the practice of Magick and all systems of belief that support the practice of Magick. Ethical issues also deserve some attention as they may relate to the dichotomy of temporal concerns. As such points as these are quite deserving of more space than can properly be given in this medium, it can only be hoped that this will prompt individuals to take the initiative to examine matters more closely.

· I. THEORY OF THE WILL ·

In discussing "man" there are a few points needing a preliminary clarification. These pertain to perspectives in which man may be seen. The analysis of the 'unified man' by necessity requires a means whereby comparisons and contrasts may be made. In this, it is merely a matter of how one wants to slice the pie...into two pieces, three pieces, four pieces, or ten pieces, according to classical systems; of a dualistic nature physical and spiritual; of a tripartite nature possessed of a physical, intermediate or mental nature (soul), and spirit; of a quaternary nature as may pertain to the elements and their correspondences; or in a manner pertinent to the Qabalistic system of analysis using the Tree of Life as a model of man. Moreover, each element can be further divided. Instead of employing myriad terms as expressive of the individual assertions of numerous philosophers, it is appropriate to simplify the matter by discussing the Will in relation to the trinary system of man, being itself an element of the tripartite nature of the "Soul". This tripartite nature may be reflected in the categorizations of Reason, Desire, and Will.

Plato, Aristotle and Freud, among others have spoken of man in terms of being a trinary system, possessed of a tripartite nature. Plato expressed this beautifully in relating the soul to a chariot, its driver, a well-mannered white steed and an ill-mannered black steed. Herein the driver is associated with Reason (Freud's Ego), the white steed with the Will (Super-Ego), and the black steed with Desire (Id). Plato's association of the white steed as the spiritual element of the Soul begins to assert something of a distinction of that known in Thelemic circles as True Will from other interpretations of Thelema correlating it to 'desire'.

The importance of the black steed is an interesting factor. Without Desire, mankind would probably have never partaken of the fruit from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, which would have consigned him to eternal utopia. But, the black steed raises itself on hind legs and asserts its influence upon man's Reason, not to be ignored. It leaves Reason stuck in the middle of the arguments of the imp on the left shoulder and the angel poised on the right; where it must diplomatically resolve the conflicting interests.

But in the discussion of Good and Evil, things are not quite as easy as they may seem. Baruch Spinoza's influence on the matter of the Will begins to demonstrate this. Spinoza asserted another set of principles pertaining to Desire, Happiness and Sadness. When desire is satisfied, one experiences happiness; when it is not, one experiences sadness. These two points are borne out by example, such that love is happiness united to the idea of an external cause; that hate is a sadness united to the idea of an external cause. The black stallion demands to be fed.

Characteristics of the Will are viewed by modern psychologists in relation to four primary points. Firstly it is measured by the ability of fixing attention on long-term goals and somewhat abstract standards and principles of conduct. Secondly, it is the ability to weigh various courses of action and engaging in direct and deliberate action that seems most capable of achieving specific goals or of representing specific principles. Thirdly,

the Will is expressed as the ability to control impulses (desires) that might distract attention from or otherwise conflict with a goal or principle. Finally, it is representative of the measure of perseverance in the face of obstacles and challenges in pursuit of objectives or the adherence to specific principles.

We enter, too, with the merging of Buddhist and Christian ethical doctrines expressed by Schopenhauer. Here, the white horse constantly urges Reason toward the satisfaction of successive goals, none of which can provide permanent satisfaction inasmuch as they may be directed to purely temporal concerns. Indeed, his views are highly representative of the Four Noble Truths of the Buddhists; the Second Noble Truth, the Origin of Suffering, in particular. Thus, he associates the Will as leading a person to pain, suffering, and death and into an endless cycle of birth, death, and rebirth, until the Will can be brought to an attitude of resignation....but his association of Will seems almost synonymous with Desire in this context.

Perhaps clarification may be sought by way of questions. Do we truly desire that which we may will; do we truly will that which we may desire?

Temporally speaking, by addressing our desires we are brought to happiness, if we follow Spinoza's logic; yet with Schopenhauer we are also brought to understand that this happiness is temporary. This seems an appropriate conclusion to be drawn thus far, but this conclusion only serves as a means of taking this discussion further.

## · II. ETHICS, THELEMA AND MAGICK ·

From this initial conclusion, two more questions assert themselves. Is it evil to pursue happiness (to pander to the black horse) and good to be unhappy (to not pander to the black horse)? By not addressing one's Desires, is one acting strictly in the interests of one's Will?

Now, we may enter into the theory of the will as asserted by Eliphas Levi in the Key of the Mysteries by calling forth such axioms as relevant and consistent to this discussion. That his axioms concern matters pertinent to ethics is important in clarifying the long-term interests of the soul. The determination to pursue a state of resignation as Schopenhauer puts it, or a state of non-ego in its proper sense as maintained by contemporary occultists begins to typify something of an ultimate statement of occult philosophy, that objectively, "very few things matter, the few things that do matter don't matter much." It is almost expressive of the kind of lethargy that can overtake the occultist who "thinks too much."

Levi expresses several points of significance, presented out of sequence for the sake of a logical development of this discussion:

Axiom XVII      To suffer is to work. A great sorrow suffered is a progress

accomplished. Those who suffer much live more than those who do not suffer.

Axiom XVI To do nothing is as fatal as to do evil, but it is more cowardly. The most unpardonable of mortal sins is inertia.

The conditions of this world are such that it prompts Action; and is such that even inaction constitutes an Action. Realizing this, it is not a matter of whether or not one will Act, but the Manner in which one will Act. The manner in which one will Act has been subject to numerous philosophies. The early Gnostics generally sought to not perpetuate physical existence and engaged in extreme practices involving severe dietary restrictions, refraining from procreation, among other means of depriving the soul of the instinct to fulfill desire. In some instances, they went to the other extreme.

The Taoist view holds the way of life as being beyond Reason, "the tao that can be expressed in words is not the eternal tao," but is available to one's whole being. The nature of Taoism is to conquer by "letting go" or detachment and standing or moving in harmony with nature.

Aristotle and Immanuel Kant express points that taken together establish the essence of the ethical issue, and moreover have direct relevance to the application of the Will, particularly as may apply to the practice of Magick.

In terms of Action, Aristotle postulated a virtuous life as meaning doing "the right thing in the right way to the right person to the right degree." (Consider the Postulate of Magick as, "Any required Change may be effected by the application of the proper kind and degree of Force in the proper manner through the proper medium to the proper object.") Kant expresses this in a logical restatement of the Golden Rule, known as the Categorical Imperative, "Act as if the maxim of thy act were to become by thy will a universal law of nature." This is supplemented by his Practical Imperative, "Treat every man as an end in himself, and never as a means only." (In Thelemic philosophy, this might be expressed as "Every man and every woman is a star." Liber AL vel Legis, I: 3)

Levi's harshness as concerns the avoiding of Action, of doing nothing by choice, is perhaps the result of the products demonstrated by a weak or infirm will. A weak will is representative of an absence of goals worth striving for, or a lack of ideals or standards of conduct worthy of respecting; inability to focus one's attention, and the inability to resist impulses or to make decisions and stick with them.

Axiom XIX Fear is nothing but idleness of the will, and for that reason public opinion scourges cowards.

Here, Will may be expressed as the capacity to choose among different courses of action and to act upon that choice, especially when the action is directed toward a specific goal, or governed by a definite set of ideals and principles of conduct.

Descartes' and Kant's thoughts are helpful in this direction. In summary, Kant postulates that no matter how intelligently one acts, the results of human actions are subject to accident and circumstances; therefore the morality of an act must not be judged by its consequence, but by its motivation. Similarly, Descartes regarded the

power of the will as almost without limit in relation to limitations of reason (See Liber AL vel Legis, II: 27-33). For Descartes, the power of the Will is the critical measure of human freedom. In every moment of decision, we possess the option to do something other than what our Reason may dictate; and it is this freedom that can lead to error when Reason is outdistanced by the Will.

Again, we have Levi expressing these points:

Axiom II      To will evil is to will death. A perverse will is a beginning of suicide.

Axiom III      To will good with violence, is to will evil, for violence produces disorder, and disorder produces evil.

Axiom IV      One can, and one should, accept evil as the means of good; but one must never will it or do it, otherwise one would destroy with one hand what one builds with the other. Good faith never justifies bad means; it corrects them when one undergoes them, and condemns them when one takes them.

It is unfortunate that the matter of ethics, that such matters as may make their way into arguments about good and evil, have all too frequently been based not on any spiritual concern, but upon political and economic motives. Church and State have substantially influenced our individual perceptions of what constitutes good and evil, and being far from absolute have resulted in armed conflicts between different churches and different states.

While we may not be entirely able to immediately extract ourselves from the hammer of dogma and the puppet strings of political legislation of morality, we can nevertheless be aware of it, and proceed at some time to analyze those issues in greater depth.

It is sufficient here to state two more of Levi's axioms as pertaining to ethics,

Axiom I      Nothing resists the will of man, when he knows the truth, and wills the good.

Axiom IX      The will of the just man is the will of God himself, and the law of Nature.

In Thelemic philosophy, we may find an equilibration with "The word of the Law is Thelema," "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," "Love is the law, love under will." Axioms I and IX do make some rather lofty claims, claims that invite scrutiny for it has ever been evident in the course of humanity that individuals who sought to do good, who endeavored to help their fellow man have been persecuted, ridiculed, tortured and killed.

Kant asserts that one accomplishes certain 'objectives' by acting prudently; and other 'objectives' through exercising certain skills, "If you want to achieve y, do x." He reasons that prudence is itself a "skill in the choice of means to one's own greatest well being." Aristotle perhaps established the basis of what we may term prudence, or 'phronesis' - practical wisdom, of being able to determine the right means. In his philosophy, Aristotle describes the means in a manner akin to relation of the Middle Pillar between the Pillars of Mercy and Severity on the Tree of Life, that the means



usually lies between deficiency and the extremes of excess. He attributes the 'prudent means' as near the middle, closer to excess than deficiency; an example, courage, a virtue, lies between cowardice and foolhardiness, but closer to the latter.

This is basically representative of the ideal of "Moderation in all things." The beliefs of the ancient Greeks echo this sentiment. They felt that if a person became too rich, too powerful, or thought too highly of themselves, that person would be punished by the gods. Perhaps it stands as a matter subject to the Law of Cause and Effect that by concentrating too much on any one thing, that the absence of one's attention on other things will eventually assert themselves to a person's detriment regardless of how powerful one is, how wealthy one is, or how beautiful one might be physically.

It stands as a matter of common sense that the most efficient application of one's energy is in the path of least resistance. In contemplation of the matter of True Will the greater the resistance encountered, the less efficient the application of energy, which should demonstrate in clear and simple terms the prudence of re-examing that which one perceives to be his True Will for the fact that such stands in defiance to all of the theorems and axioms associated with the Will and the application of Magick. (See Theorem 3 & 8, Magick in Theory and Practice, Aleister Crowley).

Moreover, in the course of the majority of such applications as a man may endeavor upon, it is a rare occasion indeed for an inanimate object to offer much in the way of resistance. Obviously it would be difficult to move a car without keys, gasoline, and a properly working engine, but given the basic knowledge on how to do any given task with the right equipment, few things would oppose Man's will...excepting Nature, Herself.

This gives us a good cause to question the source of friction, of that element that may impede an individual's progress. Generally speaking, we may attribute this friction to 'sentient creatures' - from a dog or a fish to human beings. A dog may offer resistance, but provided suitable incentive will comply. Fish...well, there we may have some debate. Humans? Whether a simple fist fight in a bar or the clanging of swords, the clamour of machineguns, the use of toxic gasses or nuclear bRamseys, all represent an aggressive display of friction that arises when the rights of one individual or group of individuals is being threatened by another individual or group of individuals. Whatever the debate on whatever issue, the fact that there is debate is representative of the inability of man to perceive the most prudent exercise in directing his energy.

It is impractical to attempt to simplify mankind's problems in interacting with each other. The endeavor to harmonize the disparate interests of roughly five billion individuals would qualify itself as far beyond present human capabilities. To be realistic, at least in the present scheme of things, it is doubtful that such would be permitted even if it was within our potential. On an individual level, however, it does advocate for the harmonizing of as many disparate interests as possible, by way of tolerance and understanding, "To Live and Let Live" and in the process the extending of "goodwill." It has been stated that the best way to get to where one wants to be comes through

assisting others in getting to where they want to be.

This application deserves some comment. Before one can effectively assist another, one must attend to one's own situation. In this the subject of Magick has been greatly misconstrued. The most frequent application of Magick is directed toward an external objective. While such is not entirely unreasonable where properly exercised, it does not take advantage of the path of least resistance. Inner-development comes by way of the application of the theorems of Magick, in both a simple and exoteric context, and through those applications properly and truly qualified as esoteric and occult, as alchemy and hermeticism.

The important matter of this prong of discussion is that the ability of one to effect external change is directly proportionate to one's level of self-development. And Levi covers this well enough:

Axiom VII      The more obstacles the will surmounts, the stronger it is. It is for this reason that Christ glorified poverty and sorrow.

This does not relegate humanity to a life of subsistence level living. What it does serve to advocate is the building of self-esteem and confidence in one's ability through having successfully overcome successively and increasingly difficult challenges. It may come from traditional education; from enlistment in the military and completion of basic training; from pressing the limits of physical endurance; overcoming of a disability; the breaking free of the limitations initially perceived as imposed by one's environment, of doing that which others said could not be done. Or, to summarize the issue simply, "Just Do It"

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· [The Inner Landscape](#) ·

A Poem by Renee Ramsey, 1948 - 1995

There is a land of diamond streams  
Of golden stars and silver moonbeams;  
Ruby mountains rise so high,  
Their sparkle caught in everyone's eye.

This land of emerald grasses fair  
Has turquoise lakes just everywhere;  
Crystal days and sapphire nights  
Are commonplace, but beautiful sights.

Each raindrop is a perfect pearl,  
Every snowflake falling in a platinum whirl;  
This is a place of wonders abounding  
Where all things are truly astounding.

In this place of coppery twilight  
Where jade leaf'd trees are a delight,  
One walks with Spirit, ever there  
To learn, understand, and have love to share.

Oh, where is this land, perfect and fine?  
I will search till I make it mine.  
--Alas, this place out there is not;  
Only in us can it be sought.

And finally, I say to you,  
This land of beauty, do not woo,  
For if you walk with Spirit great,  
You will arrive at its front gate.

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· Resurrection ·

A Poem by Frater Megalion Adama

Razzle, Dazzle, Fizz, and Foam...  
Heaving Hearts, a Sigh and a Moan,  
Enter into twilight, a scintillating sphere,  
illumination in the heat of the night.

Rise and Fall, Higher and Deep  
Darkness and Brightness, spare me sleep &  
Higher and Faster, Harder then Slower,  
and slower and slower and slower...

Ache, expanding and collapsing, refrain  
Trance of Infinite Sorrow repel.  
Laughter in the midst of it all,  
There is no Death.

Breathing vapours within the luxury of Light

Helix, Double Helix, I cross my arms as Osiris  
Tempt me, Tempt me further, in the command of Venus  
....but, I have control.

Slower now, softer and gentler  
Deeper and higher, soaring into the bliss of the Abyss  
Darkness, Darkness! I cry aloud  
Waiting and waiting...the Parting of the Shroud.

Higher and Deeper, falling into the Heavens above,  
Striving unto a Unity.  
Schism and broken in two,  
Venus marches on,  
and Apollon utters the Word of an Aeon.

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· The New Aeon English Qabala ·

A Brief Introduction by Frater D.T. QBLH

"We can refer everything in the Universe to the system of pure numbers whose symbols will be intelligible to all rational minds in an identical sense. And the nature of these symbols are fixed by nature...We must not work towards any other type of central Truth than the nature of these symbols in themselves. The object of our work must be, in fact, to discover the nature and power of each symbol. We must clothe the nakedness of each prime idea in a many-coloured garment of correspondences with every department of thought."

Aleister Crowley, "A Brief Essay Upon The Nature And Significance Of The Magical Alphabet"

The "New Aeon English Qabala" was first discovered as such by Jim Lees in Great Britain in 1976 EV, although earlier hints of it are found in the writings of Frater Achad, in specific in Liber 31, and indeed, in Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law, itself. It is a controversial, still experimental, system of Qabala first revealed to the occult community by Lees, Jake Stratton-Kent and Carol Smith in Britain, and later taken up by QBLH, notably by Frater Damon and Soror Ishtaria and others. It has encountered remarkable resistance and even occasional hostility in orthodox Thelemic circles, but has enjoyed a gradually and persistently growing circle of enthusiasts worldwide. The rule of thumb seems to be that those who have worked most with it are the most impressed with it; those who have worked with it least tend to be the most critical.

Carol Smith wrote, in 1980: "A key has been left by Crowley, under the direction of Aiwass in order that 'Thou shalt obtain the Order and Value of the English Alphabet'. (II:55) The instruction is in AL III:47 'This shall be translated into all tongues but always with the originals in the writing of the beast; for in the chance shape of the letters and their position to one another; in these are mysteries no beast shall divine."

Sheet 16 of Chapter III of Liber AL in Crowley's original has a grid superimposed on the page containing the balance of verse 47 written under the grid. An unexplained diagonal line crosses the page, and a circle with a cross or + in it appears near the end of this line. Smith continues, "There are letters along the top of the page, and it would seem to be obvious to continue with the alphabet in the manner indicated, but the clue is in the numbers down the side. A is written instead of 1 which suggests that B is 2, C 3 and so on. Fill in all the squares on the grid in this manner, repeating the alphabet when one gets to Z. To proceed to the next step the instruction is written on the page, for those who have eyes to see. 'Then this line drawn is a key.' The line drawn is a diagonal line across the page. If one reads any diagonal across the square one gets the order of the English alphabet to be used in the English Qabala. Whichever diagonal is read the order of the letters is obtained. There is only one order which can be obtained and all 26 letters appear in this order."

Using this set-up, another way of deriving the values in sequence is to count eleven spaces down from A at upper left, moving across the columns top to bottom, left to right, giving the next sequential number value to the eleventh letter counted, until all twenty six letters are accounted for. Done thusly:

A=1 L=2 W=3 H=4 S=5 D=6 O=7 Z=8 K=9 V=10 G=11 R=12 C=13  
N=14 Y=15 J=16 U=17 F=18 Q=19 B=20 M=21 X=22 I=23 T=24 E=25 P=26

Jake Stratton-Kent has written: " the English Qabala is a qabala and not a system of numerology. A qabalah is specifically related to three factors: one, a language; two, a 'holy' text or texts; three, mathematical laws at work in these two."

One wonders why Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law, written in English and transcribed by an Englishman should have other than an English Qabala of the New Aeon. Yet, traditionalists are irrationally resistant to this obvious observation.

The major strength of the system is that it works. With Soror Ishtaria's subsequent development of the New Aeon English Qabala computer program "Lexicon" the 'proofs' of the validity of this system are staggering and beyond the scope of this brief introduction. But one dual proof that arrived in the first decade of exploration should suffice to illustrate. It refers, in both forms, to the seemingly mysterious string of letters and numbers given in AL II:76:

4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y  
X 24 89 R P S T O V A L

"What meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest not; nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee: he shall expound it."

Using the Cipher mentioned above, Jake Stratton-Kent made a discovery:

"When I first had my attention drawn to the existence of a purported English Qabala, my first reaction as a qabalist was to use it on this meaningless string of digits and characters. I converted all the letters into their numerical equivalents in the E.Q., and added them to the numbers in the series." In the original handwritten text, the string of letters and numbers is divided into two lines, the first ending with "Y" and the second beginning with "X". Stratton-Kent says, "There are seventeen numbers and letters in the first line and eleven in the second...but in the manuscript the 'X' at the beginning of line two looks like a multiplication symbol, so I made this calculation;  $17 \times 11 = 187$ , the numerical value of the phrase ENGLISH ALPHABET."

By the same token, if one ADDS the numbers and letter values in the "meaningless string" one comes up with the number value 351. IF ONE TAKES THE VALUE OF ALL THE LETTERS OF THE ENGLISH ALPHABET, A+B+C+D, etc. to Z, one obtains THE SAME VALUE, 351.

QBLH is dedicated to exploration of this experimental system, properly termed "New Aeon English Qabala" (NAEQ).

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· Liber AL vel Legis ·

sub figura CCXX as delivered by XCIII = 418 to DCLXVI

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· The Stele of Revealing ·

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· Greetings Fellow Stars! ·

There is no god but Man.  
Every man and every woman is a star.

Every number is infinite; there is no difference.

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My first active interest in mysticism and magick began in Buffalo, NY when I was 15 years old. Initially my quest led me to the study of Tibetan Buddhism and Eastern philosophy. Considering my age then I was most fortunate to have had parents who were tolerant of varying religious viewpoints.

Several years (and zillions of books) later I encountered the works of Aleister Crowley. Although I felt him to be an egotist I saw his work in Western Magick as outstanding. It was that year that I made my first conscious decision to call myself a Thelemite. During that same time I was also involved with a diverse group of independent Thelemic Magickians living in the Western NY area. One of these wonderfully dynamic people introduced me to a friend who he was corresponding with. That friend was Frater Damon (William W. Webb) who was heading a Magickal Order called "QBLH."

I, too, began corresponding with Damon and by the following summer I became a member of the QBLH. Thru my correspondence with him (and over the following years) I was introduced to Regenerative Magick, Hermetic Alchemy, Western Sex Magick, the works of Alta LaDage, Frater Achad, Gerald Massey and others. My involvement in QBLH has continued for almost 20 years and at present I am the current Lodge Mistress of Lodge Babalon, QBLH in Atlanta, GA.

I felt most comfortable working within the QBLH due to its lack of a grade system and its emphasis on original magickal research. The omission of a grade system prevents one from having a place to "hang-up" one's ego. That is, with out a "yardstick" one is not tempted to get caught up in measuring and comparing (especially where one's self definition is involved) and we are then "freed" of such Lower Self activities. This is not to say that no one should use a grade system (everyone is a unique "Star" and each "Star" expresses the universe differently) but rather that the omission of a grade system "fits" better for some. Ultimately, it is not a rank or position which one holds that has meaning, it is our unfolding and our ability to "Surf the Tao" which brings us to the ever present moment. Each and every one of us are already "there" and all we need to do is to merely "wake up" and partake in the Universal Consciousness that is rightfully ours.

My intention in providing this page was to let you know a little about the QBLH Web Site's designer and what I have in store for the future of this site and QBLH's presence on the Internet in general. QBLH will continue to expand its magickal reference material and make it available to everyone. Additionally, we will continue to sponsor various new occult artists in our "Les Gallery de Occult Art." Most interestingly, in future editions of the Gallery we will include poets reading their own poetry by use of the latest "TrueSpeech" technology.

Oh, and by the way, I am happy to announce that we have added a new edition to our web site, the "Virtual Mystical Worlds Series." This will be an on going collection of

Virtual Reality images of mystical and magickal places. Some of them will be of our own creation (like our first entry "Les Gallery de Occult Art" in VRML) while others will be actual mystical sites modeled in VRML (such as the up coming "A Virtual Tour of the Pyramids Of Egypt"). So please come back regularly to see the latest features here at the QBLH Web Site.

Please accept my thanks for visiting us.

Best Wishes, Soror Ishtaria Lodge Babalon, QBLH

Soror Ishtaria lives in the Atlanta, GA area. Her professional background is in Virology and Computer Science. She currently is a Senior Software Engineer for a major Medical Data System company.

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[103a] Socrates

Son of Cleinias, I think it must surprise you that I, the first of all your lovers, am the only one of them who has not given up his suit and thrown you over, and whereas they have all pestered you with their conversation I have not spoken one word to you for so many years. The cause of this has been nothing human, but a certain spiritual opposition,<sup>1</sup> of whose power you shall be informed at some later time. However, it now opposes me no longer,

<sup>1</sup> Socrates refers to the “spiritual sign” which occasionally warned him against an intended action: cf. Plat. Apol. 31c-d, Plat. Apol. 40a-b.

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[138a] Socrates

Alcibiades, are you on your way to offer a prayer to the god?

Alcibiades

I am, certainly, Socrates.

Socrates

You seem, let me say, to have a gloomy look, and to keep your eyes on the ground, as though you were pondering something.

Alcibiades

And what might one ponder, Socrates?

Socrates

The greatest of questions, Alcibiades,

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Plutarch; ... , Alcibiades: Thomas North; (in English) [Text] (6.79)

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Funeral feast, formerly known as the "Death of Socrates" [Sculpture] (2.84)

2 Images

Socrates. (Vatican.) [Image] (5.71)

So-called Prison of Socrates at Athens. [Image] (4.96)

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Socrates (2) [Reference article in Perseus Encyclopedia] (9.44)

SOCRATES [Reference article in A dictionary of Greek and Roman biography and  
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Apology of Socrates [Section in Xenophon, Works on Socrates] (13.95)

Socrates' Search for Justice [Section in Thomas R. Martin, An Overview of Classical  
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Discussion between Socrates and Agathon [Section in R. G. Bury, The Symposium of  
Plato] (7.98)

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2 Source citations

P. Zanker; The Mask of Socrates. The Image of the Intellectual in Antiquity: Zanker  
1995 [Source citation] (3.09)

C. Vermeule; Greek Art. Socrates to Sulla. From the Peloponnesian Wars to the Rise of  
Julius Caesar: Vermeule 1980 [Source citation] (3.00)

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Xenophon; Works on Socrates: (in English) [Text] (6.56)

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1 Image

Bust of Alcibiades. [Image] (6.60)

5 Reference articles

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Alcibiades 2 [Section in Plato, Alcibiades 1, Alcibiades 2, Hipparchus, Lovers, Theages, Charmides, Laches, Lysis] (10.32)

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[17a]

How you, men of Athens, have been affected by my accusers, I do not know; but I, for my part, almost forgot my own identity, so persuasively did they talk; and yet there is

hardly a word of truth in what they have said. But I was most amazed by one of the many lies that they told--when they said that you must be on your guard not to be deceived by me,

There are a total of 7 comments on and cross references to this page.

Cross references from Herbert Weir Smyth, A Greek Grammar for Colleges:

1317 [GENITIVE OF THE DIVIDED WHOLE (PARTITIVE GENITIVE)]: hen tôn pollôn

1388 [FREE USES OF THE GENITIVE]: autôn hen ethaumasa

2012 [E. Absolute Infinitive]

Cross references from Sir Richard C. Jebb, Commentary on Sophocles: Oedipus Tyrannus:

1455: homologoiên an egôge

Cross references from Jeffrey A. Rydberg-Cox, Overview of Greek Syntax:

infin [Infinitive]: alêthes ge hôs epos eipein ouden eirêkasin

Cross references from J. Adam, A. M. Adam, Commentary on Plato, Protagoras:

VIII, 317A [CHAPTER VIII]

XXIV, 337E [CHAPTER XXIV]

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[153a]

We arrived yesterday evening from the army at Potidaea,<sup>1</sup> and I sought with delight, after an absence of some time, my wonted conversations. Accordingly I went into the wrestling-school of Taureas,<sup>2</sup> opposite the Queen's shrine,<sup>3</sup> and there I came upon quite a number of people, some of whom were unknown to me, but most of whom I knew. And as soon as they saw me

1 A Corinthian colony in Chalcidice which was a tributary ally of Athens, and revolted from her in 433 B.C. In the next year an Athenian force met and fought a Peloponnesian force at Potidaea, and then laid siege to the city. Thus began the Peloponnesian War.

2 A professional trainer.

3 There was a shrine of Basile, or the Queen (of whom nothing is known), some way to

the south of the Acropolis. Cf. Fraser, Pausanias ii. p. 203.

There are a total of 4 comments on and cross references to this page.  
Cross references from Herbert Weir Smyth, A Greek Grammar for Colleges:  
2085 [ADVERBIAL ADJUNCTS OF THE PRINCIPAL VERB]

Cross references from Raphael Kühner, Bernhard Gerth, Ausführliche Grammatik der griechischen Sprache (ed. Ildar Ibraguimov):  
489 [Hôste, hate, hoia, hoion, hôsper in Verbindung mit dem Partizipe.]

Cross references from William Watson Goodwin, Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb:  
862 [Adverbs connected with the Circumstantial Participle.]

Cross references from R. G. Bury, The Symposium of Plato:  
\* [Commentary]

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[\[406a\] Socrates](#)

It was told us recently by someone about Cleitophon, the son of Aristonymus, that in a conversation he had with Lysias he was finding fault with the instructions of Socrates and praising to the skies the lectures of Thrasymachus.

Cleitophon

That was a man, Socrates, who gave you a false report of the talk I had about you with Lysias. For I was really praising you for some things, though not for others. But since it

is plain that you are reproaching me, though you pretend to be quite indifferent, I should be delighted to repeat to you myself what I said, now that we happen to be alone, so that you may be less inclined to suspect me of holding a poor opinion of you. For at present it seems that you have heard what is not true, with the result that you appear to be more vexed with me than I deserve. So if you give me leave to speak I shall avail myself of it most gladly, as I want to explain.

Socrates

Well, now, it would be indeed unhandsome of me not to put up with it

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[383a] Hermogenes

Here is Socrates; shall we take him as a partner in our discussion?

Cratylus

If you like.

Hermogenes

Cratylus, whom you see here, Socrates, says that everything has a right name of its own, which comes by nature, and that a name is not whatever people call a thing by agreement, just a piece of their own voice applied to the thing, but that there is a kind of inherent correctness in names, which is the same for all men,

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[\[43a\] Socrates](#)

Why have you come at this time, Crito? Or isn't it still early?

Crito

Yes, very early.

Socrates

About what time?

Crito

Just before dawn.

Socrates

I am surprised that the watchman of the prison was willing to let you in.

Crito

He is used to me by this time, Socrates, because I come here so often, and besides I have done something for him.

Socrates

Have you just come, or some time ago?

Crito

Some little time ago.

There are a total of 4 comments on and cross references to this page.

Cross references from Raphael Kühner, Bernhard Gerth, Ausführliche Grammatik der griechischen Sprache (ed. Ildar Ibraguimov):

498 [Nun, nun, nu<sup>n</sup>, nu<sup>^</sup>; arti, artiôs.]

Cross references from R. G. Bury, The Symposium of Plato:

\* [Commentary]

Cross references from J. Adam, A. M. Adam, Commentary on Plato, Protagoras:

II [CHAPTER II]

XIV, 325A [CHAPTER XIV]

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1. Arrival of the Ship

43a - 44b

43a

Socrates. Why have you come at this hour, Crito? It must be  
Jowett's Notes

quite early.  
(in progress)

Crito. Yes, certainly

Crito visits Socrates at the Jail in the Agora

Full View of Athens (207K)

Artist: Ru Dien-Jen

Crito appears at break of dawn in the prison of Socrates whom he finds asleep.

Soc. What is the exact time?

Cr. The dawn is breaking

Soc. I wonder the keeper of the prison would let you in.

Cr. He knows me because I often come, Socrates; moreover, I have done him a kindness.

Soc. And are you only just come?

Cr. No, I came some time ago.

43b

Soc. Then why did you sit and say nothing, instead of awakening me at once?

Cr. Why, indeed, Socrates, I myself would rather not have all this sleeplessness and sorrow. But I have been wondering at your peaceful slumbers, and that was the reason why I did not awaken you, because I wanted you to be out of pain. I have always thought you happy in the calmness of your temperament; but never did I see the like of the easy, cheerful way in which you bear this calamity.

Soc. Why, Crito, when a man has reached my age he ought  
43c

not to be repining at the prospect of death.

Cr. And yet other old men find themselves in similar misfortunes, and age does not prevent them from repining.

Soc. That may be. But you have not told me why you come at this early hour.

Cr. I come to bring you a message which is sad and painful; The ship from  
not, as I believe, to yourself, but to all of us who are your friends, and saddest of all to me. Delos is expected.

Soc. What! I suppose that the ship has come from Delos,  
43d

on the arrival of which I am to die?

Ruins at the Island of Delos  
Photo: Thomas Martin and Ivy S. Sun  
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Cr. No, the ship has not actually arrived, but she will probably  
be here to-day, as persons who have come from Sunium tell  
me that they left her there; and therefore tomorrow, Socrates,  
will be the last day of your life.

Soc. Very well, Crito; if such is the will of God, I am willing;  
44a

but my belief is that there will be a delay of a day.

Cr. Why do you say this?

Soc. I will tell you. I am to die on the day after the  
arrival of the ship?

5th Century Athenian Trireme  
Artist: Ru Dien-Jen

Cr. Yes; that is what the authorities say.

Soc. But I do not think that the ship will be here until    A vision of a fair  
tomorrow; this I gather from a vision which I had last night,    woman who  
or rather only just now, when you fortunately allowed me    prophesies in the  
to sleep.    language of Homer

that Socrates will

Cr. And what was the nature of the vision?    die on the third day.

Soc. There came to me the likeness of a woman, fair and  
comely, clothed in white raiment, who called to me and said:

44b

O Socrates --

"The third day hence, to Phthia shalt thou go."



Cr. What a singular dream, Socrates!

Soc. There can be no doubt about the meaning, Crito, I think.

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Crito

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1. Arrival of the Ship

43a - 44b

43a

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quite early.

(in progress)

Crito. Yes, certainly

Crito visits Socrates at the Jail in the Agora

Full View of Athens (207K)

Artist: Ru Dien-Jen

Crito appears at break of dawn in the prison of Socrates whom he finds asleep.

Soc. What is the exact time?

Cr. The dawn is breaking

Soc. I wonder the keeper of the prison would let you in.

Cr. He knows me because I often come, Socrates; moreover, I have done him a kindness.

Soc. And are you only just come?

Cr. No, I came some time ago.

43b

Soc. Then why did you sit and say nothing, instead of awakening me at once?

Cr. Why, indeed, Socrates, I myself would rather not have all this sleeplessness and sorrow. But I have been wondering at your peaceful slumbers, and that was the reason why I did not awaken you, because I wanted you to be out of pain. I have always thought you happy in the calmness of your temperament; but never did I see the like of the easy, cheerful way in which you bear this calamity.

Soc. Why, Crito, when a man has reached my age he ought  
43c

not to be repining at the prospect of death.

Cr. And yet other old men find themselves in similar misfortunes, and age does not prevent them from repining.

Soc. That may be. But you have not told me why you come at this early hour.

Cr. I come to bring you a message which is sad and painful; The ship from  
not, as I believe, to yourself, but to all of us who are your friends, and saddest of all to me. Delos is expected.

Soc. What! I suppose that the ship has come from Delos,  
43d

on the arrival of which I am to die?

Ruins at the Island of Delos  
Photo: Thomas Martin and Ivy S. Sun  
The Perseus Project

Cr. No, the ship has not actually arrived, but she will probably be here to-day, as persons who have come from Sunium tell me that they left her there; and therefore tomorrow, Socrates, will be the last day of your life.

Soc. Very well, Crito; if such is the will of God, I am willing;  
44a

but my belief is that there will be a delay of a day.

Cr. Why do you say this?

Soc. I will tell you. I am to die on the day after the arrival of the ship?

5th Century Athenian Trireme  
Artist: Ru Dien-Jen

Cr. Yes; that is what the authorities say.

Soc. But I do not think that the ship will be here until tomorrow; this I gather from a vision which I had last night, or rather only just now, when you fortunately allowed me to sleep. A vision of a fair woman who prophesies in the language of Homer

that Socrates will

Cr. And what was the nature of the vision? die on the third day.

Soc. There came to me the likeness of a woman, fair and comely, clothed in white raiment, who called to me and said:

44b

O Socrates --

"The third day hence, to Phthia shalt thou go."

Cr. What a singular dream, Socrates!

Soc. There can be no doubt about the meaning, Crito, I think.

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### 3. The Real Issue

46b-49a

46b Socrates. Dear Crito, your zeal is invaluable, if a right one; but if wrong, the greater the zeal the greater the evil; and therefore we ought to consider whether these things shall be done or not. For I am and always have been one of those natures

Southern View of the Agora

The jail was a small building behind the Law Court.

Drawing: Ru Dien-Jen

who must be guided by reason, whatever the reason may be which upon reflection appears to me to be the best; and now that this fortune has come upon me, I cannot put away the reasons which I have before given: the principles which I  
46c have hitherto honored and revered I still honor, and unless we can find other and better principles on the instant, I am certain not to agree with you; no, not even if the power of the multitude could inflict many more imprisonments, confiscations, deaths, frightening us like children with hobgoblin terrors. But what will be the fairest way of considering the question? Shall I return to your old argument about the opinions of men, some of which are to be regarded, and others, as we were saying, are not to be regarded. Now  
46d were we right in maintaining this before I was condemned? And has the argument which was once good now proved to be talk for the sake of talking; in fact an amusement only, and altogether vanity? That is what I want to consider with your help, Crito: whether, under my present circumstances, the argument appears to be in any way different or not; and is to  
46e be allowed by me or disallowed. That argument, which, as I believe, is maintained by many who assume to be authorities, was to the effect, as I was saying, that the opinions of some men are to be regarded, and of other men not to be regarded. Now you, Crito, are a disinterested person who are not going  
47a to die tomorrow -- at least, there is no human probability of this, and you are therefore not liable to be deceived by the

circumstances in which you are placed. Tell me, then, whether I am right in saying that some opinions, and the opinions of some men only, are to be valued, and other opinions, and the opinions of other men, are not to be valued. I ask you whether I was right in maintaining this?

Crito. Certainly.

Soc. The good are to be regarded, and not the bad?

Cr. Yes.

Soc. And the opinions of the wise are good, and the opinions of the unwise are evil?

Cr. Certainly.

47b Soc. And what was said about another matter? Was the disciple in gymnastics supposed to attend to the praise and blame and opinion of every man, or of one man only -- his physician or trainer, whoever that was?

Trainer with Wrestlers  
The Perseus Project

Cr. Of one man only.

Soc. And he ought to fear the censure and welcome the praise of that one only, and not of the many?

Cr. That is clear.

Soc. And he ought to live and train, and eat and drink in the way which seems good to his single master who has understanding, rather than according to the opinion of all other men put together?

Cr. True.

47c Soc. And if he disobeys and disregards the opinion and approval of the one, and regards the opinion of the many who have no understanding, will he not suffer evil?

Cr. Certainly he will.

Soc. And what will the evil be, whither tending and what

affecting, in the disobedient person?

Cr. Clearly, affecting the body; that is what is destroyed by the evil.

Soc. Very good; and is not this true, Crito, of other things which we need not separately enumerate? In the matter of just and unjust, fair and foul, good and evil, which are the subjects of our present consultation, ought we to follow the 47d opinion of the many and to fear them; or the opinion of the one man who has understanding, and whom we ought to fear and reverence more than all the rest of the world: and whom deserting we shall destroy and injure that principle in us which may be assumed to be improved by justice and deteriorated by injustice; is there not such a principle?

Cr. Certainly there is, Socrates.

Soc. Take a parallel instance: if, acting under the advice of men who have no understanding, we destroy that which is 47e improvable by health and deteriorated by disease -- when that has been destroyed, I say, would life be worth having? And that is -- the body?

Cr. Yes.

Soc. Could we live, having an evil and corrupted body?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. And will life be worth having, if that higher part of man be depraved, which is improved by justice and deteriorated by injustice? Do we suppose that principle, whatever it may be in 48a man, which has to do with justice and injustice, to be inferior to the body?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. More honored, then?

Cr. Far more honored.

Soc. Then, my friend, we must not regard what the many say of us: but what he, the one man who has understanding of just and unjust, will say, and what the truth will say. And therefore you begin in error when you suggest that we should

regard the opinion of the many about just and unjust, good  
48b and evil, honorable and dishonorable. Well, someone will  
say, " But the many can kill us."

Cr. Yes, Socrates; that will clearly be the answer.

Soc. That is true: but still I find with surprise that the old  
argument is, as I conceive, unshaken as ever. And I should  
like to know whether I may say the same of another  
proposition -- that not life, but a good life, is to be chiefly  
valued?

Cr. Yes, that also remains.

Soc. And a good life is equivalent to a just and honorable one  
-- that holds also?

Cr. Yes, that holds.

Soc. From these premises I proceed to argue the question,  
whether I ought or ought not to try to escape without the  
48c consent of the Athenians: and if I am clearly right in escaping,  
then I will make the attempt; but if not, I will abstain. The  
other considerations which you mention, of money and loss of  
character, and the duty of educating children, are, as I fear  
only the doctrines of the multitude, who would be as ready to  
call people to life, if they were able, as they are to put them to  
death -- and with as little reason. But now, since the argument  
has thus far prevailed, the only question which remains to be  
48d considered is, whether we shall do rightly either in escaping or  
in suffering others to aid in our escape and paying them in  
money and thanks, or whether we shall not do rightly; and if  
the latter, then death or any other calamity which may ensue on  
my remaining here must not be allowed to enter into the  
calculation.

Cr. I think that you are right, Socrates; how then shall we  
proceed?

48e Soc. Let us consider the matter together, and do you either  
refute me if you can, and I will be convinced; or else cease,  
my dear friend, from repeating to me that I ought to escape  
against the wishes of the Athenians: for I am extremely  
desirous to be persuaded by you, but not against my own  
better judgment. And now please to consider my first  
49a position, and do your best to answer me.

Cr. I will do my best.

<http://socrates.clarke.edu/aplg0173.htm>

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4. The Principle of No Harm

49b-50c

Socrates. Are we to say that we are never intentionally to do wrong, or that in one way we ought and in another way we ought not to do wrong, or is doing wrong always evil and dishonorable, as I was just now saying, and as has been already acknowledged by us? Are all our former admissions which

View of the Assembly Where Athenians Made Laws

Photo: Kevin T. Glowacki and Nancy Klein

The Ancient City of Athens

were made within a few days to be thrown away? And have we, at our age, been earnestly discoursing with one another all our life long only to discover that we are no better than children? Or are we to rest assured, in spite of the opinion of the many, and in spite of consequences whether better or worse, of the truth of what was then said, that injustice is always an evil and dishonor to him who acts unjustly? Shall we affirm that?

Crito. Yes.

Soc. Then we must do no wrong?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. Nor when injured injure in return, as the many imagine ; for we must injure no one at all?

49c Cr. Clearly not.



Soc. Again, Crito, may we do evil?

Cr. Surely not, Socrates.

Soc. And what of doing evil in return for evil, which is the morality of the many -- is that just or not?

Cr. Not just.

Soc. For doing evil to another is the same as injuring him?

Cr. Very true.

Soc. Then we ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to anyone, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. But I would have you consider, Crito, whether you really mean what you are saying. For this opinion has never been held, and never will be held, by any considerable number of persons; and those who are agreed and those who are not agreed upon this point have no common ground, and can only despise one another when they see how widely they differ. Tell me, then, whether you agree with and assent to my first principle, that neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right. And shall that be the premise of our argument? Or do you decline and dissent from this? For this has been of old and is still my opinion; but, if you are of another opinion, let me hear what you have to say. If, however, you remain of the same mind as formerly, I will proceed to the next step

Cr. You may proceed, for I have not changed my mind.

Soc. Then I will proceed to the next step, which may be put in the form of a question: Ought a man to do what he admits to be right, or ought he to betray the right ?

Cr. He ought to do what he thinks right.

Soc. But if this is true, what is the application? In leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians, do I wrong any? or rather do I not wrong those whom I ought least to wrong? Do I not desert the principles which were acknowledged by us to be just? What do you say?

Cr. I cannot tell, Socrates, for I do not know.

Soc. Then consider the matter in this way: Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: "Tell us, Socrates," they say; "what are you about? Are you going by an act of yours to overturn us -- the 50b laws and the whole State, as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a State can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals?" What will be our answer, Crito, to these and the like words? Anyone, and especially a clever rhetorician, will have a good deal to urge about the evil of setting aside the law which requires a sentence to be carried out; and we might reply, "Yes; but the State has 50c injured us and given an unjust sentence." Suppose I say that?

Cr. Very good, Socrates.

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5. The Principle of Gratitude

50d-51c

Socrates. "And was that our agreement with you?" the law would say; "or were you to abide by the sentence of the State?" And if I were to express astonishment at their saying this, the law would probably add: "Answer, Socrates, instead of opening your eyes: you are in the habit of asking and 50d answering questions. Tell us what complaint you have to

Greek Child

Rhode Island School of Design

The Perseus Project

make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the State? In the first place did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against

50e those of us who regulate marriage?" None, I should reply. "Or against those of us who regulate the system of nurture and education of children in which you were trained? Were not the laws, who have the charge of this, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastic?" Right, I should reply. "Well, then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are 51a doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to a father or to your master, if you had one, when you have been struck or reviled by him, or received some other evil at his hands? -- you would not say this? And because we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? And will you, O professor of true virtue, say that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued and higher 51b and holier far than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed, and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and if not persuaded, obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she leads us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may anyone yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court 51c of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just: and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, shall much less may he do violence to his country." What answer we make to this, Crito? Do the laws speak truly, or do they not?

Crito. I think that they do.

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## 6. The Principle of Implied Consent 51d-53a

Socrates. Then the laws will say: "Consider, Socrates, if this is true, that in your present attempt you are going to do us wrong. For, after having brought you into the world, and 51d nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good that we had to give, we further proclaim and give the right to every Athenian, that if he does not like us when he has come of age and has seen the ways of the city, and made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him; and none of us laws will forbid him or interfere with him. Any of you who does not like us and the city, and who wants to go to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, and take his goods with 51e him . But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the State, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong: first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will duly obey our commands; and he neither obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are wrong; and we do not rudely impose them, but give him the alternative of obeying or convincing us; that is what we offer, and he does 52a neither. These are the sort of accusations to which, as we were saying, you, Socrates, will be exposed if you accomplish your intentions; you, above all other Athenians." Suppose I ask, why is this? They will justly retort upon me that I above all other men have acknowledged the agreement. "There is 52b clear proof," they will say, "Socrates, that we and the city were not displeasing to you. Of all Athenians you have been the most constant resident in the city, which, as you never leave, you may be supposed to love. For you never went out of the city either to see the games, except once when you went to the Isthmus, or to any other place unless when you were on military service; nor did you travel as other men do. Nor had

Socrates Served as a Hoplite  
Artist: Ru Dien-Jen

you any curiosity to know other States or their laws: your affections did not go beyond us and our State; we were your

special favorites, and you acquiesced in our government of  
52c you; and this is the State in which you begat your children,  
which is a proof of your satisfaction Moreover, you might, if  
you had liked, have fixed the penalty at banishment in the  
course of the trial -- the State which refuses to let you go now  
would have let you go then. But you pretended that you  
preferred death to exile, and that you were not grieved at  
death. And now you have forgotten these fine sentiments, and  
pay no respect to us, the laws, of whom you are the destroyer;  
52d and are doing what only a miserable slave would do, running  
away and turning your back upon the compacts and  
agreements which you made as a citizen. And first of all  
answer this very question: Are we right in saying that you  
agreed to be governed according to us in deed, and not in  
word only? Is that true or not?" How shall we answer that,  
Crito? Must we not agree?

Crito. There is no help, Socrates.

Soc. Then will they not say: "You, Socrates, are breaking the  
52e covenants and agreements which you made with us at your  
leisure, not in any haste or under any compulsion or  
deception, but having had seventy years to think of them,  
during which time you were at liberty to leave the city, if we  
were not to your mind, or if our covenants appeared to you to  
be unfair. You had your choice, and might have gone either to  
Lacedaemon or Crete, which you often praise for their good  
53a government, or to some other Hellenic or foreign State.  
Whereas you, above all other Athenians, seemed to be so fond  
of the State, or, in other words, of us her laws (for who  
would like a State that has no laws), that you never stirred  
out of her: the halt, the blind, the maimed, were not more  
stationary in her than you were. And now you run away and  
forsake your agreements. Not so, Socrates, if you will take  
our advice; do not make yourself ridiculous by escaping out of  
the city.

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## 7. Final Remarks

53b-54e

Socrates

"For just consider, if you transgress and err in this sort of way,

53b what good will you do, either to yourself or to your friends?

That your friends will be driven into exile and deprived of citizenship, or will lose their property, is tolerably certain; and you yourself, if you fly to one of the neighboring cities, as, for example, Thebes or Megara, both of which are well-governed cities, will come to them as an enemy, Socrates, and their government will be against you, and all patriotic citizens will cast an evil eye upon you as a subverter of the laws, and you

53c will confirm in the minds of the judges the justice of their own condemnation of you. For he who is a corrupter of the laws is more than likely to be corrupter of the young and foolish

portion of mankind. Will you then flee from well-ordered cities and virtuous men? and is existence worth having on these terms? Or will you go to them without shame, and talk to

53d them, Socrates? And what will you say to them? What you say here about virtue and justice and institutions and laws being the best things among men? Would that be decent of you? Surely not. But if you go away from well-governed

States to Crito's friends in Thessaly, where there is great disorder and license, they will be charmed to have the tale of your escape from prison, set off with ludicrous particulars of the manner in which you were wrapped in a goatskin or some other disguise, and metamorphosed as the fashion of runaways is -- that is very likely; but will there be no one to remind you

53e that in your old age you violated the most sacred laws from a miserable desire of a little more life? Perhaps not, if you keep them in a good temper; but if they are out of temper you will hear many degrading things; you will live, but how? -- as the flatterer of all men, and the servant of all men; and doing what? -- eating and drinking in Thessaly, having gone abroad in order that you may get a dinner. And where will be your

54a fine sentiments about justice and virtue then? Say that you wish to live for the sake of your children, that you may bring them up and educate them -- will you take them into Thessaly and deprive them of Athenian citizenship? Is that the benefit which you would confer upon them? Or are you under the impression that they will be better cared for and educated here if you are still alive, although absent from them; for that your friends will take care of them? Do you fancy that if you are an

inhabitant of Thessaly they will take care of them, and if you are an inhabitant of the other world they will not take care of them? Nay; but if they who call themselves friends are truly friends, they surely will.

"Listen, then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of justice afterwards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below. For neither will you nor any that belong to you be happier or holier or juster in this life, or happier in another, if you do as Crito bids. Now you depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws, but of men. But if you go forth, returning evil for evil, and injury for injury, breaking the covenants and agreements which you have made with us, and wronging those whom you ought least to wrong, that is to say, yourself, your friends, your country, and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brethren, the laws in the world below, will receive you as an enemy; for they will know that you have done your best to destroy us. Listen, then, to us and not to Crito."

This is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, I like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other. And I know that anything more which you may say will be in vain. Yet speak, if you have anything to say.

Cr. I have nothing to say, Socrates.

54e Soc. Then let me follow the intimations of the will of God

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[\[271a\] Crito](#)

Who was it, Socrates, that you were talking with yesterday at the Lyceum? Why, there was such a crowd standing about you that when I came up in the hope of listening I could hear nothing distinctly: still, by craning over I got a glimpse, and it appeared to me that it was a stranger with whom you were talking. Who was he?

Socrates

About which are you asking, Crito? There were two of them, not one.

Crito

The man whom I mean was sitting next but one to you, on your right:



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Cross references from James Adam, The Republic of Plato:  
1, 348B

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[2a] Euthyphro

What strange thing has happened, Socrates, that you have left your accustomed haunts in the Lyceum and are now haunting the portico where the king archon sits? For it cannot be that you have an action before the king, as I have.

Socrates

Our Athenians, Euthyphro, do not call it an action, but an indictment.

Euthyphro

What? Somebody has, it seems, brought an indictment against you;

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Cross references from Raphael Kühner, Bernhard Gerth, Ausführliche Grammatik der griechischen Sprache (ed. Ildar Ibraguimov):  
369 [IX. Attraktionsartige Kongruenzformen.]

Cross references from J. Adam, A. M. Adam, Commentary on Plato, Protagoras:  
II, 310B [CHAPTER II]

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[225a] Socrates

And what is love of gain? What can it be, and who are the lovers of gain?

Friend

In my opinion, they are those who think it worth while to make gain out of things of no worth.

Socrates

Is it your opinion that they know those things to be of no worth, or do not know? For if they do not know, you mean that the lovers of gain are fools.

Friend

No, I do not mean they are fools, but rascals who wickedly yield to gain, because they know that the things out of which they dare to make their gain are worthless,

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[\[363a\] Eudicus](#)

Why, then, are you silent, Socrates, when Hippias has been delivering such a fine display? Why do you not join us in praising some part of his speech, or else, if he seems to you to have been wrong in any point, refute him--especially now that we who might best claim to have a share in philosophical discussion have been left to ourselves?

Socrates

Indeed, Eudicus, there are some points in what Hippias was just now saying of Homer,

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[\[530a\] Socrates](#)

Welcome, Ion. Where have you come from now, to pay us this visit? From your home in Ephesus?

[Ion](#)

No, no, Socrates; from Epidaurus and the festival there of Asclepius.

Socrates

Do you mean to say that the Epidaurians honor the god with a contest of rhapsodes also?

Ion

Certainly, and of music<sup>1</sup> in general.

Socrates

Why then, you were competing in some contest, were you? And how went your competition?

Ion

We carried off the first prize, Socrates.

<sup>1</sup> "Music" with the Greeks included poetry.

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Cross references from Raphael Kühner, Bernhard Gerth, Ausführliche Grammatik der griechischen Sprache (ed. Ildar Ibraguimov):

447 [e. Prägnante Konstruktion bei Präpositionen.]

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[178a] Lysimachus

You have seen the performance of the man fighting in armour, Nicias and Laches; but  
my friend Melesias and I did not tell you at the time our reason for requesting you to  
come and see it with us. However, we will tell you now; for we think we should speak

our minds freely to friends like you. Some people, of course, pour ridicule on such appeals, and when consulted for their advice will not say what they think,

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[969d] assist me.

Megillus

Assist you I will.

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[309a] Plato to Dionysius wishes well-doing.<sup>1</sup>

After I had spent so long a time with you and was trusted above all others in my administration of your government, while you were enjoying the benefits I was enduring the slanders, grievous as they were. For I knew that men would not believe that any of your more brutal acts were done with my consent, seeing that I have for my witnesses [309b] all those who take a part in your government, many of whom I have helped in their times of trial and saved them from no small damage. But after I had oftentimes kept guard over your City as sole Dictator, I was dismissed with more ignominy than a beggar would deserve who had stayed with you for so long a time, were you to pack him off and order him to sail away.

For the future, therefore, I for my part will consult my own interests in less philanthropic fashion, while you, "gross tyrant that you are, will dwell alone."<sup>2</sup> And as for the splendid sum of gold [309c] which you gave for my journey home, Baccheius, the bearer of this letter, is taking it back to you. For it was neither a sufficient sum for my journey nor was it otherwise useful for my support; and since it reflects the greatest disgrace on you who offer it, and not much less on me if I accept it, I therefore refuse to accept it. But evidently neither the giving nor the accepting of such an amount makes any difference to you; take it, then, and befriend therewith some other companion of yours as you did me; for I, in sooth, have had enough of your "befriending." [309d] Indeed, I may appropriately quote the verse of Euripides--that one day, when other fortunes befall you,

Thou'lt pray for such a helper by thy side.

Eur. Fr. 956 (Nauck)

And I desire to remind you that most of the other tragedians also, when they show a tyrant on the stage slaughtered by someone, represent him as crying out--

[310a] Bereft of friends--ah! woe is me--I die.

Trag. Gr. Frag. Adesp. 347 (Nauck).

But not one of them has represented him as dying for lack of gold. This other poem also to men of judgement seemeth not amiss--

In this our human life, with halting hopes,  
It is not glittering gold that rarest is:

Not diamond nor couches silver-wrought  
Appear so brilliant in the eyes of men:  
Nor do the fertile fields of earth's broad breast,  
Laden with crops, so all-sufficing seem  
As gallant men's unanimous resolve.  
Lyr. Gr. Frag. Adesp. 138 (Bergk).  
[310b] Farewell; and may you learn how much you have lost in us, so that you may  
behave yourself better towards all others.

1 The Greek phrase *eu pratteinis* purposely ambiguous, meaning either "act well" or "fare well" (i.e. "prosper"); cf. Plat. Gorg. 495e, Plat. Rep. 353e. It is the form of address regularly used in these Epistles, cf. Plat. L. 3 ad init.

2 Apparently a "tag" from some tragedy. Note that "you" in this second paragraph refers to Dionysius alone, whereas in the first paragraph "you," in the plural, includes Dionysius's associates.

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[\[70a\] Meno](#)

Can you tell me, Socrates, whether virtue can be taught, or is acquired by practice, not teaching? Or if neither by practice nor by learning, whether it comes to mankind by nature or in some other way?

Socrates

Meno, of old the Thessalians were famous and admired among the Greeks for their riding and

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[313a] Socrates

Tell me, what is law?

Companion

To what kind of law does your question refer?

Socrates

What! Is there any difference between law and law, in this particular point of being law? For just consider what is the actual question I am putting to you. It is as though I had asked, what is gold: if you had asked me in the same manner, to what kind of gold I refer, I think your question would have been incorrect. For I presume there is no difference between gold and gold,

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[126a] Cephalus

When we came from our home at Clazomenae to Athens, we met Adeimantus and Glaucon in the market-place. Adeimantus took me by the hand and said, "Welcome, Cephalus if there is anything we can do for you here, let us know."

"Why," said I, "that is just why I am here, to ask a favour of you."

"Tell us," said he, "what it is."

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1830 [OPTATIVE WITH an]

Cross references from Raphael Kühner, Bernhard Gerth, Ausführliche Grammatik der griechischen Sprache (ed. Ildar Ibraguimov):  
486 [Nähere Bestimmung des Gebrauches des bezüglichen und des absoluten Partizips (des Participii coniuncti und der Genetivi absoluti).]

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Phaedo

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[57a] Echebrates

Were you with Socrates yourself, Phaedo, on the day when he drank the poison in prison, or did you hear about it from someone else?

Phaedo

I was there myself, Echebrates.

Echebrates

Then what did he say before his death? and how did he die? I should like to hear, for nowadays none of the Phliasians go to Athens at all, and no stranger has come from

there for a long time,

There are a total of 4 comments on and cross references to this page.

Cross references from Raphael Kühner, Bernhard Gerth, Ausführliche Grammatik der griechischen Sprache (ed. Ildar Ibraguimov):

507 [Konfirmatives oun [Lesb., böot., dor. u. neuion. ôñ)].]

514 [Häufung der Negationen. — Überflüssige Negation.]

Cross references from W. Walter Merry, James Riddell, D. B. Monro, Commentary on the Odyssey (1886):

3, 248 [Book 3 (g)]: ti oun dê estin hatta eipen ho anêr pro tou thanatou; kai pôs eteleuta; ... kai gar ... oudeis ... saphes ti angeilai hoios t' ên peri toutôn plên ge dê hoti pharmakon piôn apothanoi

Cross references from Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, Syntax of Classical Greek:

6, 5, 132 [ti instead of tina.]

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Phaedo

The Death Scene  
115b-118a

115b

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any  
Jowett's Notes  
commands for us, Socrates--anything to say about your  
children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

The setting is the Jail in the Agora  
Full View Athens (207K)  
Artist: Ru Dien-Jen

Nothing particular, he said: only, as I have always told you,  
I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which  
you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to  
yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you  
take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the  
precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time,  
115c

the warmth of your professions will be of no avail.

Ruins of the Jail

Photo: Steven S. Tigner

We will do our best, said Crito. But in what way would you  
have us bury you?

In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and  
take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he  
turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito  
believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking  
and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other  
Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body--and he asks,  
115d

How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many  
words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the  
poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed --  
these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself,  
have had, I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I  
want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me  
at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he  
was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you  
must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away  
115e

and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not  
Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the  
grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in  
themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good  
cheer, then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying  
my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you  
116a

think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into  
the bath chamber with Crito, who bade us wait; and we  
waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse,  
and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father  
of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to  
pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken

Ruins of the Well Where Prisoners Bathed

Photo: Steven S. Tigner

116b

the bath his children were brought to him--(he had two youngHe takes leave of  
sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also his family.  
came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions  
in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and  
returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time  
had passed while he was within. When he came out, he  
sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said.

Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered The humanity of the  
116c

and stood by him, saying: To you, Socrates, whom I know jailer.  
to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever  
came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of  
other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to  
the authorities, I bid them drink the poison--indeed, I am  
sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you  
are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you  
well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know  
116d

my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and  
went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes,  
and will do as you bid. Then, turning to us, he said, How  
charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always

been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

116e

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hilltops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that

Crito would detain Socrates a little while.

Socrates thinks that there is nothing to be

117a

I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant, and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying a cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The

Pharmaceutical Vials Used for Preparing Hemlock

Photo: Steven S. Tigner

117b

man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world--may this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and



in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that  
I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was  
116d

not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity  
in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for  
Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had  
got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment.  
Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out  
a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone  
117e

in retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said.  
I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not  
offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die  
in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience.  
When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our  
tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to  
fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions,  
and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked  
at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot  
118a

hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, no; and then  
his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he  
was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When  
the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was  
beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered  
his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were  
his last words)--he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius;  
will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid,

Offering to Asclepius

Photo: Steven S. Tigner

said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to  
this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard,  
and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and  
Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may  
truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men  
whom I have ever known.

Ruins of Phaedo's House

Photo: Steven S. Tigner

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The Agora

===== Agora originally meant "gathering place" but came to mean the market place and public square in an ancient Greek city. It was the political, civic, and commercial center of the city. Socrates spent most of his time at the agora in Athens discussing the serious issues of the day with anyone who was willing.

View of the Agora

Southern View

The Mint was an important part of any Greek city since each city-state had its own coinage. Athenians, primarily women, would walk to the Fountain House to gather water for their homes. Water came to the city from a distant spring through an aqueduct constructed of clay pipes. The South Stoa was a long, roofed gallery with a wall on one side. Inside, one could walk down the long corridor and see merchants in their stalls selling their wares. The stoa became meeting places for many philosophers and their students. Trials were held at the Law Court where juries, commonly consisting of hundreds of Athenian citizens, were asked to deliberate on the legal cases of the day. The jail was behind the Law Court. The Strategeion was the headquarters for military officers. Inside the Tholos, the circular building, the presiding governmental officials (as well as victorious Olympic athletes) would eat. Citizen senators conducted official civic business in the Bouleuterion. It also housed the official city records.

View of the Agora

Northern View

More merchants could be found at the Stoa of Zeus just past the Bouleuterion. The small building attached to the stoa is the Royal Stoa where the Archon, the chief religious officer of Athens, had his office. Athenians could view paintings depicting the Victory at Marathon in the Painted Stoa. At the Altar of the 12 Gods, animals were sacrificed at the beginning of each day to seek divine blessing upon the state.

Map of Athens (207K)

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[227a] Socrates

Dear Phaedrus, whither away, and where do you come from?

Phaedrus

From Lysias, Socrates, the son of Cephalus; and I am going for a walk outside the wall. For I spent a long time there with Lysias, sitting since early morning; and on the advice of your friend and mine, Acumenus, I am taking my walk on the roads; for he says they are less fatiguing

There are a total of 3 comments on and cross references to this page.  
Cross references from Herbert Weir Smyth, A Greek Grammar for Colleges:  
946 [Omission of the Verb]

Cross references from Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, Syntax of Classical Greek:  
3, 2, 17 [Normal position:]: ὁ φίλος Φαίδρε  
505 [Position of the adjective attribute.]

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[309a] Friend

Where have you been now, Socrates? Ah, but of course you have been in chase of Alcibiades and his youthful beauty! Well, only the other day, as I looked at him, I thought him still handsome as a man--for a man he is, Socrates, between you and me, and with quite a growth of beard.

Socrates

And what of that? Do you mean to say you do not approve of Homer,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hom. Il. 24.348

There are a total of 7 comments on and cross references to this page.  
Further comments from James A. Towle, Commentary on Plato: Protagoras:  
section 309a: phainei  
section 309a: dêla  
section 309a: kunêgesiou  
section 309a: kalos anêr  
section 309a: hôs . . . eirêsthai  
section 309a: autois  
section 309a: ti touto  
section 309a: ou . . . mentoi

Cross references from Raphael Kühner, Bernhard Gerth, Ausführliche Grammatik der griechischen Sprache (ed. Ildar Ibraguimov):  
500 [Konfirmatives dê.]  
538 [a] Disjunktives ê, oder, ê . . . ê, entweder . . . oder.]

Cross references from R. G. Bury, The Symposium of Plato:  
\* [Commentary]

Cross references from James A. Towle, Commentary on Plato: Protagoras:  
337c  
339e

Cross references from J. Adam, A. M. Adam, Commentary on Plato, Protagoras:  
XXVI, 339E [CHAPTER XXVI]

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[621d] as the victors in the games<sup>1</sup> go about to gather in theirs. And thus both here and in that journey of a thousand years, whereof I have told you, we shall fare well.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Vol. I. p. 480, note c, on 465 D.

<sup>2</sup> For the thought Cf. Gorg. 527 Ceudaimonêseis kai zôn kai teleutêsas. Cf. Vol. I. p. 104, note b, on 353 E. The quiet solemnity of eu prattômen illustrates the same characteristic of style that makes Plato begin his Laws with the word theos, and Dante close each of the three sections of the Divine Comedy with "stelle."

There is one comment on or cross reference to this page.  
Further comments from James Adam, The Republic of Plato:  
book 10 (general note)

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[\[132a\] Socrates](#)

I entered the grammar school of the teacher Dionysius, and saw there the young men who are accounted the most comely in form and of distinguished family, and their lovers. Now it chanced that two of the young people were disputing, but about what, I did not clearly overhear: it appeared, however, that they were disputing either about Anaxagoras<sup>1</sup> or about Oenopides<sup>2</sup> ; at any rate, they appeared to be drawing circles,

1 The Ionian philosopher who lived in friendship with Pericles at Athens.

2 A philosopher of Chios, distinguished as a geometer and astronomer.

There is one comment on or cross reference to this page.

Cross references from Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, Syntax of Classical Greek:  
6, 4, 113 [General Exceptions]

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[216a] Theodorus

According to our yesterday's agreement, Socrates, we have come ourselves, as we were bound to do, and we bring also this man with us; he is a stranger from Elea, one of the followers of Parmenides and Zeno, and a real philosopher.

Socrates

Are you not unwittingly bringing, as Homer says, some god, and no mere stranger, Theodorus? He says

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Cross references from James Adam, The Republic of Plato:  
10, 600B

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[257a] Socrates

Really I am greatly indebted to you, Theodorus, for my acquaintance with Theaetetus and with the Stranger, too.

Theodorus

Presently, Socrates, you will be three times as much indebted, when they have worked out the statesman and the philosopher for you.

Socrates

Indeed! My dear Theodorus, can I believe my ears? Were those really the words of the great calculator and geometrician?

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[121a] Demodocus

Socrates, I was wanting to have some private talk with you, if you had time to spare;  
even if there is some demand, which is not particularly important, on your time, do spare  
some, nevertheless, for me.

Socrates

Why, in any case I happen to have time to spare, and for you, moreover, I have plenty. Well, you are free to say whatever you wish.

Demodocus

Then do you mind if we step aside here from the street into the portico of Zeus the Liberator<sup>1</sup> ?

Socrates

As you think best.

<sup>1</sup> This portico or colonnade was near that of the King Archon, close to the Agora

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[\[17a\] Socrates](#)

One, two, three,--but where, my dear Timaeus, is the fourth<sup>1</sup> of our guests of yesterday, our hosts of today?

Timaeus

Some sickness has befallen him, Socrates; for he would never have stayed away from our gathering of his own free will.

Socrates

Then the task of filling the place of the absent one falls upon you and our friends here,



does it not?

Timaeus

Undoubtedly, and we shall do our best not to come short;

1 This fourth guest cannot be identified. Some have supposed that Plato himself is intended.

There is one comment on or cross reference to this page.

Cross references from James Adam, The Republic of Plato:

1, 354A

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March 18, 2019 By // [by Editor](#) [Leave a Comment](#)

While business owners are focused on profits and on their day-to-day needs, they may forget to give back to their communities. It is crucial for companies to become socially responsible and to show that they care for people and for the world around them. Dr. Victor Lee, an orthodontist from Abilene, Texas, examines the advantages that a business can reap by becoming involved in their community.

#### Brand Recognition

Having your business's name out in the community will lead to greater brand recognition. For example, sponsoring a community 5K run or a town festival will bring your company visibility in the public eye. Having your company's name associated with a charitable enterprise will bring good exposure and make people think more positively about your business.

Name recognition is a huge benefit of community involvement. When a business or individual is looking for services, your name may come to mind more quickly than others. These quick decisions will pay off for your company.

#### Community Goodwill

When a business becomes involved in the community, they will have the opportunity to make a good impression on the people who live there. Sponsoring community groups like Scout troops and children's sports leagues brings companies the reward of making the world a better place. When people think about your company, they will associate it with social responsibility.

#### Employee Satisfaction

When employees help with charitable activities, their morale is higher. Happier employees perform better at their jobs. Allow employees to take paid time out of their workday to volunteer. Employees should also be encouraged to work with community organizations on their own time.

Matching charitable donations is a great way to promote employee loyalty. When an

employee makes a documented gift to a local charity, the business can match that money. This is usually performed by large companies, but smaller companies can also benefit from this practice. Charitable donations are generally tax-exempt.

#### Build Business Relationships

When working with community groups, you have the opportunity to do more than making the world a better place. You can also build relationships with other businesses in the area. It pays to get to know your competition, and you can also connect with suppliers and business customers as well. Having close bonds with other companies in the community pays off. Businesses who take care to be friendly with other companies will also boost their reputation.

#### Giving Reflects Well on the Company

Advertise how much you are giving back to your customers. Hanging photos from community groups, you have sponsored in your place of business makes your giving public. Regularly hosting events like special sales or dinners will help customers associate your business with a positive impact on the community.

#### The Bottom Line

Building relationships with the people and charitable organizations in your area can also positively impact your company's profits. For example, a restaurant holding a community fundraising night may donate a percentage of each check to the organization, but the added exposure will fill the restaurant on a normally slow night. The business's take will be larger overall, and the restaurant will experience better sales figures.

#### Personal Satisfaction

While these rewards are certainly enough reason to be involved in the community, Dr. Victor Lee encourages businesses to do it for its own sake. Getting involved makes business leaders feel good about their impact on the world.

Being part of a vibrant community means supporting townspeople and organizations in any way possible. When businesses help the community, they can create a positive climate and have a great impact on the world.

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[swimmer](#)

March 13, 2019 By // [by Editor](#) [Leave a Comment](#)

Swimming is an activity with many benefits for physical and mental health. It is the fourth most popular form of physical exercise in the United States. Swimming can be a vigorous cardiac activity or a slower, more meditative form of exercise. Anyone can learn to swim, and the benefits increase over time. Mike Kotch, a former swimming coach with many years of experience at the collegiate level, examines the benefits of swimming and relates how anyone can achieve better mental and physical health while taking part in the sport.

Cardiovascular Benefits

When compared with people who do not take part in the exercise, swimmers have half the risk of death. Swimming works the cardiovascular system, strengthening the heart

and lungs. Swimming builds cardiac endurance and benefits their ability to take part in other activities.

#### Full-Body Activity

Unlike running, swimming is a full-body activity that provides a total workout without excess wear and tears on the bones and joints. Both upper and lower body muscles are affected, along with core and back muscles. Swimming produces great results for all participants.

#### Good for People with Limitations

Since it is a low-impact activity, swimming is appropriate for people with arthritis, existing injuries, disabilities, and other bone and joint problems that make it difficult to get significant amounts of exercise. Swimming can even benefit people with serious conditions like multiple sclerosis. Swimming can also help to relieve the joint pain associated with arthritis and other medical conditions.

#### Appropriate for People with Asthma

Many forms of cardio exercise are difficult for people with asthma, but swimming provides the opportunity for a vigorous workout without the disadvantages of dry air.

#### Burns Calories Efficiently

Swimming is an excellent way to burn calories and lose weight. When compared with walking at 3.5 miles an hour for 60 minutes, which burns 315 calories, swimming at a moderate pace for an hour burns 423 calories. This calorie efficiency makes swimming a great choice for a weight loss exercise.

#### Helps with Sleep

Along with other forms of aerobic exercise, swimming helps to improve a person's sleep patterns. In a study of elderly people with insomnia, people found that their sleep quality and overall quality of life were boosted significantly.

#### Safe in Pregnancy

Swimming, unlike other activities, is recommended throughout pregnancy as long as there are no underlying medical conditions or restrictions. A mother's swimming may even help to benefit the health of her baby, having a lower risk of congenital defects and preterm labor.

#### Beneficial for Children

Children should participate in vigorous physical activity for at least one hour per day. Swimming is a great choice for kids, combining fun with exercise. Swimming has many social and physical benefits for children, from interacting with peers to the dynamics of belonging to a swim team.

#### Reduces Stress and Anxiety

Swimming is a powerful stress reliever. Swimming produces an adrenaline high which provides positive feelings. A Taiwanese study found that people's perception of their

daily life stress decreased dramatically when they added swimming to their daily routine.

#### Reduces Risk of Depression

Swimming has been found to decrease the risk of depression in vulnerable people. Depression is a disorder which seriously impacts the quality of life. When people swim, they can feel more in tune with themselves and accept their emotions.

#### Spiritual Development

Swimming, like other forms of exercise, helps people connect with their essential selves. Having regular athletic or physical practice can be a form of meditation for many people. They are able to put away their problems while they are in the pool, concentrating only on body movements and on their breath.

#### Affordable Activity

Joining a community pool is frequently less expensive than joining a gym, and most people only need a bathing suit to participate. When activities cost less money, more people are likely to participate.

#### Swimming is Beneficial

These many benefits of swimming will make it easy to decide to participate in the sport. Mike Kotch and other swim coaches extol its benefits, naming all the ways swimming can help with a person's physical and emotional growth. Learning to swim and participating regularly can have major physical, mental, and emotional benefits.

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"I thought of a labyrinth of labyrinths, of one sinuous spreading labyrinth that would encompass the past and the future and in some way involve the stars." --Jorge Luis Borges, from "The Garden of Forking Paths"

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Lancelot  
or,  
The Knight of the Cart  
by  
Chretien DeTroyes  
Fl. 12th Century A.D.  
Online Medieval and Classical Library Release #24

Originally written in Old French, sometime in the second half of the 12th Century A.D.,  
by the court poet Chretien DeTroyes. Translation by W.W. Comfort, 1914.  
The text of this edition is based on that published as CHRETIEN DETROYES:  
ARTHURIAN ROMANCES, (Trans: W.W. Comfort; Everyman's Library, London, 1914).  
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This electronic edition was edited, proofed, and prepared by Douglas B. Killings  
(DeTroyes@EnterAct.COM), December 1996.

[ Preparer's Note ]

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### PREPARER'S NOTE:

For background information and a discussion of Chretien DeTroyes' work, see W.W.  
Comfort's Introduction to his translations, released in OMACL text 21: "Erec et Enide".

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(Garland Library of Medieval Literature 1A, New York & London, 1981). Original text  
with English translation (See Penguin Classics edition below).

#### OTHER TRANSLATIONS --

Cline, Ruth Harwood (Trans.): "Chretien DeTroyes: Lancelot, or the Knight of the Cart" (University of Georgia Press, Athens GA, 1990).

Kibler, William W. & Carleton W. Carroll (Trans.): "Chretien DeTroyes: Arthurian Romances" (Penguin Classics, London, 1991). Contains translations of "Erec et Enide" (by Carroll), "Cliges", "Yvain", "Lancelot", and DeTroyes' incomplete "Perceval" (by Kibler). Highly recommended.

Owen, D.D.R (Trans.): "Chretien DeTroyes: Arthurian Romances" (Everyman Library, London, 1987). Contains translations of "Erec et Enide", "Cliges", "Yvain", "Lancelot", and DeTroyes' incomplete "Perceval". NOTE: This edition replaced W.W. Comfort's in the Everyman Library catalogue. Highly recommended.

#### RECOMMENDED READING --

Anonymous: "Lancelot of the Lake" (Trans: Corin Corely; Oxford University Press, Oxford, 1989). English translation of one of the earliest prose romances concerning Lancelot.

Malory, Sir Thomas: "Le Morte D'Arthur" (Ed: Janet Cowen; Penguin Classics, London, 1969).

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Lancelot

or,

The Knight of the Cart

Part I: Vv. 1 - Vv. 1840

Online Medieval and Classical Library Release #24

(Vv. 1-30.) Since my lady of Champagne wishes me to undertake to write a romance, (1) I shall very gladly do so, being so devoted to her service as to do anything in the world for her, without any intention of flattery. But if one were to introduce any flattery upon such an occasion, he might say, and I would subscribe to it, that this lady surpasses all others who are alive, just as the south wind which blows in May or April is more lovely than any other wind. But upon my word, I am not one to wish to flatter my lady. I will simply say: "The Countess is worth as many queens as a gem is worth of pearls and sards." Nay I shall make no comparison, and yet it is true in spite of me; I will say, however, that her command has more to do with this work than any thought or pains that I may expend upon it. Here Chretien begins his book about the Knight of the Cart. The material and the treatment of it are given and furnished to him by the Countess, and he is simply trying to carry out her concern and intention. Here he begins the story.

(Vv. 31-172.) Upon a certain Ascension Day King Arthur had come from Caerleon, and had held a very magnificent court at Camelot as was fitting on such a day. (2) After the feast the King did not quit his noble companions, of whom there were many in the hall. The Queen was present, too, and with her many a courteous lady able to converse in French. And Kay, who had furnished the meal, was eating with the others who had served the food. While Kay was sitting there at meat, behold there came to court a knight, well equipped and fully armed, and thus the knight appeared before the King as he sat among his lords. He gave him no greeting, but spoke out thus: "King Arthur, I hold in captivity knights, ladies, and damsels who belong to thy dominion and household; but it is not because of any intention to restore them to thee that I make reference to them here; rather do I wish to proclaim and serve thee notice that thou hast not the strength or the resources to enable thee to secure them again. And be assured that thou shalt die before thou canst ever succour them." The King replies that he must needs endure what he has not the power to change; nevertheless, he is filled with grief. Then the knight makes as if to go away, and turns about, without tarrying longer before the King; but after reaching the door of the hall, he does not go down the stairs, but stops and speaks from there these words: "King, if in thy court there is a single knight in whom thou hast such confidence that thou wouldst dare to entrust to him the Queen that he might escort her after me out into the woods whither I am going, I will promise to await him there, and will surrender to thee all the prisoners whom I hold in exile in my country if he is able to defend the Queen and if he succeeds in bringing her back again." Many who were in the palace heard this challenge, and the whole court was in an uproar. Kay, too, heard the news as he sat at meat with those who served. Leaving the table, he came straight to the King, and as if greatly enraged, he began to say: "O King, I have served thee long, faithfully, and loyally; now I take my leave, and shall go away, having no desire to serve thee more." The King was grieved at what he heard, and as soon as he could, he thus replied to him: "Is this serious, or a joke?" And Kay replied: "O King, fair sire, I have no desire to jest, and I take my leave quite seriously. No other reward or wages do I wish in return for the service I have given you. My mind is quite made up to go away immediately." "Is it in anger or in spite that you wish to go?" the King inquired; "seneschal, remain at court, as you have done hitherto, and be assured

that I have nothing in the world which I would not give you at once in return for your consent to stay." "Sire," says Kay, "no need of that. I would not accept for each day's pay a measure of fine pure gold." Thereupon, the King in great dismay went off to seek the Queen. "My lady," he says, "you do not know the demand that the seneschal makes of me. He asks me for leave to go away, and says he will no longer stay at court; the reason of this I do not know. But he will do at your request what he will not do for me. Go to him now, my lady dear. Since he will not consent to stay for my sake, pray him to remain on your account, and if need be, fall at his feet, for I should never again be happy if I should lose his company." (3) The King sends the Queen to the seneschal, and she goes to him. Finding him with the rest, she went up to him, and said: "Kay, you may be very sure that I am greatly troubled by the news I have heard of you. I am grieved to say that I have been told it is your intention to leave the King. How does this come about? What motive have you in your mind? I cannot think that you are so sensible or courteous as usual. I want to ask you to remain: stay with us here, and grant my prayer." "Lady," he says, "I give you thanks; nevertheless, I shall not remain." The Queen again makes her request, and is joined by all the other knights. And Kay informs her that he is growing tired of a service which is unprofitable. Then the Queen prostrates herself at full length before his feet. Kay beseeches her to rise, but she says that she will never do so until he grants her request. Then Kay promises her to remain, provided the King and she will grant in advance a favour he is about to ask. "Kay," she says, "he will grant it, whatever it may be. Come now, and we shall tell him that upon this condition you will remain." So Kay goes away with the Queen to the King's presence. The Queen says: "I have had hard work to detain Kay; but I have brought him here to you with the understanding that you will do what he is going to ask." The King sighed with satisfaction, and said that he would perform whatever request he might make.

(Vv. 173-246.) "Sire," says Kay, "hear now what I desire, and what is the gift you have promised me. I esteem myself very fortunate to gain such a boon with your consent. Sire, you have pledged your word that you would entrust to me my lady here, and that we should go after the knight who awaits us in the forest." Though the King is grieved, he trusts him with the charge, for he never went back upon his word. But it made him so ill-humoured and displeased that it plainly showed in his countenance. The Queen, for her part, was sorry too, and all those of the household say that Kay had made a proud, outrageous, and mad request. Then the King took the Queen by the hand, and said: "My lady, you must accompany Kay without making objection." And Kay said: "Hand her over to me now, and have no fear, for I shall bring her back perfectly happy and safe." The King gives her into his charge, and he takes her off. After them all the rest go out, and there is not one who is not sad. You must know that the seneschal was fully armed, and his horse was led into the middle of the courtyard, together with a palfrey, as is fitting, for the Queen. The Queen walked up to the palfrey, which was neither restive nor hard-mouthed. Grieving and sad, with a sigh the Queen mounts, saying to herself in a low voice, so that no one could hear: "Alas, alas, if you only knew it, I am sure you would never allow me without interference to be led away a step." (4) She thought she had spoken in a very low tone; but Count Guinable heard her, who was standing by when she mounted. When they started away, as great a lament was made by all the

men and women present as if she already lay dead upon a bier. They do not believe that she will ever in her life come back. The seneschal in his impudence takes her where that other knight is awaiting her. But no one was so much concerned as to undertake to follow him; until at last my lord Gawain thus addressed the King his uncle: "Sire," he says, "you have done a very foolish thing, which causes me great surprise; but if you will take my advice, while they are still near by, I and you will ride after them, and all those who wish to accompany us. For my part, I cannot restrain myself from going in pursuit of them at once. It would not be proper for us not to go after them, at least far enough to learn what is to become of the Queen, and how Kay is going to comport himself." "Ah, fair nephew," the King replied, "you have spoken courteously. And since you have undertaken the affair, order our horses to be led out bridled and saddled that there may be no delay in setting out."

(Vv. 247-398.) The horses are at once brought out, all ready and with the saddles on. First the King mounts, then my lord Gawain, and all the others rapidly. Each one, wishing to be of the party, follows his own will and starts away. Some were armed, but there were not a few without their arms. My lord Gawain was armed, and he bade two squires lead by the bridle two extra steeds. And as they thus approached the forest, they saw Kay's horse running out; and they recognised him, and saw that both reins of the bridle were broken. The horse was running wild, the stirrup-straps all stained with blood, and the saddle-bow was broken and damaged. Every one was chagrined at this, and they nudged each other and shook their heads. My lord Gawain was riding far in advance of the rest of the party, and it was not long before he saw coming slowly a knight on a horse that was sore, painfully tired, and covered with sweat. The knight first saluted my lord Gawain, and his greeting my lord Gawain returned. Then the knight, recognising my lord Gawain, stopped and thus spoke to him: "You see, sir, my horse is in a sweat and in such case as to be no longer serviceable. I suppose that those two horses belong to you now, with the understanding that I shall return the service and the favour, I beg you to let me have one or the other of them, either as a loan or outright as a gift." And he answers him: "Choose whichever you prefer." Then he who was in dire distress did not try to select the better or the fairer or the larger of the horses, but leaped quickly upon the one which was nearer to him, and rode him off. Then the one he had just left fell dead, for he had ridden him hard that day, so that he was used up and overworked. The knight without delay goes pricking through the forest, and my lord Gawain follows in pursuit of him with all speed, until he reaches the bottom of a hill. And when he had gone some distance, he found the horse dead which he had given to the knight, and noticed that the ground had been trampled by horses, and that broken shields and lances lay strewn about, so that it seemed that there had been a great combat between several knights, and he was very sorry and grieved not to have been there. However, he did not stay there long, but rapidly passed on until he saw again by chance the knight all alone on foot, completely armed, with helmet laced, shield hanging from his neck, and with his sword girt on. He had overtaken a cart. In those days such a cart served the same purpose as does a pillory now; and in each good town where there are more than three thousand such carts nowadays, in those times there was only one, and this, like our pillories, had to do service for all those who commit murder or treason, and those who are guilty of any delinquency, and for thieves who have stolen

others' property or have forcibly seized it on the roads. Whoever was convicted of any crime was placed upon a cart and dragged through all the streets, and he lost henceforth all his legal rights, and was never afterward heard, honoured, or welcomed in any court. The carts were so dreadful in those days that the saying was then first used: "When thou dost see and meet a cart, cross thyself and call upon God, that no evil may befall thee." The knight on foot, and without a lance, walked behind the cart, and saw a dwarf sitting on the shafts, who held, as a driver does, a long goad in his hand. Then he cries out: "Dwarf, for God's sake, tell me now if thou hast seen my lady, the Queen, pass by here." The miserable, low-born dwarf would not give him any news of her, but replied: "If thou wilt get up into the cart I am driving thou shalt hear to-morrow what has happened to the Queen." Then he kept on his way without giving further heed. The knight hesitated only for a couple of steps before getting in. Yet, it was unlucky for him that he shrank from the disgrace, and did not jump in at once; for he will later rue his delay. But common sense, which is inconsistent with love's dictates, bids him refrain from getting in, warning him and counselling him to do and undertake nothing for which he may reap shame and disgrace. Reason, which dares thus speak to him, reaches only his lips, but not his heart; but love is enclosed within his heart, bidding him and urging him to mount at once upon the cart. So he jumps in, since love will have it so, feeling no concern about the shame, since he is prompted by love's commands. And my lord Gawain presses on in haste after the cart, and when he finds the knight sitting in it, his surprise is great. "Tell me," he shouted to the dwarf, "if thou knowest anything of the Queen." And he replied: "If thou art so much thy own enemy as is this knight who is sitting here, get in with him, if it be thy pleasure, and I will drive thee along with him." When my lord Gawain heard that, he considered it great foolishness, and said that he would not get in, for it would be dishonourable to exchange a horse for a cart: "Go on, and wherever thy journey lies, I will follow after thee."

(Vv. 399-462.) Thereupon they start ahead, one mounted on his horse, the other two riding in the cart, and thus they proceed in company. Late in the afternoon they arrive at a town, which, you must know, was very rich and beautiful. All three entered through the gate; the people are greatly amazed to see the knight borne upon the cart, and they take no pains to conceal their feelings, but small and great and old and young shout taunts at him in the streets, so that the knight hears many vile and scornful words at his expense. (5) They all inquire: "To what punishment is this knight to be consigned? Is he to be rayed, or hanged, or drowned, or burned upon a fire of thorns? Tell us, thou dwarf, who art driving him, in what crime was he caught? Is he convicted of robbery? Is he a murderer, or a criminal?" And to all this the dwarf made no response, vouchsafing to them no reply. He conducts the knight to a lodging-place; and Gawain follows the dwarf closely to a tower, which stood on the same level over against the town. Beyond there stretched a meadow, and the tower was built close by, up on a lofty eminence of rock, whose face formed a sharp precipice. Following the horse and cart, Gawain entered the tower. In the hall they met a damsel elegantly attired, than whom there was none fairer in the land, and with her they saw coming two fair and charming maidens. As soon as they saw my lord Gawain, they received him joyously and saluted him, and then asked news about the other knight: "Dwarf, of what crime is this knight guilty, whom thou dost drive like a lame man?" He would not answer her question, but he made the knight get

out of the cart, and then he withdrew, without their knowing whither he went. Then my lord Gawain dismounts, and valets come forward to relieve the two knights of their armour. The damsel ordered two green mantles to be brought, which they put on. When the hour for supper came, a sumptuous repast was set. The damsel sat at table beside my lord Gawain. They would not have changed their lodging-place to seek any other, for all that evening the damsel showed them great honour, and provided them with fair and pleasant company.

(Vv. 463-538.) When they had sat up long enough, two long, high beds were prepared in the middle of the hall; and there was another bed alongside, fairer and more splendid than the rest; for, as the story testifies, it possessed all the excellence that one could think of in a bed. When the time came to retire, the damsel took both the guests to whom she had offered her hospitality; she shows them the two fine, long, wide beds, and says: "These two beds are set up here for the accommodation of your bodies; but in that one yonder no one ever lay who did not merit it: it was not set up to be used by you." The knight who came riding on the cart replies at once: "Tell me, he says, "for what cause this bed is inaccessible." Being thoroughly informed of this, she answers unhesitatingly: "It is not your place to ask or make such an inquiry. Any knight is disgraced in the land after being in a cart, and it is not fitting that he should concern himself with the matter upon which you have questioned me; and most of all it is not right that he should lie upon the bed, for he would soon pay dearly for his act. So rich a couch has not been prepared for you, and you would pay dearly for ever harbouring such a thought." He replies: "You will see about that presently." .... "Am I to see it?" .... "Yes." .... "It will soon appear." .... "By my head," the knight replies, "I know not who is to pay the penalty. But whoever may object or disapprove, I intend to lie upon this bed and repose there at my ease." Then he at once disrobed in the bed, which was long and raised half an ell above the other two, and was covered with a yellow cloth of silk and a coverlet with gilded stars. The furs were not of skinned vair but of sable; the covering he had on him would have been fitting for a king. The mattress was not made of straw or rushes or of old mats. At midnight there descended from the rafters suddenly a lance, as with the intention of pinning the knight through the flanks to the coverlet and the white sheets where he lay. (6) To the lance there was attached a pennon all ablaze. The coverlet, the bedclothes, and the bed itself all caught fire at once. And the tip of the lance passed so close to the knight's side that it cut the skin a little, without seriously wounding him. Then the knight got up, put out the fire and, taking the lance, swung it in the middle of the hall, all this without leaving his bed; rather did he lie down again and slept as securely as at first.

(Vv. 539-982.) In the morning, at daybreak, the damsel of the tower had Mass celebrated on their account, and had them rise and dress. When Mass had been celebrated for them, the knight who had ridden in the cart sat down pensively at a window, which looked out upon the meadow, and he gazed upon the fields below. The damsel came to another window close by, and there my lord Gawain conversed with her privately for a while about something, I know not what. I do not know what words were uttered, but while they were leaning on the window-sill they saw carried along the river through the fields a bier, upon which there lay a knight, (7) and alongside three damsels



walked, mourning bitterly. Behind the bier they saw a crowd approaching, with a tall knight in front, leading a fair lady by the horse's rein. The knight at the window knew that it was the Queen. He continued to gaze at her attentively and with delight as long as she was visible. And when he could no longer see her, he was minded to throw himself out and break his body down below. And he would have let himself fall out had not my lord Gawain seen him, and drawn him back, saying: "I beg you, sire, be quiet now. For God's sake, never think again of committing such a mad deed. It is wrong for you to despise your life." "He is perfectly right," the damsel says; "for will not the news of his disgrace be known everywhere? Since he has been upon the cart, he has good reason to wish to die, for he would be better dead than alive. His life henceforth is sure to be one of shame, vexation, and unhappiness." Then the knights asked for their armour, and armed themselves, the damsel treating them courteously, with distinction and generosity; for when she had joked with the knight and ridiculed him enough, she presented him with a horse and lance as a token of her goodwill. The knights then courteously and politely took leave of the damsel, first saluting her, and then going off in the direction taken by the crowd they had seen. Thus they rode out from the town without addressing them. They proceeded quickly in the direction they had seen taken by the Queen, but they did not overtake the procession, which had advanced rapidly. After leaving the fields, the knights enter an enclosed place, and find a beaten road. They advanced through the woods until it might be six o'clock, (8) and then at a crossroads they met a damsel, whom they both saluted, each asking and requesting her to tell them, if she knows, whither the Queen has been taken. Replying intelligently, she said to them: "If you would pledge me your word, I could set you on the right road and path, and I would tell you the name of the country and of the knight who is conducting her; but whoever would essay to enter that country must endure sore trials, for before he could reach there he must suffer much." Then my lord Gawain replies: "Damsel, so help me God, I promise to place all my strength at your disposal and service, whenever you please, if you will tell me now the truth." And he who had been on the cart did not say that he would pledge her all his strength; but he proclaims, like one whom love makes rich, powerful and bold for any enterprise, that at once and without hesitation he will promise her anything she desires, and he puts himself altogether at her disposal. "Then I will tell you the truth," says she. Then the damsel relates to them the following story: "In truth, my lords, Meleagant, a tall and powerful knight, son of the King of Gorre, has taken her off into the kingdom whence no foreigner returns, but where he must perforce remain in servitude and banishment." Then they ask her: "Damsel, where is this country? Where can we find the way thither?" She replies: "That you shall quickly learn; but you may be sure that you will meet with many obstacles and difficult passages, for it is not easy to enter there except with the permission of the king, whose name is Bademagu; however, it is possible to enter by two very perilous paths and by two very difficult passage-ways. One is called the water-bridge, because the bridge is under water, and there is the same amount of water beneath it as above it, so that the bridge is exactly in the middle; and it is only a foot and a half in width and in thickness. This choice is certainly to be avoided. and yet it is the less dangerous of the two. In addition there are a number of other obstacles of which I will say nothing. The other bridge is still more impracticable and much more perilous, never having been crossed by man. It is just like a sharp sword, and therefore all the people call it `the

sword-bridge'. Now I have told you all the truth I know." But they ask of her once again: "Damsel, deign to show us these two passages." To which the damsel makes reply: "This road here is the most direct to the water-bridge, and that one yonder leads straight to the sword- bridge." Then the knight, who had been on the cart, says: "Sire, I am ready to share with you without prejudice: take one of these two routes, and leave the other one to me; take whichever you prefer." "In truth," my lord Gawain replies, "both of them are hard and dangerous: I am not skilled in making such a choice, and hardly know which of them to take; but it is not right for me to hesitate when you have left the choice to me: I will choose the water-bridge." The other answers: "Then I must go uncomplainingly to the sword-bridge, which I agree to do." Thereupon, they all three part, each one commending the others very courteously to God. And when she sees them departing, she says: "Each one of you owes me a favour of my choosing, whenever I may choose to ask it. Take care not to forget that." "We shall surely not forget it, sweet friend," both the knights call out. Then each one goes his own way, and he of the cart is occupied with deep reflections, like one who has no strength or defence against love which holds him in its sway. His thoughts are such that he totally forgets himself, and he knows not whether he is alive or dead, forgetting even his own name, not knowing whether he is armed or not, or whither he is going or whence he came. Only one creature he has in mind, and for her his thought is so occupied that he neither sees nor hears aught else. (9) And his horse bears him along rapidly, following no crooked road, but the best and the most direct; and thus proceeding unguided, he brings him into an open plain. In this plain there was a ford, on the other side of which a knight stood armed, who guarded it, and in his company there was a damsel who had come on a palfrey. By this time the afternoon was well advanced, and yet the knight, unchanged and unwearied, pursued his thoughts. The horse, being very thirsty, sees clearly the ford, and as soon as he sees it, hastens toward it. Then he on the other side cries out: "Knight, I am guarding the ford, and forbid you to cross." He neither gives him heed, nor hears his words, being still deep in thought. In the meantime, his horse advanced rapidly toward the water. The knight calls out to him that he will do wisely to keep at a distance from the ford, for there is no passage that way; and he swears by the heart within his breast that he will smite him if he enters the water. But his threats are not heard, and he calls out to him a third time: "Knight, do not enter the ford against my will and prohibition; for, by my head, I shall strike you as soon as I see you in the ford." But he is so deep in thought that he does not hear him. And the horse, quickly leaving the bank, leaps into the ford and greedily begins to drink. And the knight says he shall pay for this, that his shield and the hauberk he wears upon his back shall afford him no protection. First, he puts his horse at a gallop, and from a gallop he urges him to a run, and he strikes the knight so hard that he knocks him down flat in the ford which he had forbidden him to cross. His lance flew from his hand and the shield from his neck. When he feels the water, he shivers, and though stunned, he jumps to his feet, like one aroused from sleep, listening and looking about him with astonishment, to see who it can be who has struck him. Then face to face with the other knight, he said: "Vassal, tell me why you have struck me, when I was not aware of your presence, and when I had done you no harm." "Upon my word, you had wronged me," the other says: "did you not treat me disdainfully when I forbade you three times to cross the ford, shouting at you as loudly as I could? You surely heard me challenge you at least two or three times, and

you entered in spite of me, though I told you I should strike you as soon as I saw you in the ford." Then the knight replies to him: "Whoever heard you or saw you, let him be damned, so far as I am concerned. I was probably deep in thought when you forbade me to cross the ford. But be assured that I would make you regret it, if I could just lay one of my hands on your bridle." And the other replies: "Why, what of that? If you dare, you may seize my bridle here and now. I do not esteem your proud threats so much as a handful of ashes." And he replies: "That suits me perfectly. However the affair may turn out, I should like to lay my hands on you." Then the other knight advances to the middle of the ford, where the other lays his left hand upon his bridle, and his right hand upon his leg, pulling, dragging, and pressing him so roughly that he remonstrates, thinking that he would pull his leg out of his body. Then he begs him to let go, saying: "Knight, if it please thee to fight me on even terms, take thy shield and horse and lance, and joust with me." He answers: "That will I not do, upon my word; for I suppose thou wouldst run away as soon as thou hadst escaped my grip." Hearing this, he was much ashamed, and said: "Knight, mount thy horse, in confidence for I will pledge thee loyally my word that I shall not flinch or run away." Then once again he answers him: "First, thou wilt have to swear to that, and I insist upon receiving thy oath that thou wilt neither run away nor flinch, nor touch me, nor come near me until thou shalt see me on my horse; I shall be treating thee very generously, if, when thou art in my hands, I let thee go." He can do nothing but give his oath; and when the other hears him swear, he gathers up his shield and lance which were floating in the ford and by this time had drifted well down-stream; then he returns and takes his horse. After catching and mounting him, he seizes the shield by the shoulder-straps and lays his lance in rest. Then each spurs toward the other as fast as their horses can carry them. And he who had to defend the ford first attacks the other, striking him so hard that his lance is completely splintered. The other strikes him in return so that he throws him prostrate into the ford, and the water closes over him. Having accomplished that, he draws back and dismounts, thinking he could drive and chase away a hundred such. While he draws from the scabbard his sword of steel, the other jumps up and draws his excellent flashing blade. Then they clash again, advancing and covering themselves with the shields which gleam with gold. Ceaselessly and without repose they wield their swords; they have the courage to deal so many blows that the battle finally is so protracted that the Knight of the Cart is greatly ashamed in his heart, thinking that he is making a sorry start in the way he has undertaken, when he has spent so much time in defeating a single knight. If he had met yesterday a hundred such, he does not think or believe that they could have withstood him; so now he is much grieved and wroth to be in such an exhausted state that he is missing his strokes and losing time. Then he runs at him and presses him so hard that the other knight gives way and flees. However reluctant he may be, he leaves the ford and crossing free. But the other follows him in pursuit until he falls forward upon his hands; then he of the cart runs up to him, swearing by all he sees that he shall rue the day when he upset him in the ford and disturbed his reverie. The damsel, whom the knight had with him, upon hearing the threats, is in great fear, and begs him for her sake to forbear from killing him; but he tells her that he must do so, and can show him no mercy for her sake, in view of the shameful wrong that he has done him. Then, with sword drawn, he approaches the knight who cries in sore dismay: "For God's sake and for my own, show me the mercy I ask of you." And he replies: "As

God may save me, no one ever sinned so against me that I would not show him mercy once, for God's sake as is right, if he asked it of me in God's name. And so on thee I will have mercy; for I ought not to refuse thee when thou hast besought me. But first, thou shalt give me thy word to constitute thyself my prisoner whenever I may wish to summon thee." Though it was hard to do so, he promised him. At once the damsel said: "O knight, since thou hast granted the mercy he asked of thee, if ever thou hast broken any bonds, for my sake now be merciful and release this prisoner from his parole. Set him free at my request, upon condition that when the time comes, I shall do my utmost to repay thee in any way that thou shalt choose." Then he declares himself satisfied with the promise she has made, and sets the knight at liberty. Then she is ashamed and anxious, thinking that he will recognise her, which she did not wish. But he goes away at once, the knight and the damsel commending him to God, and taking leave of him. He grants them leave to go, while he himself pursues his way, until late in the afternoon he met a damsel coming, who was very fair and charming, well attired and richly dressed. The damsel greets him prudently and courteously, and he replies: "Damsel, God grant you health and happiness." Then the damsel said to him: "Sire, my house is prepared for you, if you will accept my hospitality, but you shall find shelter there only on condition that you will lie with me; upon these terms I propose and make the offer." Not a few there are who would have thanked her five hundred times for such a gift; but he is much displeased, and made a very different answer: "Damsel, I thank you for the offer of your house, and esteem it highly, but, if you please, I should be very sorry to lie with you." "By my eyes," the damsel says, "then I retract my offer." And he, since it is unavoidable, lets her have her way, though his heart grieves to give consent. He feels only reluctance now; but greater distress will be his when it is time to go to bed. The damsel, too, who leads him away, will pass through sorrow and heaviness. For it is possible that she will love him so that she will not wish to part with him. As soon as he had granted her wish and desire, she escorts him to a fortified place, than which there was none fairer in Thessaly; for it was entirely enclosed by a high wall and a deep moat, and there was no man within except him whom she brought with her.

(Vv. 983-1042.) Here she had constructed for her residence a quantity of handsome rooms, and a large and roomy hall. Riding along a river bank, they approached their lodging-place, and a drawbridge was lowered to allow them to pass. Crossing the bridge, they entered in, and found the hall open with its roof of tiles. Through the open door they pass, and see a table laid with a broad white cloth, upon which the dishes were set, and the candles burning in their stands, and the gilded silver drinking-cups, and two pots of wine, one red and one white. Standing beside the table, at the end of a bench, they found two basins of warm water in which to wash their hands, with a richly embroidered towel, all white and clean, with which to dry their hands. No valets, servants, or squires were to be found or seen. The knight, removing his shield from about his neck, hangs it upon a hook, and, taking his lance, lays it above upon a rack. Then he dismounts from his horse, as does the damsel from hers. The knight, for his part, was pleased that she did not care to wait for him to help her to dismount. Having dismounted, she runs directly to a room and brings him a short mantle of scarlet cloth which she puts on him. The hall was by no means dark; for beside the light from the stars, there were many large twisted candles lighted there, so that the illumination was

very bright. When she had thrown the mantle about his shoulders, she said to him: "Friend, here is the water and the towel; there is no one to present or offer it to you except me whom you see. Wash your hands, and then sit down, when you feel like doing so. The hour and the meal, as you can see, demand that you should do so." He washes, and then gladly and readily takes his seat, and she sits down beside him, and they eat and drink together, until the time comes to leave the table.

(Vv. 1043-1206.) When they had risen from the table, the damsel said to the knight: "Sire, if you do not object, go outside and amuse yourself; but, if you please, do not stay after you think I must be in bed. Feel no concern or embarrassment; for then you may come to me at once, if you will keep the promise you have made." And he replies: "I will keep my word, and will return when I think the time has come." Then he went out, and stayed in the courtyard until he thought it was time to return and keep the promise he had made. Going back into the hall, he sees nothing of her who would be his mistress; for she was not there. Not finding or seeing her, he said: "Wherever she may be, I shall look for her until I find her." He makes no delay in his search, being bound by the promise he had made her. Entering one of the rooms, he hears a damsel cry aloud, and it was the very one with whom he was about to lie. At the same time, he sees the door of another room standing open, and stepping toward it, he sees right before his eyes a knight who had thrown her down, and was holding her naked and prostrate upon the bed. She, thinking that he had come of course to help her, cried aloud: "Help, help, thou knight, who art my guest. If thou dost not take this man away from me, I shall find no one to do so; if thou dost not succour me speedily, he will wrong me before thy eyes. Thou art the one to lie with me, in accordance with thy promise; and shall this man by force accomplish his wish before thy eyes? Gentle knight, exert thyself, and make haste to bear me aid." He sees that the other man held the damsel brutally uncovered to the waist, and he is ashamed and angered to see him assault her so; yet it is not jealousy he feels, nor will he be made a cuckold by him. At the door there stood as guards two knights completely armed and with swords drawn. Behind them there stood four men-at-arms, each armed with an axe the sort with which you could split a cow down the back as easily as a root of juniper or broom. The knight hesitated at the door, and thought: "God, what can I do? I am engaged in no less an affair than the quest of Queen Guinevere. I ought not to have the heart of a hare, when for her sake I have engaged in such a quest. If cowardice puts its heart in me, and if I follow its dictates, I shall never attain what I seek. I am disgraced, if I stand here; indeed, I am ashamed even to have thought of holding back. My heart is very sad and oppressed: now I am so ashamed and distressed that I would gladly die for having hesitated here so long. I say it not in pride: but may God have mercy on me if I do not prefer to die honourably rather than live a life of shame! If my path were unobstructed, and if these men gave me leave to pass through without restraint, what honour would I gain? Truly, in that case the greatest coward alive would pass through; and all the while I hear this poor creature calling for help constantly, and reminding me of my promise, and reproaching me with bitter taunts." Then he steps to the door, thrusting in his head and shoulders; glancing up, he sees two swords descending. He draws back, and the knights could not check their strokes: they had wielded them with such force that the swords struck the floor, and both were broken in pieces. When he sees that the swords are broken, he pays

less attention to the axes, fearing and dreading them much less. Rushing in among them, he strikes first one guard in the side and then another. The two who are nearest him he jostles and thrusts aside, throwing them both down flat; the third missed his stroke at him, but the fourth, who attacked him, strikes him so that he cuts his mantle and shirt, and slices the white flesh on his shoulder so that the blood trickles down from the wound. But he, without delay, and without complaining of his wound, presses on more rapidly, until he strikes between the temples him who was assaulting his hostess. Before he departs, he will try to keep his pledge to her. He makes him stand up reluctantly. Meanwhile, he who had missed striking him comes at him as fast as he can and, raising his arm again, expects to split his head to the teeth with the axe. But the other, alert to defend himself, thrusts the knight toward him in such a way that he receives the axe just where the shoulder joins the neck, so that they are cleaved apart. Then the knight seizes the axe, wresting it quickly from him who holds it; then he lets go the knight whom he still held, and looks to his own defence; for the knights from the door, and the three men with axes are all attacking him fiercely. So he leaped quickly between the bed and the wall, and called to them: "Come on now, all of you. If there were thirty- seven of you, you would have all the fight you wish, with me so favourably placed; I shall never be overcome by you." And the damsel watching him, exclaimed: "By my eyes, you need have no thought of that henceforth where I am." Then at once she dismisses the knights and the men-at-arms, who retire from there at once, without delay or objection. And the damsel continues: "Sire you have well defended me against the men of my household. Come now, and I'll lead you on." Hand in hand they enter the hall, but he was not at all pleased, and would have willingly dispensed with her.

(Vv. 1207-1292.) In the midst of the hall a bed had been set up, the sheets of which were by no means soiled, but were white and wide and well spread out. The bed was not of shredded straw or of coarse spreads. But a covering of two silk cloths had been laid upon the couch. The damsel lay down first, but without removing her chemise. He had great trouble in removing his hose and in untying the knots. He sweated with the trouble of it all; yet, in the midst of all the trouble, his promise impels and drives him on. Is this then an actual force? Yes, virtually so; for he feels that he is in duty bound to take his place by the damsel's side. It is his promise that urges him and dictates his act. So he lies down at once, but like her, he does not remove his shirt. He takes good care not to touch her; and when he is in bed, he turns away from her as far as possible, and speaks not a word to her, like a monk to whom speech is forbidden. Not once does he look at her, nor show her any courtesy. Why not? Because his heart does not go out to her. She was certainly very fair and winsome, but not every one is pleased and touched by what is fair and winsome. The knight has only one heart, and this one is really no longer his, but has been entrusted to some one else, so that he cannot bestow it elsewhere. Love, which holds all hearts beneath its sway, requires it to be lodged in a single place. All hearts? No, only those which it esteems. And he whom love deigns to control ought to prize himself the more. Love prized his heart so highly that it constrained it in a special manner, and made him so proud of this distinction that I am not inclined to find fault with him, if he lets alone what love forbids, and remains fixed where it desires. The maiden clearly sees and knows that he dislikes her company and would gladly dispense with it, and that, having no desire to win her love, he would not

attempt to woo her. So she said: "My lord, if you will not feel hurt, I will leave and return to bed in my own room, and you will be more comfortable. I do not believe that you are pleased with my company and society. Do not esteem me less if I tell you what I think. Now take your rest all night, for you have so well kept your promise that I have no right to make further request of you. So I commend you to God; and shall go away."

Thereupon she arises: the knight does not object, but rather gladly lets her go, like one who is the devoted lover of some one else; the damsel clearly perceived this, and went to her room, where she undressed completely and retired, saying to herself: "Of all the knights I have ever known, I never knew a single knight whom I would value the third part of an angevin in comparison with this one. As I understand the case, he has on hand a more perilous and grave affair than any ever undertaken by a knight; and may God grant that he succeed in it." Then she fell asleep, and remained in bed until the next day's dawn appeared.

(Vv. 1293-1368.) At daybreak she awakes and gets up. The knight awakes too, dressing, and putting on his arms, without waiting for any help. Then the damsel comes and sees that he is already dressed. Upon seeing him, she says: "May this day be a happy one for you." "And may it be the same to you, damsel," the knight replies, adding that he is waiting anxiously for some one to bring out his horse. The maiden has some one fetch the horse, and says: "Sire, I should like to accompany you for some distance along the road, if you would agree to escort and conduct me according to the customs and practices which were observed before we were made captive in the kingdom of Logres." In those days the customs and privileges were such that, if a knight found a damsel or lorn maid alone, and if he cared for his fair name, he would no more treat her with dishonour than he would cut his own throat. And if he assaulted her, he would be disgraced for ever in every court. But if, while she was under his escort, she should be won at arms by another who engaged him in battle, then this other knight might do with her what he pleased without receiving shame or blame. This is why the damsel said she would go with him, if he had the courage and willingness to safe guard her in his company, so that no one should do her any harm. And he says to her: "No one shall harm you, I promise you, unless he harm me first." "Then," she says, "I will go with you." She orders her palfrey to be saddled, and her command is obeyed at once. Her palfrey was brought together with the knight's horse. Without the aid of any squire, they both mount, and rapidly ride away. She talks to him, but not caring for her words, he pays no attention to what she says. He likes to think, but dislikes to talk. Love very often inflicts afresh the wound it has given him. Yet, he applied no poultice to the wound to cure it and make it comfortable, having no intention or desire to secure a poultice or to seek a physician, unless the wound becomes more painful. Yet, there is one whose remedy he would gladly seek .... (10) They follow the roads and paths in the right direction until they come to a spring, situated in the middle of a field, and bordered by a stone basin. Some one had forgotten upon the stone a comb of gilded ivory. Never since ancient times has wise man or fool seen such a comb. In its teeth there was almost a handful of hair belonging to her who had used the comb.

(Vv. 1369-1552.) When the damsel notices the spring, and sees the stone, she does not wish her companion to see it; so she turns off in another direction. And he, agreeably

occupied with his own thoughts, does not at once remark that she is leading him aside; but when at last he notices it, he is afraid of being beguiled, thinking that she is yielding and is going out of the way in order to avoid some danger. "See here, damsel," he cries, "you are not going right; come this way! No one, I think, ever went straight who left this road." "Sire, this is a better way for us," the damsel says, "I am sure of it." Then he replies to her: "I don't know, damsel, what you think; but you can plainly see that the beaten path lies this way; and since I have started to follow it, I shall not turn aside. So come now, if you will, for I shall continue along this way." Then they go forward until they come near the stone basin and see the comb. The knight says: "I surely never remember to have seen so beautiful a comb as this." "Let me have it," the damsel says. "Willingly, damsel," he replies. Then he stoops over and picks it up. While holding it, he looks at it steadfastly, gazing at the hair until the damsel begins to laugh. When he sees her doing so, he begs her to tell him why she laughs. And she says: "Never mind, for I will never tell you." "Why not?" he asks. "Because I don't wish to do so." And when he hears that, he implores her like one who holds that lovers ought to keep faith mutually: "Damsel, if you love anything passionately, by that I implore and conjure and beg you not to conceal from me the reason why you laugh." "Your appeal is so strong," she says, "that I will tell you and keep nothing back. I am sure, as I am of anything, that this comb belonged to the Queen. And you may take my word that those are strands of the Queen's hair which you see to be so fair and light and radiant, and which are clinging in the teeth of the comb; they surely never grew anywhere else." Then the knight replied: "Upon my word, there are plenty of queens and kings; what queen do you mean?" And she answered: "In truth, fair sire, it is of King Arthur's wife I speak." When he hears that, he has not strength to keep from bowing his head over his saddle-bow. And when the damsel sees him thus, she is amazed and terrified, thinking he is about to fall. Do not blame her for her fear, for she thought him in a faint. He might as well have swooned, so near was he to doing so; for in his heart he felt such grief that for a long time he lost his colour and power of speech. And the damsel dismounts, and runs as quickly as possible to support and succour him; for she would not have wished for anything to see him fall. When he saw her, he felt ashamed, and said: "Why do you need to bear me aid?" You must not suppose that the damsel told him why; for he would have been ashamed and distressed, and it would have annoyed and troubled him, if she had confessed to him the truth. So she took good care not to tell the truth, but tactfully answered him: "Sire, I dismounted to get the comb; for I was so anxious to hold it in my hand that I could not longer wait." Willing that she should have the comb, he gives it to her, first pulling out the hair so carefully that he tears none of it. Never will the eye of man see anything receive such honour as when he begins to adore these tresses. A hundred thousand times he raises them to his eyes and mouth, to his forehead and face: he manifests his joy in every way, considering himself rich and happy now. He lays them in his bosom near his heart, between the shirt and the flesh. He would not exchange them for a cartload of emeralds and carbuncles, nor does he think that any sore or illness can afflict him now; he holds in contempt essence of pearl, treacle, and the cure for pleurisy; (11) even for St. Martin and St. James he has no need; for he has such confidence in this hair that he requires no other aid. But what was this hair like? If I tell the truth about it, you will think I am a mad teller of lies. When the mart is full at the yearly fair of St. Denis, (12) and when the goods are most abundantly displayed, even



then the knight would not take all this wealth, unless he had found these tresses too. And if you wish to know the truth, gold a hundred thousand times refined, and melted down as many times, would be darker than is night compared with the brightest summer day we have had this year, if one were to see the gold and set it beside this hair. But why should I make a long story of it? The damsel mounts again with the comb in her possession; while he revels and delights in the tresses in his bosom. Leaving the plain, they come to a forest and take a short cut through it until they come to a narrow place, where they have to go in single file; for it would have been impossible to ride two horses abreast. Just where the way was narrowest, they see a knight approach. As soon as she saw him, the damsel recognised him, and said: "Sir knight, do you see him who yonder comes against us all armed and ready for a battle? I know what his intention is: he thinks now that he cannot fail to take me off defenceless with him. He loves me, but he is very foolish to do so. In person, and by messenger, he has been long wooing me. But my love is not within his reach, for I would not love him under any consideration, so help me God! I would kill myself rather than bestow my love on him. I do not doubt that he is delighted now, and is as satisfied as if he had me already in his power. But now I shall see what you can do, and I shall see how brave you are, and it will become apparent whether your escort can protect me. If you can protect me now, I shall not fail to proclaim that you are brave and very worthy." And he answered her: "Go on, go on!" which was as much as to say: "I am not concerned; there is no need of your being worried about what you have said."

(Vv. 1553-1660.) While they were proceeding, talking thus, the knight, who was alone, rode rapidly toward them on the run. He was the more eager to make haste, because he felt more sure of success; he felt that he was lucky now to see her whom he most dearly loves. As soon as he approaches her, he greets her with words that come from his heart: "Welcome to her, whence-soever she comes, whom I most desire, but who has hitherto caused me least joy and most distress!" It is not fitting that she should be so stingy of her speech as not to return his greeting, at least by word of mouth. The knight is greatly elated when the damsel greets him; though she does not take the words seriously, and the effort costs her nothing. Yet, if he had at this moment been victor in a tournament, he would not have so highly esteemed himself, nor thought he had won such honour and renown. Being now more confident of his worth, he grasped the bridle rein, and said: "Now I shall lead you away: I have to-day sailed well on my course to have arrived at last at so good a port. Now my troubles are at an end: after dangers, I have reached a haven; after sorrow, I have attained happiness; after pain, I have perfect health; now I have accomplished my desire, when I find you in such case that I can without resistance lead you away with me at once." Then she says: "You have no advantage; for I am under this knight's escort." "Surely, the escort is not worth much," he says, "and I am going to lead you off at once. This knight would have time to eat a bushel of salt before he could defend you from me; I think I could never meet a knight from whom I should not win you. And since I find you here so opportunely, though he too may do his best to prevent it, yet I will take you before his very eyes, however disgruntled he may be." The other is not angered by all the pride he hears expressed, but without any impudence or boasting, he begins thus to challenge him for her: "Sire, don't be in a hurry, and don't waste your words, but speak a little reasonably."

You shall not be deprived of as much of her as rightly belongs to you. You must know, however, that the damsel has come hither under my protection. Let her alone now, for you have detained her long enough!" The other gives them leave to burn him, if he does not take her away in spite of him. Then the other says: "It would not be right for me to let you take her away; I would sooner fight with you. But if we should wish to fight, we could not possibly do it in this narrow road. Let us go to some level place -- a meadow or an open field." And he replies that that will suit him perfectly: "Certainly, I agree to that: you are quite right, this road is too narrow. My horse is so much hampered here that I am afraid he will crush his flank before I can turn him around." Then with great difficulty he turns, and his horse escapes without any wound or harm. Then he says: "To be sure, I am much chagrined that we have not met in a favourable spot and in the presence of other men, for I should have been glad to have them see which is the better of us two. Come on now, let us begin our search: we shall find in the vicinity some large, broad, and open space." Then they proceed to a meadow, where there were maids, knights, and damsels playing at divers games in this pleasant place. They were not all engaged in idle sport, but were playing backgammon and chess or dice, and were evidently agreeably employed. Most were engaged in such games as these; but the others there were engaged in sports, dancing, singing, tumbling, leaping, and wrestling with each other.

(Vv. 1661-1840.) A knight somewhat advanced in years was on the other side of the meadow, seared upon a sorrel Spanish steed. His bridle and saddle were of gold, and his hair was turning grey. One hand hung at his side with easy grace. The weather being fine, he was in his shirt sleeves, with a short mantle of scarlet cloth and fur slung over his shoulders, and thus he watched the games and dances. On the other side of the field, close by a path, there were twenty-three knights mounted on good Irish steeds. As soon as the three new arrivals come into view, they all cease their play and shout across the fields: "See, yonder comes the knight who was driven in the cart! Let no one continue his sport while he is in our midst. A curse upon him who cares or deigns to play so long as he is here!" Meanwhile he who loved the damsel and claimed her as his own, approached the old knight, and said: "Sire, I have attained great happiness; let all who will now hear me say that God has granted me the thing that I have always most desired; His gift would not have been so great had He crowned me as king, nor would I have been so indebted to Him, nor would I have so profited; for what I have gained is fair and good." "I know not yet if it be thine," the knight replies to his son. But the latter answers him: "Don't you know? Can't you see it, then? For God's sake, sire, have no further doubt, when you see that I have her in my possession. In this forest, whence I come, I met her as she was on her way. I think God had fetched her there for me, and I have taken her for my own." "I do not know whether this will be allowed by him whom I see coming after thee; he looks as if he is coming to demand her of thee." During this conversation the dancing had ceased because of the knight whom they saw, nor were they gaily playing any more because of the disgust and scorn they felt for him. But the knight without delay came up quickly after the damsel, and said: "Let the damsel alone, knight, for you have no right to her! If you dare, I am willing at once to fight with you in her defence." Then the old knight remarked: "Did I not know it? Fair son, detain the damsel no longer, but let her go." He does not relish this advice,

and swears that he will not give her up: "May God never grant me joy if I give her up to him! I have her, and I shall hold on to her as something that is mine own. The shoulder-strap and all the armlets of my shield shall first be broken, and I shall have lost all confidence in my strength and arms, my sword and lance, before I will surrender my mistress to him." And his father says: "I shall not let thee fight for any reason thou mayest urge. Thou art too confident of thy bravery. So obey my command." But he in his pride replies: "What? Am I a child to be terrified? Rather will I make my boast that there is not within the sea-girt land any knight, wheresoever he may dwell, so excellent that I would let him have her, and whom I should not expect speedily to defeat." The father answers: "Fair son, I do not doubt that thou dost really think so, for thou art so confident of thy strength. But I do not wish to see thee enter a contest with this knight." Then he replies: "I shall be disgraced if I follow your advice. Curse me if I heed your counsel and turn recreant because of you, and do not do my utmost in the fight. It is true that a man fares ill among his relatives: I could drive a better bargain somewhere else, for you are trying to take me in. I am sure that where I am not known, I could act with better grace. No one, who did not know me, would try to thwart my will; whereas you are annoying and tormenting me. I am vexed by your finding fault with me. You know well enough that when any one is blamed, he breaks out still more passionately. But may God never give me joy if I renounce my purpose because of you; rather will I fight in spite of you!" "By the faith I bear the Apostle St. Peter," his father says, "now I see that my request is of no avail. I waste my time in rebuking thee; but I shall soon devise such means as shall compel thee against thy will to obey my commands and submit to them." Straightway summoning all the knights to approach, he bids them lay hands upon his son whom he cannot correct, saying: "I will have him bound rather than let him fight. You here are all my men, and you owe me your devotion and service: by all the fiefs you hold from me, I hold you responsible, and I add my prayer. It seems to me that he must be mad, and that he shows excessive pride, when he refuses to respect my will." Then they promise to take care of him, and say that never, while he is in their charge, shall he wish to fight, but that he must renounce the damsel in spite of himself. Then they all join and seize him by the arms and neck. "Dost thou not think thyself foolish now?" his father asks; "confess the truth: thou hast not the strength or power to fight or joust, however distasteful and hard it may be for thee to admit it. Thou wilt be wise to consent to my will and pleasure. Dost thou know what my intention is? In order somewhat to mitigate thy disappointment, I am willing to join thee, if thou wilt, in following the knight to-day and to-morrow, through wood and plain, each one mounted on his horse. Perhaps we shall soon find him to be of such a character and bearing that I might let thee have thy way and fight with him." To this proposal the other must perforce consent. Like the man who has no alternative, he says that he will give in, provided they both shall follow him. And when the people in the field see how this adventure has turned out, they all exclaim: "Did you see? He who was mounted on the cart has gained such honour here that he is leading away the mistress of the son of my lord, and he himself is allowing it. We may well suppose that he finds in him some merit, when he lets him take her off. Now cursed a hundred times be he who ceases longer his sport on his account! Come, let us go back to our games again." Then they resume their games and dances.

Go to Part II

ENDNOTES:

NOTE: Endnotes supplied by Prof. Foerster are indicated by "(F.)"; all other endnotes are supplied by W.W. Comfort.

- (1) Marie, daughter of Louis VII. of France and Eleanor of Aquitaine, married in 1164, Henri I., Count of Champagne. On the poet's own statement below, she furnished him with the subject matter ("maitere") and the manner of treatment ("san") of this romance. (F.)
- (2) The situation of Camelot has not been certainly determined. Foerster places it in Somersetshire, while F. Paris identified it with Colchester in Essex. (F.)
- (3) The high value here set upon Kay by king Arthur is worth noting in view of the unfavourable light in which Chretien usually portrays him.
- (4) This enigmatic exclamation is addressed to the absent Lancelot, who is the secret lover of Guinevere, and who, though he long remains anonymous as "the Knight of the Cart", is really the hero of the poem.
- (5) It was not uncommon in old French romances and epic poems for knights to be subjected to the mockery and raillery of the vulgar townspeople (cf. "Aiol", 911-923; id. 2579-2733; and even Moliere in "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac", f. 3).
- (6) For magic beds with descending swords, see A. Hertel, "Versauberte Oertlichkeiten", etc., p. 69 f. (Hanover, 1908).
- (7) The wounded knight is the defeated seneschal.
- (8) Mediaeval knights were such early risers as to cause us astonishment!

(9) Lancelot has constantly in mind the Queen, for whose sake he is enduring all this pain and shame.

(10) i.e., the Queen.

(11) Nothing can here be added to the tentative conjectures of Foerster regarding the nature of these unknown remedies.

(12) A great annual fair at Paris marked the festival, on June 11, of St. Denis, the patron saint of the city. (F.)

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Lancelot

or,

The Knight of the Cart

Part II: Vv. 1841 - Vv. 3684

Online Medieval and Classical Library Release #24

(Vv. 1841-1966.) Thereupon the knight turns away, without longer remaining in the field, and the damsel accompanies him. They leave in haste, while the father and his son ride after them through the mown fields until toward three o'clock, when in a very pleasant spot they come upon a church; beside the chancel there was a cemetery enclosed by a wall. The knight was both courteous and wise to enter the church on foot and make his

prayer to God, while the damsel held his horse for him until he returned. When he had made his prayer, and while he was coming back, a very old monk suddenly presented himself; whereupon the knight politely requests him to tell him what this place is; for he does not know. And he tells him it is a cemetery. And the other says: "Take me in, so help you God!" "Gladly, sire," and he takes him in. Following the monk's lead, the knight beholds the most beautiful tombs that one could find as far as Dombes (13) or Pampelune; and on each tomb there were letters cut, telling the names of those who were destined to be buried there. And he began in order to read the names, and came upon some which said: "Here Gawain is to lie, here Louis, and here Yvain." After these three, he read the names of many others among the most famed and cherished knights of this or any other land. Among the others, he finds one of marble, which appears to be new, and is more rich and handsome than all the rest. Calling the monk, the knight inquired: "Of what use are these tombs here?" And the monk replied: "You have already read the inscriptions; if you have understood, you must know what they say, and what is the meaning of the tombs." "Now tell me, what is this large one for?" And the hermit answered: "I will tell you. That is a very large sarcophagus, larger than any that ever was made; one so rich and well-carved was never seen. It is magnificent without, and still more so within. But you need not be concerned with that, for it can never do you any good; you will never see inside of it; for it would require seven strong men to raise the lid of stone, if any one wished to open it. And you may be sure that to raise it would require seven men stronger than you and I. There is an inscription on it which says that any one who can lift this stone of his own unaided strength will set free all the men and women who are captives in the land, whence no slave or noble can issue forth, unless he is a native of that land. No one has ever come back from there, but they are detained in foreign prisons; whereas they of the country go and come in and out as they please." At once the knight goes to grasp the stone, and raises it without the slightest trouble, more easily than ten men would do who exerted all their strength. And the monk was amazed, and nearly fell down at the sight of this marvellous thing; for he thought he would never see the like again, and said: "Sire, I am very anxious to know your name. Will you tell me what it is?" "Not I," says the knight, "upon my word." "I am certainly sorry, for that," he says; "but if you would tell me, you would do me a great favour, and might benefit yourself. Who are you, and where do you come from?" "I am a knight, as you may see, and I was born in the kingdom of Logre. After so much information, I should prefer to be excused. Now please tell me, for your part, who is to lie within this tomb." "Sire, he who shall deliver all those who are held captive in the kingdom whence none escapes." And when he had told him all this, the knight commended him to God and all His saints. And then, for the first time, he felt free to return to the damsel. The old white-haired monk escorts him out of the church, and they resume their way. While the damsel is mounting, however, the hermit relates to her all that the knight had done inside, and then he begged her to tell him, if she knew, what his name was; but she assured him that she did not know, but that there was one sure thing she could say, namely, that there was not such a knight alive where the four winds of heaven blow. (Vv. 1967-2022.) Then the damsel takes leave of him, and rides swiftly after the knight. Then those who were following them come up and see the hermit standing alone before the church. The old knight in his shirt sleeves said: "Sire, tell us, have you seen a knight with a damsel in his company?" And he replies: "I shall not be loath to tell you all I know,

for they have just passed on from here. The knight was inside yonder, and did a very marvellous thing in raising the stone from the huge marble tomb, quite unaided and without the least effort. He is bent upon the rescue of the Queen, and doubtless he will rescue her, as well as all the other people. You know well that this must be so, for you have often read the inscription upon the stone. No knight was ever born of man and woman, and no knight ever sat in a saddle, who was the equal of this man." Then the father turns to his son, and says: "Son, what dost thou think about him now? Is he not a man to be respected who has performed such a feat? Now thou knowest who was wrong, and whether it was thou or I. I would not have thee fight with him for all the town of Amiens; and yet thou didst struggle hard, before any one could dissuade thee from thy purpose. Now we may as well go back, for we should be very foolish to follow him any farther." And he replies: "I agree to that. It would be useless to follow him. Since it is your pleasure, let us return." They were very wise to retrace their steps. And all the time the damsel rides close beside the knight, wishing to compel him to give heed to her. She is anxious to learn his name, and she begs and beseeches him again and again to tell her, until in his annoyance he answers her: "Have I not already told you that I belong in King Arthur's realm? I swear by God and His goodness that you shall not learn my name." Then she bids him give her leave to go, and she will turn back, which request he gladly grants.

(Vv. 2023-2198.) Thereupon the damsel departs, and he rides on alone until it grew very late. After vespers, about compline, as he pursued his way, he saw a knight returning from the wood where he had been hunting. With helmet unlaced, he rode along upon his big grey hunter, to which he had tied the game which God had permitted him to take. This gentleman came quickly to meet the knight, offering him hospitality. "Sire," he says, "night will soon be here. It is time for you to be reasonable and seek a place to spend the night. I have a house of mine near at hand, whither I shall take you. No one ever lodged you better than I shall do, to the extent of my resources: I shall be very glad, if you consent." "For my part, I gladly accept," he says. The gentleman at once sends his son ahead, to prepare the house and start the preparations for supper. The lad willingly executes his command forthwith, and goes off at a rapid pace, while the others, who are in no haste, follow the road leisurely until they arrive at the house. The gentleman's wife was a very accomplished lady; and he had five sons, whom he dearly loved, three of them mere lads, and two already knights; and he had two fair and charming daughters, who were still unmarried. They were not natives of the land, but were there in durance, having been long kept there as prisoners away from their native land of Logres. When the gentleman led the knight into his yard, the lady with her sons and daughters jumped up and ran to meet them, vying in their efforts to do him honour, as they greeted him and helped him to dismount. Neither the sisters nor the five brothers paid much attention to their father, for they knew well enough that he would have it so. They honoured the knight and welcomed him; and when they had relieved him of his armour, one of his host's two daughters threw her own mantle about him, taking it from her own shoulders and throwing it about his neck. I do not need to tell how well he was served at supper; but when the meal was finished, they felt no further hesitation in speaking of various matters. First, the host began to ask him who he was, and from what land, but he did not inquire about his name. The knight promptly

answered him: "I am from the kingdom of Logres, and have never been in this land before." And when the gentleman heard that, he was greatly amazed, as were his wife and children too, and each one of them was sore distressed. Then they began to say to him: "Woe that you have come here, fair sire, for only trouble will come of it! For, like us, you will be reduced to servitude and exile." "Where do you come from, then?" he asked. "Sire, we belong in your country. Many men from your country are held in servitude in this land. Cursed be the custom, together with those who keep it up! No stranger comes here who is not compelled to stay here in the land where he is detained. For whoever wishes may come in, but once in, he has to stay. About your own fate, you may be at rest, you will doubtless never escape from here." He replies: "Indeed, I shall do so, if possible." To this the gentleman replies: "How? Do you think you can escape?" "Yes, indeed, if it be God's will; and I shall do all within my power." "In that case, doubtless all the rest would be set free; for, as soon as one succeeds in fairly escaping from this durance, then all the rest may go forth unchallenged." Then the gentleman recalled that he had been told and informed that a knight of great excellence was making his way into the country to seek for the Queen, who was held by the king's son, Meleagant; and he said to himself: "Upon my word, I believe it is he, and I'll tell him so." So he said to him: "Sire, do not conceal from me your business, if I promise to give you the best advice I know. I too shall profit by any success you may attain. Reveal to me the truth about your errand, that it may be to your advantage as well as mine. I am persuaded that you have come in search of the Queen into this land and among these heathen people, who are worse than the Saracens." And the knight replies: "For no other purpose have I come. I know not where my lady is confined, but I am striving hard to rescue her, and am in dire need of advice. Give me any counsel you can." And he says: "Sire, you have undertaken a very grievous task. The road you are travelling will lead you straight to the sword-bridge. (14) You surely need advice. If you would heed my counsel, you would proceed to the sword-bridge by a surer way, and I would have you escorted thither." Then he, whose mind is fixed upon the most direct way, asks him: "Is the road of which you speak as direct as the other way?" "No, it is not," he says; "it is longer, but more sure." Then he says: "I have no use for it; tell me about this road I am following!" "I am ready to do so," he replies; "but I am sure you will not fare well if you take any other than the road I recommend. To-morrow you will reach a place where you will have trouble: it is called 'the stony passage'. Shall I tell you how bad a place it is to pass? Only one horse can go through at a time; even two men could not pass abreast, and the passage is well guarded and defended. You will meet with resistance as soon as you arrive. You will sustain many a blow of sword and lance, and will have to return full measure before you succeed in passing through." And when he had completed the account, one of the gentleman's sons, who was a knight, stepped forward, saying: "Sire, if you do not object, I will go with this gentleman." Then one of the lads jumps up, and says: "I too will go." And the father gladly gives them both consent. Now the knight will not have to go alone, and he expresses his gratitude, being much pleased with the company.

(Vv. 2199-2266.) Then the conversation ceases, and they take the knight to bed, where he was glad to fall asleep. As soon as daylight was visible he got up, and those who were to accompany him got up too. The two knights donned their armour and took their



leave, while the young fellow started on ahead. Together they pursued their way until they came at the hour of prime to "the stony passage." In the middle of it they found a wooden tower, where there was always a man on guard. Before they drew near, he who was on the tower saw them and cried twice aloud: "Woe to this man who comes!" And then behold! A knight issued from the tower, mounted and armed with fresh armour, and escorted on either side by servants carrying sharp axes. Then, when the other draws near the passage, he who defends it begins to heap him with abuse about the cart, saying: "Vassal, thou art bold and foolish, indeed, to have entered this country. No man ought ever to come here who had ridden upon a cart, and may God withhold from him His blessing!" Then they spur toward each other at the top of their horses' speed. And he who was to guard the passage- way at once breaks his lance and lets the two pieces fall; the other strikes him in the neck, reaching him beneath the shield, and throws him over prostrate upon the stones. Then the servants come forward with the axes, but they intentionally fail to strike him, having no desire to harm or damage him; so he does not deign to draw his sword, and quickly passes on with his companions. One of them remarks to the other: "No one has ever seen so good a knight, nor has he any equal. Is not this a marvellous thing, that he has forced a passage here?" And the knight says to his brother: "Fair brother, for God's sake, make haste to go and tell our father of this adventure." But the lad asserts and swears that he will not go with the message, and will never leave the knight until he has dubbed and knighted him; let his brother go with the message, if he is so much concerned.

(Vv. 2267-2450.) Then they go on together until about three o'clock, when they come upon a man, who asks them who they are. And they answer: "We are knights, busy about our own affairs." Then the man says to the knight: "Sire, I should be glad to offer hospitality to you and your companions here." This invitation he delivers to him whom he takes to be the lord and master of the others. And this one replies to him: "I could not seek shelter for the night at such an hour as this; for it is not well to tarry and seek one's ease when one has undertaken some great task. And I have such business on hand that I shall not stop for the night for some time yet." Then the man continues: "My house is not near here, but is some distance ahead. It will be late when you reach there, so you may proceed, assured that you will find a place to lodge just when it suits you." "In that case," he says, "I will go thither." Thereupon the man starts ahead as guide, and the knight follows along the path. And when they had proceeded some distance, they met a squire who was coming along at a gallop, mounted upon a nag that was as fat and round as an apple. And the squire calls out to the man: "Sire, sire, make haste! For the people of Logres have attacked in force the inhabitants of this land, and war and strife have already broken out; and they say that this country has been invaded by a knight who has been in many battles, and that wherever he wishes to go, no one, however reluctantly, is able to deny him passage. And they further say that he will deliver those who are in this country, and will subdue our people. Now take my advice and make haste!" Then the man starts at a gallop, and the others are greatly delighted at the words they have heard, for they are eager to help their side. And the vavasor's son says: "Hear what this squire says! Come and let us aid our people who are fighting their enemies!" Meanwhile the man rides off, without waiting for them, and makes his way rapidly toward a fortress which stood upon a fortified hill; thither he hastens, till he

comes to the gate, while the others spur after him. The castle was surrounded by a high wall and moat. As soon as they had got inside, a gate was lowered upon their heels, so that they could not get out again. Then they say: "Come on, come on! Let us not stop here!" and they rapidly pursue the man until they reach another gate which was not closed against them. But as soon as the man had passed through, a portcullis dropped behind him. Then the others were much dismayed to see themselves shut in, and they think they must be bewitched. But he, of whom I have more to tell, wore upon his finger a ring, whose stone was of such virtue that any one who gazed at it was freed from the power of enchantment. (15) Holding the ring before his eyes, he gazed at it, and said: "Lady, lady, so help me God, now I have great need of your succour!" (16) This lady was a fairy, who had given it to him, and who had cared for him in his infancy. And he had great confidence that, wherever he might be, she would aid and succour him. But after appealing to her and gazing upon the ring, he realises that there is no enchantment here, but that they are actually shut in and confined. Then they come to the barred door of a low and narrow postern gate. Drawing their swords, they all strike it with such violence that they cut the bar. As soon as they were outside the tower, they see that a fierce strife was already begun down in the meadows, and that there are at least a thousand knights engaged, beside the low-bred infantry. While they were descending to the plain, the wise and moderate son of the vavasor remarked: "Sire, before we arrive upon the field, it would be wise for us, it seems to me, to find out and learn on which side our people are. I do not know where they are placed, but I will go and find out, if you wish it so." "I wish you would do so," he replies, "go quickly, and do not fail to come back again at once." He goes and returns at once, saying: "It has turned out well for us, for I have plainly seen that these are our troops on this side of the field." Then the knight at once rode into the fight and jousted with a knight who was approaching him, striking him in the eye with such violence that he knocked him lifeless to the ground. Then the lad dismounts, and taking the dead knight's horse and arms, he arms himself with skill and cleverness. When he was armed, he straightway mounts, taking the shield and the lance, which was heavy, stiff, and decorated, and about his waist he girt a sharp, bright, and flashing sword. Then he followed his brother and lord into the fight. The latter demeaned himself bravely in the melee for some time, breaking, splitting, and crushing shields, helmets and hauberks. No wood or steel protected the man whom he struck; he either wounded him or knocked him lifeless from the horse. Unassisted, he did so well that he discomfited all whom he met, while his companions did their part as well. The people of Logres, not knowing him, are amazed at what they see, and ask the vavasor's sons about the stranger knight. This reply is made to them: "Gentlemen, this is he who is to deliver us all from durance and misery, in which we have so long been confined, and we ought to do him great honour when, to set us free, he has passed through so many perils and is ready to face many more. He has done much, and will do yet more." Every one is overjoyed at hearing this welcome news. The news travelled fast, and was noised about, until it was known by all. Their strength and courage rise, so that they slay many of those still alive, and apparently because of the example of a single knight they work greater havoc than because of all the rest combined. And if it had not been so near evening, all would have gone away defeated; but night came on so dark that they had to separate.

(Vv. 2451-2614.) When the battle was over, all the captives pressed about the knight, grasping his rein on either side, and thus addressing him: "Welcome, fair sire," and each one adds: "Sire, for the name of God, do not fail to lodge with me!" What one says they all repeat, for young and old alike insist that he must lodge with them, saying: "You will be more comfortably lodged with me than with any one else." Thus each one addresses him to his face, and in the desire to capture him, each one drags him from the rest, until they almost come to blows. Then he tells them that they are very foolish and silly to struggle so. "Cease this wrangling among yourselves, for it does no good to me or you. Instead of quarrelling among ourselves, we ought rather to lend one another aid. You must not dispute about the privilege of lodging me, but rather consider how to lodge me in such a place that it may be to your general advantage, and that I may be advanced upon my way." Then each one exclaims at once: "That is my house, or, No, it is mine," until the knight replies: "Follow my advice and say nothing more; the wisest of you is foolish to contend this way. You ought to be concerned to further my affairs, and instead you are seeking to turn me aside. If you had each individually done me all the honour and service it is possible to do, and I had accepted your kindness, by all the saints of Rome I swear that I could not be more obliged to you than I am now for your good-will. So may God give me joy and health, your good intentions please me as much as if each one of you had already shown me great honour and kindness: so let the will stand for the deed!" Thus he persuades and appeases them all. Then they take him quickly along the road to a knight's residence, where they seek to serve him: all rejoice to honour and serve him throughout the evening until bedtime, for they hold him very dear. Next morning, when the time came to separate, each one offers and presents himself, with the desire to accompany him; but it is not his will or pleasure that any one shall go with him except the two whom he had brought with him. Accompanied by them alone, he resumed his journey. That day they rode from morn till evening without encountering any adventure. When it was now very late, and while they were riding rapidly out of a forest, they saw a house belonging to a knight, and seated at the door they saw his wife, who had the bearing of a gentle lady. As soon as she espied them coming, she rose to her feet to meet them, and greeted them joyfully with a smile: "Welcome! I wish you to accept my house; this is your lodging; pray dismount" "Lady, since it is your will, we thank you, and will dismount; we accept your hospitality for the night." When they had dismounted, the lady had the horses taken by members of her well-ordered household. She calls her sons and daughters who come at once: the youths were courteous, handsome, and well-behaved, and the daughters were fair. She bids the lads remove the saddles and curry the horses well; no one refused to do this, but each carried out her instructions willingly. When she ordered the knights to be disarmed, her daughters step forward to perform this service. They remove their armour, and hand them three short mantles to put on. Then at once they take them into the house which was very handsome. The master was not at home, being out in the woods with two of his sons. But he presently returned, and his household, which was well-ordered, ran to meet him outside the door. Quickly they untie and unpack the game he brings, and tell him the news: "Sire, sire, you do not know that you have three knights for guests." "God be praised for that," he says. Then the knight and his two sons extend a glad welcome to their guests. The rest of the household were not backward, for even the least among them prepared to perform his special task. While some run to

prepare the meal, others light the candles in profusion; still others get a towel and basins, and offer water for the hands: they are not niggardly in all this. When all had washed, they take their seats. Nothing that was done there seemed to be any trouble or burdensome. But at the first course there came a surprise in the form of a knight outside the door. As he sat on his charger, all armed from head to feet, he looked prouder than a bull, and a bull is a yew proud beast. One leg was fixed in the stirrup, but the other he had thrown over the mane of his horse's neck, to give himself a careless and jaunty air. Behold him advancing thus, though no one noticed him until he came forward with the words: "I wish to know which is the man who is so foolish and proud a numskull that he has come to this country and intends to cross the sword- bridge. All his pains will come to naught, and his expedition is in vain." Then he, who felt no fear at all, thus replies with confidence: "I am he who intends to cross the bridge." "Thou? Thou? How didst thou dare to think of such a thing? Before undertaking such a course, thou oughtest to have thought of the end that is in store for thee, and thou oughtest to have in mind the memory of the cart on which thou didst ride. I know not whether thou feelest shame for the ride thou hadst on it, but no sensible man would have embarked on such an enterprise as this if he had felt the reproach of his action."

(Vv. 2615-2690.) Not a word does he deign to reply to what he hears the other say; but the master of the house and all the others express their surprise openly: "Ah, God, what a misfortune this is," each one of them says to himself; "cursed be the hour when first a cart was conceived or made! For it is a very vile and hateful thing. Ah, God, of what was he accused? Why was he carried in a cart? For what sin, or for what crime? He will always suffer the reproach. If he were only clear of this disgrace, no knight could be found in all the world, however his valour might be proved, who would equal the merit of this knight. If all good knights could be compared, and if the truth were to be known, you could find none so handsome or so expert." Thus they expressed their sentiments. Then he began his speech of impudence: "Listen, thou knight, who art bound for the sword-bridge! If thou wishest, thou shalt cross the water very easily and comfortably. I will quickly have thee ferried over in a skiff. But once on the other side, I will make thee pay me toll, and I will take thy head, if I please to do so, or if not, thou shalt be held at my discretion." And he replies that he is not seeking trouble, and that he will never risk his head in such an adventure for any consideration. To which the other answers at once: "Since thou wilt not do this, whosoever the shame and loss may be, thou must come outside with me and there engage me hand to hand." Then, to beguile him. the other says: "If I could refuse, I would very gladly excuse myself; but in truth I would rather fight than be compelled to do what is wrong." Before he arose from the table where they were sitting, he told the youths who were serving him, to saddle his horse at once, and fetch his arms and give them to him. This order they promptly execute: some devote themselves to arming him, while others go to fetch his horse. As he slowly rode along completely armed, holding his shield tight by the straps, you must know that he was evidently to be included in the list of the brave and fair. His horse became him so well that it is evident he must be his own, and as for the shield he held by the straps and the helmet laced upon his head, which fitted him so well, you would never for a moment have thought that he had borrowed it or received it as a loan; rather, you would be so pleased with him that you would maintain that he had been thus born and raised: for all

this I should like you to take my word.

(Vv. 2691-2792.) Outside the gate, where the battle was to be fought, there was a stretch of level ground well adapted for the encounter. When they catch sight of each other, they spur hotly to the attack and come together with such a shock, dealing such blows with their lances, that they first bend, then buckle up, and finally fly into splinters. With their swords they then hew away at their shields, helmets, and hauberks. The wood is cut and the steel gives way, so that they wound each other in several places. They pay each other such angry blows that it seems as if they had made a bargain. The swords often descend upon the horses' croups, where they drink and feast upon their blood; their riders strike them upon the flanks until at last they kill them both. And when both have fallen to earth, they attack each other afoot; and if they had cherished a mortal hatred, they could not have assailed each other more fiercely with their swords. They deal their blows with greater frequency than the man who stakes his money at dice and never fails to double the stakes every time he loses; yet, this game of theirs was very different; for there were no losses here, but only fierce blows and cruel strife. All the people came out from the house: the master, his lady, his sons and daughters; no man or woman, friend or stranger, stayed behind, but all stood in line to see the fight in progress in the broad, level field. The Knight of the Cart blames and reproaches himself for faintheartedness when he sees his host watching him and notices all the others looking on. His heart is stirred with anger, for it seems to him that he ought long since to have beaten his adversary. Then he strikes him, rushing in like a storm and bringing his sword down close by his head; he pushes and presses him so hard that he drives him from his ground and reduces him to such a state of exhaustion that he has little strength to defend himself. Then the knight recalls how the other had basely reproached him about the cart; so he assails him and drubs him so soundly that not a string or strap remains unbroken about the neck-band of his hauberk, and he knocks the helmet and ventail from his head. His wounds and distress are so great that he has to cry for mercy. Just as the lark cannot withstand or protect itself against the hawk which outflies it and attacks it from above, so he in his helplessness and shame, must invoke him and sue for mercy. And when he hears him beg for mercy, he ceases his attack and says: "Dost thou wish for mercy?" He replies: "You have asked a very clever question; any fool could ask that. I never wished for anything so much as I now wish for mercy." Then he says to him: "Thou must mount, then, upon a cart. Nothing thou couldst say would have any influence with me, unless thou mountest the cart, to atone for the vile reproaches thou didst address to me with thy silly mouth." And the knight thus answers him: "May it never please God that I mount a cart!" "No?" he asks; "then you shall die." "Sire, you can easily put me to death; but I beg and beseech you for God's sake to show me mercy and not compel me to mount a cart. I will agree to anything, however grievous, excepting that. I would rather die a hundred times than undergo such a disgrace. In your goodness and mercy you can tell me nothing so distasteful that I will not do it."

(Vv. 2793-2978.) While he is thus beseeching him, behold across the field a maiden riding on a tawny mule, her head uncovered and her dress disarranged. In her hand she held a whip with which she belaboured the mule; and in truth no horse could have

galloped so fast as was the pace of the mule. The damsel called out to the Knight of the Cart: "May God bless thy heart, Sir Knight, with whatever delights thee most!" And he, who heard her gladly, says: "May God bless you, damsel, and give you joy and health!" Then she tells him of her desire. "Knight," she says, "in urgent need I have come from afar to thee to ask a favour, for which thou wilt deserve the best guerdon I can make to thee; and I believe that thou wilt yet have need of my assistance." And he replies: "Tell me what it is you wish; and if I have it, you shall have it at once, provided it be not something extravagant." Then she says: "It is the head of the knight whom thou hast just defeated; in truth, thou hast never dealt with such a wicked and faithless man. Thou wilt be committing no sin or wrong, but rather doing a deed of charity, for he is the basest creature that ever was or ever shall be." And when he who had been vanquished hears that she wishes him to be killed, he says to him: "Don't believe her, for she hates me; but by that God who was at once Father and Son, and who chose for His mother her who was His daughter and handmaiden, I beg you to have mercy upon me!" "Ah, knight!" the maid exclaims, "pay no attention to what this traitor says! May God give thee all the joy and honour to which thou dost aspire, and may He give thee good success in thy undertaking." Then the knight is in a predicament, as he thinks and ponders over the question: whether to present to her the head she asks him to cut off, or whether he shall allow himself to be touched by pity for him. (17) He wishes to respect the wishes of both her and him. Generosity and pity each command him to do their will; for he was both generous and tender-hearted. But if she carries off the head, then will pity be defeated and put to death; whereas, if she does not carry off the head, generosity will be discomfited. Thus, pity and generosity hold him so confined and so distressed that he is tormented and spurred on by each of them in turn. The damsel asks him to give her the head, and on the other hand the knight makes his request, appealing to his pity and kindness. And, since he has implored him, shall he not receive mercy? Yes, for it never happened that, when he had put down an enemy and compelled him to sue for mercy, he would refuse such an one his mercy or longer bear him any grudge. Since this is his custom, he will not refuse his mercy to him who now begs and sues for it. And shall she have the head she covets? Yes, if it be possible. "Knight," he says, "it is necessary for thee to fight me again, and if thou dost care to defend thy head again, I will show thee such mercy as to allow thee to resume the helmet; and I will give thee time to arm thy body and thy head as well as possible. But, if I conquer thee again, know that thou shalt surely die." And he replies: "I desire nothing better than that, and ask for no further favour." "And I will give thee this advantage," he adds: "I will fight thee as I stand, without changing my present position." Then the other knight makes ready, and they begin the fight again eagerly. But this time the knight triumphed more quickly than he had done at first. And the damsel at once cries out: "Do not spare him, knight, for anything he may say to thee. Surely he would not have spared thee, had he once defeated thee. If thou heedest what he says, be sure that he will again beguile thee. Fair knight, cut off the head of the most faithless man in the empire and kingdom, and give it to me! Thou shouldst present it to me, in view of the guerdon I intend for thee. For another day may well come when, if he can, he will beguile thee again with his words." He, thinking his end is near, cries aloud to him for mercy; but his cry is of no avail, nor anything that he can say. The other drags him by the helmet, tearing all the fastening, and he strikes from his head the ventail and the gleaming coif.

Then he cries out more loudly still: "Mercy, for God's sake! Mercy, sir!" But the other answers: "So help me, I shall never again show thee pity, after having once let thee off." "Ah," he says, "thou wouldst do wrong to heed my enemy and kill me thus." While she, intent upon his death, admonishes him to cut off his head, and not to believe a word he says. He strikes: the head flies across the sward and the body falls. Then the damsel is pleased and satisfied. Grasping the head by the hair, the knight presents it to the damsel, who takes it joyfully with the words: "May thy heart receive such delight from whatever it most desires as my heart now receives from what I most coveted. I had only one grief in life, and that was that this man was still alive. I have a reward laid up for thee which thou shalt receive at the proper time. I promise thee that thou shalt have a worthy reward for the service thou hast rendered me. Now I will go away, with the prayer that God may guard thee from harm." Then the damsel leaves him, as each commends the other to God. But all those who had seen the battle in the plain are overjoyed, and in their joy they at once relieve the knight of his armour, and honour him in every way they can. Then they wash their hands again and take their places at the meal, which they eat with better cheer than is their wont. When they had been eating for some time, the gentleman turned to his guest at his side, and said: "Sire, a long while ago we came hither from the kingdom of Logres. We were born your countrymen, and we should like to see you win honour and fortune and joy in this country; for we should profit by it as well as you, and it would be to the advantage of many others, if you should gain honour and fortune in the enterprise you have undertaken in this land." And he makes answer: "May God hear your desire."

(Vv. 2979-3020.) When the host had dropped his voice and ceased speaking, one of his sons followed him and said: "Sire, we ought to place all our resources at your service, and give them outright rather than promise them; if you have any need of our assistance, we ought not to wait until you ask for it. Sire, be not concerned over your horse which is dead. We have good strong horses here. I want you to take anything of ours which you need, and you shall choose the best of our horses in place of yours." And he replies: "I willingly accept." Thereupon, they have the beds prepared and retire for the night. The next morning they rise early, and dress, after which they prepare to start. Upon leaving, they fail in no act of courtesy, but take leave of the lady, her lord, and all the rest. But in order to omit nothing, I must remark that the knight was unwilling to mount the borrowed steed which was standing ready at the door; rather, he caused him to be ridden by one of the two knights who had come with him, while he took the latter's horse instead, for thus it pleased him best to do. When each was seated on his horse, they all asked for leave to depart from their host who had served them so honourably. Then they ride along the road until the day draws to a close, and late in the afternoon they reach the sword-bridge.

(Vv. 3021-3194.) At the end of this very difficult bridge they dismount from their steeds and gaze at the wicked-looking stream, which is as swift and raging, as black and turgid, as fierce and terrible as if it were the devil's stream; and it is so dangerous and bottomless that anything falling into it would be as completely lost as if it fell into the salt sea. And the bridge, which spans it, is different from any other bridge; for there never was such a one as this. If any one asks of me the truth, there never was such a bad

bridge, nor one whose flooring was so bad. The bridge across the cold stream consisted of a polished, gleaming sword; but the sword was stout and stiff, and was as long as two lances. At each end there was a tree-trunk in which the sword was firmly fixed. No one need fear to fall because of its breaking or bending, for its excellence was such that it could support a great weight. But the two knights who were with the third were much discouraged; for they surmised that two lions or two leopards would be found tied to a great rock at the other end of the bridge. The water and the bridge and the lions combine so to terrify them that they both tremble with fear, and say: "Fair sire, consider well what confronts you; for it is necessary and needful to do so. This bridge is badly made and built, and the construction of it is bad. If you do not change your mind in time, it will be too late to repent. You must consider which of several alternatives you will choose. Suppose that you once get across (but that cannot possibly come to pass, any more than one could hold in the winds and forbid them to blow, or keep the birds from singing, or re-enter one's mother's womb and be born again -- all of which is as impossible as to empty the sea of its water); but even supposing that you got across, can you think and suppose that those two fierce lions that are chained on the other side will not kill you, and suck the blood from your veins, and eat your flesh and then gnaw your bones? For my part, I am bold enough, when I even dare to look and gaze at them. If you do not take care, they will certainly devour you. Your body will soon be torn and rent apart, for they will show you no mercy. So take pity on us now, and stay here in our company! It would be wrong for you to expose yourself intentionally to such mortal peril." And he, laughing, replies to them: "Gentlemen, receive my thanks and gratitude for the concern you feel for me: it comes from your love and kind hearts. I know full well that you would not like to see any mishap come to me; but I have faith and confidence in God, that He will protect me to the end. I fear the bridge and stream no more than I fear this dry land; so I intend to prepare and make the dangerous attempt to cross. I would rather die than turn back now." The others have nothing more to say; but each weeps with pity and heaves a sigh. Meanwhile he prepares, as best he may, to cross the stream, and he does a very marvellous thing in removing the armour from his feet and hands. He will be in a sorry state when he reaches the other side. He is going to support himself with his bare hands and feet upon the sword, which was sharper than a scythe, for he had not kept on his feet either sole or upper or hose. But he felt no fear of wounds upon his hands or feet; he preferred to maim himself rather than to fall from the bridge and be plunged in the water from which he could never escape. In accordance with this determination, he passes over with great pain and agony, being wounded in the hands, knees, and feet. But even this suffering is sweet to him: for Love, who conducts and leads him on, assuages and relieves the pain. Creeping on his hands, feet, and knees, he proceeds until he reaches the other side. Then he recalls and recollects the two lions which he thought he had seen from the other side; but, on looking about, he does not see so much as a lizard or anything else to do him harm. He raises his hand before his face and looks at his ring, and by this test he proves that neither of the lions is there which he thought he had seen, and that he had been enchanted and deceived; for there was not a living creature there. When those who had remained behind upon the bank saw that he had safely crossed, their joy was natural; but they do not know of his injuries. He, however, considers himself fortunate not to have suffered anything worse. The blood from his wounds drips on his shirt on all sides.



Then he sees before him a tower, which was so strong that never had he seen such a strong one before: indeed, it could not have been a better tower. At the window there sat King Bademagu, who was very scrupulous and precise about matters of honour and what was right, and who was careful to observe and practise loyalty above all else; and beside him stood his son, who always did precisely the opposite so far as possible, for he found his pleasure in disloyalty, and never wearied of villainy, treason, and felony. From their point of vantage they had seen the knight cross the bridge with trouble and pain. Meleagant's colour changed with the rage and displeasure he felt; for he knows now that he will be challenged for the Queen; but his character was such that he feared no man, however strong or formidable. If he were not base and disloyal, there could no better knight be found; but he had a heart of wood, without gentleness and pity. What enraged his son and roused his ire, made the king happy and glad. The king knew of a truth that he who had crossed the bridge was much better than any one else. For no one would dare to pass over it in whom there dwelt any of that evil nature which brings more shame upon those who possess it than prowess brings of honour to the virtuous. For prowess cannot accomplish so much as wickedness and sloth can do: it is true beyond a doubt that it is possible to do more evil than good.

(Vv. 3195-3318.) I could say more on these two heads, if it did not cause me to delay. But I must turn to something else and resume my subject, and you shall hear how the king speaks profitably to his son: "Son," he says, "it was fortunate that thou and I came to look out this window; our reward has been to witness the boldest deed that ever entered the mind of man. Tell me now if thou art not well disposed toward him who has performed such a marvellous feat. Make peace and be reconciled with him, and deliver the Queen into his hands. Thou shalt gain no glory in battle with him, but rather mayst thou incur great loss. Show thyself to be courteous and sensible, and send the Queen to meet him before he sees thee. Show him honour in this land of thine, and before he asks it, present to him what he has come to seek. Thou knowest well enough that he has come for the Queen Guinevere. Do not act so that people will take thee to be obstinate, foolish, or proud. If this man has entered thy land alone, thou shouldst bear him company, for one gentleman ought not to avoid another, but rather attract him and honour him with courtesy. One receives honour by himself showing it; be sure that the honour will be thine, if thou doest honour and service to him who is plainly the best knight in the world." And he replies: "May God confound me, if there is not as good a knight, or even a better one than he!" It was too bad that he did not mention himself, of whom he entertains no mean opinion. And he adds: "I suppose you wish me to clasp my hands and kneel before him as his liegeman, and to hold my lands from him? So help me God, I would rather become his man than surrender to him the Queen! God forbid that in such a fashion I should deliver her to him! She shall never be given up by me, but rather contested and defended against all who are so foolish as to dare to come in quest of her." Then again the king says to him: "Son, thou wouldst act very courteously to renounce this pretension. I advise thee and beg thee to keep the peace. Thou knowest well that the honour will belong to the knight, if he wins the Queen from thee in battle. He would doubtless rather win her in battle than as a gift, for it will thus enhance his fame. It is my opinion that he is seeking her, not to receive her peaceably, but because he wishes to win her by force of arms. So it would be wise on thy part to

deprive him of the satisfaction of fighting thee. I am sorry to see thee so foolish; but if thou dost not heed my advice, evil will come of it, and the ensuing misfortune will be worse for thee. For the knight need fear no hostility from any one here save thee. On behalf of myself and all my men, I will grant him a truce and security. I have never yet done a disloyal deed or practised treason and felony, and I shall not begin to do so now on thy account any more than I would for any stranger. I do not wish to flatter thee, for I promise that the knight shall not lack any arms, or horse or anything else he needs, in view of the boldness he has displayed in coming thus far. He shall be securely guarded and well defended against all men here excepting thee. I wish him clearly to understand that, if he can maintain himself against thee, he need have no fear of any one else." "I have listened to you in silence long enough," says Meleagant, "and you may say what you please. But little do I care for all you say. I am not a hermit, nor so compassionate and charitable, and I have no desire to be so honourable as to give him what I most love. His task will not be performed so quickly or so lightly; rather will it turn out otherwise than as you and he expect. You and I need not quarrel because you aid him against me. Even if he enjoys peace and a truce with you and all your men, what matters that to me? My heart does not quail on that account; rather, so help me God, I am glad that he need not feel concern for any one here but me; I do not wish you to do on my account anything which might be construed as disloyalty or treachery. Be as compassionate as you please, but let me be cruel." "What? Wilt thou not change thy mind?" "No," he says. "Then I will say nothing more. I will leave thee alone to do thy best and will go now to speak with the knight. I wish to offer and present to him my aid and counsel in all respects; for I am altogether on his side."

(Vv. 3319-3490.) Then the king goes down and orders them to bring his horse. A large steed is brought to him, upon which he springs by the stirrup, and he rides off with some of his men: three knights and two squires he bade to go with him. They did not stop their ride downhill until they came to the bridge, where they see him stanching his wounds and wiping the blood from them. The king expects to keep him as his guest for a long time while his wounds are healing; but he might as well expect to drain the sea. The king hastens to dismount, and he who was grievously wounded, stood up at once to meet him, though he did not know him, and he gave no more evidence of the pain he felt in his feet and hands than if he had been actually sound. The king sees that he is exerting himself, and quickly runs to greet him with the words: "Sire, I am greatly amazed that you have fallen upon us in this land. But be welcome, for no one will ever repeat the attempt: it never happened in the past, and it will never happen in the future that any one should perform such a hardy feat or expose himself to such peril. And know that I admire you greatly for having executed what no one before ever dared to conceive. You will find me very kindly disposed, and loyal and courteous toward you. I am the king of this land, and offer you freely all my counsel and service; and I think I know pretty well what you have come here to seek. You come, I am sure, to seek the Queen." "Sire," he replies, "your surmise is correct; no other cause brings me here." "Friend, you must suffer hardship to obtain her," he replies; "and you are sorely wounded, as I see by the wounds and the flowing blood. You will not find him who brought her hither so generous as to give her up without a struggle; but you must tarry, and have your wounds cared for until they are completely healed. I will give you some of

`the three Marys' ointment, (18) and something still better, if it can be found, for I am very solicitous about your comfort and your recovery. And the Queen is so confined that no mortal man has access to her -- not even my son, who brought her here with him and who resents such treatment, for never was a man so beside himself and so desperate as he. But I am well disposed toward you, and will gladly give you, so help me God, all of which you stand in need. My son himself will not have such good arms but that I will give you some that are just as good, and a horse, too, such as you will need, though my son will be angry with me. Despite the feelings of any one, I will protect you against all men. You will have no cause to fear any one excepting him who brought the Queen here. No man ever menaced another as I have menaced him, and I came near driving him from my land, in my displeasure because he will not surrender her to you. To be sure, he is my son; but feel no concern, for unless he defeats you in battle, he can never do you the slightest harm against my will." "Sire," he says, "I thank you. But I am losing time here which I do not wish to waste. I have no cause to complain, and have no wound which is paining me. Take me where I can find him; for with such arms as I have, I am ready to divert myself by giving and receiving blows." "Friend, you had better wait two or three weeks until your wounds are healed, for it would be well for you to tarry here at least two weeks, and not on any account could I allow it, or look on, while you fought in my presence with such arms and with such an outfit." And he replies: "With your permission, no other arms would be used than these, for I should prefer to fight with them, and I should not ask for the slightest postponement, adjournment or delay. However, in deference to you, I will consent to wait until to-morrow; but despite what any one may say, longer I will not wait." Then the king assured him that all would be done as he wished; then he has the lodging-place prepared, and insistently requests his men, who are in the company, to serve him, which they do devotedly. And the king, who would gladly have made peace, had it been possible, went at once to his son and spoke to him like one who desires peace and harmony, saying: "Fair son, be reconciled now with this knight without a fight! He has not come here to disport himself or to hunt or chase, but he comes in search of honour and to increase his fame and renown, and I have seen that he stands in great need of rest. If he had taken my advice, he would not have rashly undertaken, either this month or the next, the battle which he so greatly desires. If thou makest over the Queen to him, dost thou fear any dishonour in the deed? Have no fear of that, for no blame can attach to thee; rather is it wrong to keep that to which one has no rightful claim. He would gladly have entered the battle at once, though his hands and feet are not sound, but cut and wounded." Meleagant answers his father thus: "You are foolish to be concerned. By the faith I owe St. Peter, I will not take your advice in this matter. I should deserve to be drawn apart with horses, if I heeded your advice. If he is seeking his honour, so do I seek mine; if he is in search of glory, so am I; if he is anxious for the battle, so am I a hundred times more so than he." "I see plainly," says the king, "that thou art intent upon thy mad enterprise, and thou shalt have thy fill of it. Since such is thy pleasure, to-morrow thou shalt try thy strength with the knight." "May no greater hardship ever visit me than that!" Meleagant replies; "I would much rather it were to-day than to-morrow. Just see how much more downcast I am than is usual! My eyes are wild, and my face is pale! I shall have no joy or satisfaction or any cause for happiness until I am actually engaged with him."

(Vv. 3491-3684.) The king understands that further advice and prayers are of no avail, so reluctantly he leaves his son and, taking a good, strong horse and handsome arms, he sends them to him who well deserves them, together with a surgeon who was a loyal and Christian man. There was in the world no more trusty man, and he was more skilled in the cure of wounds than all the doctors of Montpeilier. (19) That night he treated the knight as best he could, in accordance with the king's command. Already the news was known by the knights and damsels, the ladies and barons of all the country-side, and all through the night until daybreak strangers and friends were making long journeys from all the country round. When morning came, there was such a press before the castle that there was not room to move one's foot. And the king, rising early in his distress about the battle, goes directly to his son, who had already laced upon his head the helmet which was of Poitiers make. No delay or peace is possible, for though the king did his best, his efforts are of no effect. In the middle of the castle-square, where all the people are assembled, the battle will be fought in compliance with the king's wish and command. The king sends at once for the stranger knight, and he is conducted to the grounds which were filled with people from the kingdom of Logres. For just as people are accustomed to go to church to hear the organ on the annual feast- days of Pentecost or Christmas, so they had all assembled now. All the foreign maidens from King Arthur's realm had fasted three days and gone barefoot in their shifts, in order that God might endow with strength and courage the knight who was to fight his adversary on behalf of the captives. Very early, before prime had yet been sounded, both of the knights fully armed were led to the place, mounted upon two horses equally protected. Meleagant was very graceful, alert, and shapely; the hauberk with its fine meshes, the helmet, and the shield hanging from his neck -- all these became him well. All the spectators, however, favoured the other knight, even those who wished him ill, and they say that Meleagant is worth nothing compared with him. As soon as they were both on the ground, the king comes and detains them as long as possible in an effort to make peace between them, but he is unable to persuade his son. Then he says to them: "Hold in your horses until I reach the top of the tower. It will be only a slight favour, if you will wait so long for me." Then in sorrowful mood he leaves them and goes directly to the place where he knew he would find the Queen. She had begged him the evening before to place her where she might have an unobstructed view of the battle; he had granted her the boon, and went now to seek and fetch her, for he was very anxious to show her honour and courtesy. He placed her at one window, and took his place at another window on her right. Beside them, there were gathered there many knights and prudent dames and damsels, who were natives of that land; and there were many others, who were captives, and who were intent upon their orisons and prayers. Those who were prisoners were praying for their lord, for to God and to him they entrusted their succour and deliverance. Then the combatants without delay make all the people stand aside; then they clash the shields with their elbows, and thrust their arms into the straps, and spur at each other so violently that each sends his lance two arms' length through his opponent's shield, causing the lance to split and splinter like a flying spark. And the horses meet head on, clashing breast to breast, and the shields and helmets crash with such a noise that it seems like a mighty thunder-clap; not a breast-strap, girth, rein or surcingle remains unbroken, and the saddle-bows, though strong, are

broken to pieces. The combatants felt no shame in falling to earth, in view of their mishaps, but they quickly spring to their feet, and without waste of threatening words rush at each other more fiercely than two wild boars, and deal great blows with their swords of steel like men whose hate is violent. Repeatedly they trim the helmets and shining hauberks so fiercely that after the sword the blood spurts out. They furnished an excellent battle, indeed, as they stunned and wounded each other with their heavy, wicked blows. Many fierce, hard, long bouts they sustained with equal honour, so that the onlookers could discern no advantage on either side. But it was inevitable that he who had crossed the bridge should be much weakened by his wounded hands. The people who sided with him were much dismayed, for they notice that his strokes are growing weaker, and they fear he will get the worst of it; it seemed to them that he was weakening, while Meleagant was triumphing, and they began to murmur all around. But up at the window of the tower there was a wise maiden who thought within herself that the knight had not undertaken the battle either on her account or for the sake of the common herd who had gathered about the list, but that his only incentive had been the Queen; and she thought that, if he knew that she was at the window seeing and watching him, his strength and courage would increase. And if she had known his name, she would gladly have called to him to look about him. Then she came to the Queen and said: "Lady, for God's sake and your own as well as ours, I beseech you to tell me, if you know, the name of yonder knight, to the end that it may be of some help to him." "Damsel," the Queen replies, "you have asked me a question in which I see no hate or evil, but rather good intent; the name of the knight, I know, is Lancelot of the Lake." (20) "God, how happy and glad at heart I am!" the damsel says. Then she leans forward and calls to him by name so loudly that all the people hear: "Lancelot, turn about and see who is here taking note of thee!"

Go to Part III

#### ENDNOTES:

NOTE: Endnotes supplied by Prof. Foerster are indicated by "(F.)"; all other endnotes are supplied by W.W. Comfort.

(13) "Donbes" (=Dombes) is the reading chosen by Foerster from a number of variants. None of these variants has any significance, but a place-name rhyming with "tonbes" in the preceding verse is required. Modern Dombes is the name of a former principality in Burgundy, between the Rhone and the Saone, while Pampelune is, of course, a Spanish city near the French frontier. (F.)

(14) The topography of the kingdom of Gorre, the land where dwell the captives held by King Bademagu, is much confused. One would suppose at first that the stream traversed by the two perilous bridges formed the frontier of the kingdom. But

here (v.2102), before reaching such a frontier, the captives are already met. Foerster suggests that we may be here at a sort of foreground or borderland which is defended by the knight at the ford (v. 735 f.), and which, though not within the limits of the kingdom, is nevertheless beneath the sway of Bademagu. In the sequel the stream with the perilous bridges is placed immediately before the King's palace (cf. Foerster's note and G. Paris in "Romania", xxi. 471 note).

(15) For magic rings, see A. Hertel, *op. cit.*, p. 62 f.

(16) This "dame" was the fairy Vivian, "the lady of the lake". (F.)

(17) A good example of the moral dilemmas in which Chretien delights to place his characters. Under the displeasing shell of allegory and mediaeval casuistry we have here the germ of psychological analysis of motive.

(18) The legendary origin of this ointment, named after Mary Magdelene, Mary the mother of James, and Mary Salome, is mentioned in the epic poem "Mort Aimeri de Narbonne" (ed. "Anciens Textes", p. 86). (F.)

(19) The universities of Montpellier and of Salerno were the chief centres of medical study in the Middle Ages. Salerno is referred to in "Cliges", v. 5818.

(20) The hero of the poem is here first mentioned by name.

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Lancelot  
or,  
The Knight of the Cart  
Part III: Vv. 3685 - Vv. 5594  
Online Medieval and Classical Library Release #24

(Vv. 3685-3954.) When Lancelot heard his name, he was not slow to turn around: he turns and sees seated up there at the window of the tower her whom he desired most in the world to see. From the moment he caught sight of her, he did not turn or take his eyes and face from her, defending himself with backhand blows. And Meleagant meanwhile attacked him as fiercely as he could, delighted to think that the other cannot withstand him now; and they of the country are well pleased too, while the foreigners are so distressed that they can no longer support themselves, and many of them fall to earth either upon their knees or stretched out prone; thus some are glad, and some distressed. Then the damsel cried again from the window: "Ah, Lancelot, how is it that thou dost now conduct thyself so foolishly? Once thou wert the embodiment of prowess and of all that is good, and I do not think God ever made a knight who could equal thee in valour and in worth. But now we see thee so distressed that thou dealest back-hand blows and fighest thy adversary, behind thy back. Turn, so as to be on the other side, and so that thou canst face toward this tower, for it will help thee to keep it in view." Then Lancelot is so ashamed and mortified that he hates himself, for he knows full well that all have seen how, for some time past, he has had the worst of the fight. Thereupon he leaps backward and so manoeuvres as to force Meleagant into a position between him and the tower. Meleagant makes every effort to regain his former position. But Lancelot rushes upon him, and strikes him so violently upon his body and shield whenever he tries to get around him, that he compels him to whirl about two or three times in spite of himself. Lancelot's strength and courage grow, partly because he has love's aid, and partly because he never hated any one so much as him with whom he is engaged. Love and mortal hate, so fierce that never before was such hate seen, make him so fiery and bold that Meleagant ceases to treat it as a jest and begins to stand in awe of him, for he had never met or known so doughty a knight, nor had any knight ever wounded or injured him as this one does. He is glad to get away from him, and he winces and sidesteps, fearing his blows and avoiding them. And Lancelot does not idly threaten him, but drives him rapidly toward the tower where the Queen was stationed on the watch. There upon the tower he did her the homage of his blows until he came so close that, if he advanced another step, he would lose sight of her. Thus Lancelot drove him back and forth repeatedly in whatever direction he pleased, always stopping before the Queen, his lady, who had kindled the flame which compels him to fix his gaze upon

her. And this same flame so stirred him against Meleagant that he was enabled to lead and drive him wherever he pleased. In spite of himself he drives him on like a blind man or a man with a wooden leg. The king sees his son so hard pressed that he is sorry for him and he pities him, and he will not deny him aid and assistance if possible; but if he wishes to proceed courteously, he must first beg the Queen's permission. So he began to say to her: "Lady, since I have had you in my power, I have loved you and faithfully served and honoured you. I never consciously left anything undone in which I saw your honour involved; now repay me for what I have done. For I am about to ask you a favour which you should not grant unless you do so willingly. I plainly see that my son is getting the worst of this battle; I do not speak so because of the chagrin I feel, but in order that Lancelot, who has him in his power, may not kill him. Nor ought you to wish to see him killed; not because he has not wronged both you and him, but because I make the request of you: so tell him, please, to stop beating him. If you will, you can thus repay me for what I have done for you." "Fair sire, I am willing to do so at your request," the Queen replies; "had I mortal hatred for your son, whom it is true I do not love, yet you have served me so well that, to please you, I am quite willing that he should desist." These words were not spoken privately, but Lancelot and Meleagant heard what was said. The man who is a perfect lover is always obedient and quickly and gladly does his mistress' pleasure. So Lancelot was constrained to do his Lady's will, for he loved more than Pyramus, (21) if that were possible for any man to do. Lancelot heard what was said, and as soon as the last word had issued from her mouth, "since you wish him to desist, I am willing that he should do so," Lancelot would not have touched him or made a movement for anything, even if the other had killed him. He does not touch him or raise his hand. But Meleagant, beside himself with rage and shame when he hears that it has been necessary to intercede in his behalf, strikes him with all the strength he can muster. And the king went down from the tower to upbraid his son, and entering the list he addressed him thus: "How now? Is this becoming, to strike him when he is not touching thee? Thou art too cruel and savage, and thy prowess is now out of place! For we all know beyond a doubt that he is thy superior." Then Meleagant, choking with shame, says to the king: "I think you must be blind! I do not believe you see a thing. Any one must indeed be blind to think I am not better than he." "Seek some one to believe thy words!" the king replies, "for all the people know whether thou speakest the truth or a lie. All of us know full well the truth." Then the king bids his barons lead his son away, which they do at once in execution of his command: they led away Meleagant. But it was not necessary to use force to induce Lancelot to withdraw, for Meleagant might have harmed him grievously, before he would have sought to defend himself. Then the king says to his son: "So help me God, now thou must make peace and surrender the Queen. Thou must cease this quarrel once for all and withdraw thy claim." "That is great nonsense you have uttered! I hear you speak foolishly. Stand aside! Let us fight, and do not mix in our affairs!" But the king says he will take a hand, for he knows well that, were the fight to continue, Lancelot would kill his son. "He kill me! Rather would I soon defeat and kill him, if you would leave us alone and let us fight." Then the king says: "So help me God, all that thou sayest is of no avail." "Why is that?" he asks. "Because I will not consent. I will not so trust in thy folly and pride as to allow thee to be killed. A man is a fool to court death, as thou dost in thy ignorance. I know well that thou hatest me because I wish to save thy life. God will not let me see and witness thy death, if I can



help it, for it would cause me too much grief." He talks to him and reproves him until finally peace and good-will are restored. The terms of the peace are these: he will surrender the Queen to Lancelot, provided that the latter without reluctance will fight them again within a year of such time as he shall choose to summon him: this is no trial to Lancelot. When peace is made, all the people press about, and it is decided that the battle shall be fought at the court of King Arthur, who holds Britain and Cornwall in his sway: there they decide that it shall be. And the Queen has to consent, and Lancelot has to promise, that if Meleagant can prove him recreant, she shall come back with him again without the interference of any one. When the Queen and Lancelot had both agreed to this, the arrangement was concluded, and they both retired and removed their arms. Now the custom in the country was that when one issued forth, all the others might do so too. All called down blessings upon Lancelot: and you may know that he must have felt great joy, as in truth he did. All the strangers assemble and rejoice over Lancelot, speaking so as to be heard by him: "Sire, in truth we were joyful as soon as we heard your name, for we felt sure at once that we should all be set free." There was a great crowd present at this glad scene, as each one strives and presses forward to touch him if possible. Any one who succeeded in touching him was more delighted than he could tell. There was plenty of joy, and of sorrow too; those who were now set free rejoiced unrestrainedly; but Meleagant and his followers have not anything they want, but are pensive, gloomy, and downcast. The king turns away from the list, taking with him Lancelot, who begs him to take him to the Queen. "I shall not fail to do so," the king replies; "for it seems to me the proper thing to do. And if you like, I will show you Kay the seneschal." At this Lancelot is so glad that he almost falls at his feet. Then the king took him at once into the hall, where the Queen had come to wait for him. (Vv. 3955-4030.) When the Queen saw the king holding Lancelot by the hand, she rose before the king, but she looked displeased with clouded brow, and she spoke not a word. "Lady, here is Lancelot come to see you," says the king; "you ought to be pleased and satisfied." "I, sire? He cannot please me. I care nothing about seeing him." "Come now, lady," says the king who was very frank and courteous, "what induces you to act like this? You are too scornful toward a man who has served you so faithfully that he has repeatedly exposed his life to mortal danger on this journey for your sake, and who has defended and rescued you from my son Meleagant who had deeply wronged you." "Sire, truly he has made poor use of his time. I shall never deny that I feel no gratitude toward him." Now Lancelot is dumbfounded; but he replies very humbly like a polished lover: "Lady, certainly I am grieved at this, but I dare not ask your reason." The Queen listened as Lancelot voiced his disappointment, but in order to grieve and confound him, she would not answer a single word, but returned to her room. And Lancelot followed her with his eyes and heart until she reached the door; but she was not long in sight, for the room was close by. His eyes would gladly have followed her, had that been possible; but the heart, which is more lordly and masterful in its strength, went through the door after her, while the eyes remained behind weeping with the body. And the king said privily to him: "Lancelot, I am amazed at what this means: and how it comes about that the Queen cannot endure the sight of you, and that she is so unwilling to speak with you. If she is ever accustomed to speak with you, she ought not to be niggardly now or avoid conversation with you, after what you have done for her. Now tell me, if you know, why and for what misdeed she has shown you such a countenance." "Sire, I did not

notice that just now; but she will not look at me or hear my words, and that distresses and grieves me much." "Surely," says the king, "she is in the wrong, for you have risked your life for her. Come away now, fair sweet friend, and we shall go to speak with the seneschal." "I shall be glad to do so," he replies. Then they both go to the seneschal. As soon as Lancelot came where he was, the seneschal's first exclamation was: "How thou hast shamed me!" "I? How so?" Lancelot inquires; "tell me what disgrace have I brought upon you?" "A very great disgrace, for thou hast carried out what I could not accomplish, and thou hast done what I could not do."

(Vv. 4031-4124.) Then the king left them together in the room, and went out alone. And Lancelot inquires of the seneschal if he has been badly off. "Yes," he answers, "and I still am so. I was never more wretched than I am now. And I should have died a long time ago, had it not been for the king, who in his compassion has shown me so much gentleness and kindness that he willingly let me lack nothing of which I stood in need; but I was furnished at once with everything that I desired. But opposed to the kindness which he showed me, was Meleagant his son, who is full of wickedness, and who summoned the physicians to him and bade them apply such ointments as would kill me. Such a father and stepfather have I had! For when the king had a good plaster applied to my wounds in his desire that I should soon be cured, his treacherous son, wishing to put me to death, had it promptly taken off and some harmful salve applied. But I am very sure that the king was ignorant of this; he would not tolerate such base and murderous tricks. But you do not know how courteous he has been to my lady: no frontier tower since the time that Noah built the ark was ever so carefully guarded, for he has guarded her so vigilantly that, though his son chafed under the restraint, he would not let him see her except in the presence of the king himself. Up to the present time the king in his mercy has shown her all the marks of consideration which she herself proposed. She alone had the disposition of her affairs. And the king esteemed her all the more for the loyalty she showed. But is it true, as I am told, that she is so angry with you that she has publicly refused to speak with you?" "You have been told the exact truth," Lancelot replies, "but for God's sake, can you tell me why she is so displeased with me?" He replies that he does not know, and that he is greatly surprised at it. "Well, let it be as she pleases," says Lancelot, feeling his helplessness; "I must now take my leave, and I shall go to seek my lord Gawain who has entered this land, and who arranged with me that he would proceed directly to the waterbridge." Then, leaving the room, he appeared before the king and asked for leave to proceed in that direction. And the king willingly grants him leave to go. Then those whom Lancelot had set free and delivered from prison ask him what they are to do. And he replies: "All those who desire may come with me, and those who wish to stay with the Queen may do so: there is no reason why they should accompany me." Then all those, who so desire, accompany him, more glad and joyous than is their wont. With the Queen remain her damsels who are light of heart, and many knights and ladies too. But there is not one of those who stay behind, who would not have preferred to return to his own country to staying there. But on my lord Gawain's account, whose arrival is expected, the Queen keeps them, saying that she will never stir until she has news of him.

(Vv. 4125-4262.) The news spreads everywhere that the Queen is free to go, and that

all the other prisoners have been set at liberty and are free to go whenever it suits and pleases them. Wherever the people of the land gather together, they ask each other about the truth of this report, and never talk of anything else. They are very much enraged that all the dangerous passes have been overcome, and that any one may come and go as he pleases. But when the natives of the country, who had not been present at the battle, learned how Lancelot had been the victor, they all betook themselves to the place where they knew he must pass by, thinking that the king would be well pleased if they should seize Lancelot and hale him back to him. All of his own men were without their arms, and therefore they were at a disadvantage when they saw the natives of the country coming under arms. It was not strange that they seized Lancelot, who was without his arms. They lead him back prisoner, his feet lashed together beneath his horse. Then his own men say: "Gentlemen, this is an evil deed; for the king has given us his safe-conduct, and we are under his protection." But the others reply: "We do not know how that may be; but as we have taken you, you must return with us to court." The rumour, which swiftly flies and runs, reaches the king, that his men have seized Lancelot and put him to death. When the king hears it, he is sorely grieved and swears angrily by his head that they who have killed him shall surely die for the deed; and that, if he can seize or catch them, it shall be their fate to be hanged, burned, or drowned. And if they attempt to deny their deed, he will not believe what they say, for they have brought him such grief and shame that he would be disgraced were vengeance not to be exacted from them; but he will be avenged without a doubt. The news of this spread until it reached the Queen, who was sitting at meat. She almost killed herself on hearing the false report about Lancelot, but she supposes it to be true, and therefore she is in such dismay that she almost loses the power to speak; but, because of those present, she forces herself to say: "In truth, I am sorry for his death, and it is no wonder that I grieve, for he came into this country for my sake, and therefore I should mourn for him." Then she says to herself, so that the others should not hear, that no one need ask her to drink or eat, if it is true that he is dead, in whose life she found her own. Then grieving she rises from the table, and makes her lament, but so that no one hears or notices her. She is so beside herself that she repeatedly grasps her throat with the desire to kill herself; but first she confesses to herself, and repents with self-reproach, blaming and censuring herself for the wrong she had done him, who, as she knew, had always been hers, and would still be hers, if he were alive. She is so distressed at the thought of her cruelty, that her beauty is seriously impaired. Her cruelty and meanness affected her and marred her beauty more than all the vigils and fastings with which she afflicted herself. When all her sins rise up before her, she gathers them together, and as she reviews them, she repeatedly exclaims: "Alas! of what was I thinking when my lover stood before me and I should have welcomed him, that I would not listen to his words? Was I not a fool, when I refused to look at or speak to him? Foolish indeed? Rather was I base and cruel, so help me God. I intended it as a jest, but he did not take it so, and has not pardoned me. I am sure it was no one but me who gave him his death-blow. When he came before me smiling and expecting that I would be glad to see him and would welcome him, and when I would not look at him, was not that a mortal blow? When I refused to speak with him, then doubtless at one blow I deprived him of his heart and life. These two strokes have killed him, I am sure; no other bandits have caused his death. God! can I ever make amends for this murder and this

crime? No, indeed; sooner will the rivers and the sea dry up. Alas! how much better I should feel, and how much comfort I should take, if only once before he died I had held him in my arms! What? Yes, certainly, quite unclad, in order the better to enjoy him. If he is dead, I am very wicked not to destroy myself. Why? Can it harm my lover for me to live on after he is dead, if I take no pleasure in anything but in the woe I bear for him? In giving myself up to grief after his death, the very woes I court would be sweet to me, if he were only still alive. It is wrong for a woman to wish to die rather than to suffer for her lover's sake. It is certainly sweet for me to mourn him long. I would rather be beaten alive than die and be at rest."

(Vv. 4263-4414.) For two days the Queen thus mourned for him without eating or drinking, until they thought she too would die. There are plenty of people ready to carry bad news rather than good. The news reaches Lancelot that his lady and sweetheart is dead. You need have no doubt of the grief he felt; every one may feel sure that he was afflicted and overcome with grief. Indeed, if you would know the truth, he was so downcast that he held his life in slight esteem. He wished to kill himself at once, but first he uttered a brief lament. He makes a running noose at one end of the belt he wore, and then tearfully communes thus with himself: "Ah, death, how hast thou spied me out and undone me, when in the bloom of health! I am undone, and yet I feel no pain except the grief within my heart. This is a terrible mortal grief. I am willing that it should be so, and if God will, I shall die of it. Then can I not die some other way, without God's consent? Yes, if he will let me tie this noose around my neck. I think I can compel death, even against her will, to take my life. Death, who covets only those who fear her, will not come to me; but my belt will bring her within my power, and as soon as she is mine, she will execute my desire. But, in truth, she will come too tardily for me, for I yearn to have her now!" Then he delays and hesitates no longer, but adjusts his head within the noose until it rests about his neck; and in order that he may not fail to harm himself, he fastens the end of the belt tightly about the saddle-bow, without attracting the attention of any one. Then he let himself slide to earth, intending his horse to drag him until he was lifeless, for he disdains to live another hour. When those who ride with him see him fallen to earth, they suppose him to be in a faint, for no one sees the noose which he had attached about his neck. At once they caught him in their arms and, on raising him, they found the noose which he had put around his neck and with which he sought to kill himself. They quickly cut the noose; but the noose had so hurt his throat that for some time he could not speak; the veins of his neck and throat are almost broken. Now he could not harm himself, even had he wished to do so; however, he is grieved that they have laid hands on him, and he almost burns up with rage, for willingly would he have killed himself had no one chanced to notice him. And now when he cannot harm himself, he cries: "Ah, vile and shameless death! For God's sake, why hadst thou not the power and might to kill me before my lady died? I suppose it was because thou wouldst not deign to do what might be a kindly deed. If thou didst spare me, it must be attributed to thy wickedness. Ah, what kind of service and kindness is that! How well hast thou employed them here! A curse upon him who thanks thee or feels gratitude for such a service! I know not which is more my enemy: life, which detains me, or death, which will not slay me. Each one torments me mortally; and it serves me right, so help me God, that in spite of myself I should still live on. For I ought to have killed myself as

soon as my lady the Queen showed her hate for me; she did not do it without cause, but she had some good reason, though I know not what it is. And if I had known what it was before her soul went to God, I should have made her such rich amends as would have pleased her and gained her mercy. God! what could my crime have been? I think she must have known that I mounted upon the cart. I do not know what other cause she can have to blame me. This has been my undoing. If this is the reason of her hate, God! what harm could this crime do? Any one who would reproach me for such an act never knew what love is, for no one could mention anything which, if prompted by love, ought to be turned into a reproach. Rather, everything that one can do for his lady-love is to be regarded as a token of his love and courtesy. Yet, I did not do it for my 'lady-love'. I know not by what name to call her, whether 'lady-love', or not. I do not dare to call her by this name. But I think I know this much of love: that if she loved me, she ought not to esteem me less for this crime, but rather call me her true lover, inasmuch as I regarded it as an honour to do all love bade me do, even to mount upon a cart. She ought to ascribe this to love; and this is a certain proof that love thus tries his devotees and thus learns who is really his. But this service did not please my lady, as I discovered by her countenance. And yet her lover did for her that for which many have shamefully reproached and blamed him, though she was the cause of it; and many blame me for the part I have played, and have turned my sweetness into bitterness. In truth, such is the custom of those who know so little of love, that even honour they wash in shame. But whoever dips honour into shame, does not wash it, but rather sullies it. But they, who maltreat him so, are quite ignorant of love; and he, who fears not his commands, boasts himself very superior to him. For unquestionably he fares well who obeys the commands of love, and whatever he does is pardonable, but he is the coward who does not dare."

(Vv. 4415-4440.) Thus Lancelot makes his lament, and his men stand grieving by his side, keeping hold of him and guarding him. Then the news comes that the Queen is not dead. Thereupon Lancelot at once takes comfort, and if his grief for her death had before been intense and deep, now his joy for her life was a hundred thousand times as great. And when they arrived within six or seven leagues of the castle where King Bademagu was, grateful news of Lancelot was told him, how he was alive and was coming hale and hearty, and this news the king was glad to hear. He did a very courteous thing in going at once to appraise the Queen. And she replies: "Fair sire, since you say so, I believe it is true, but I assure you that, if he were dead, I should never be happy again. All my joy would be cut off, if a knight had been killed in my service."

(Vv. 4441-4530.) Then the king leaves her, and the Queen yearns ardently for the arrival of her lover and her joy. She has no desire this time to bear him any grudge. But rumour, which never rests but runs always unceasingly, again reaches the Queen to the effect that Lancelot would have killed himself for her sake, if he had had the chance. She is happy at the thought that this is true, but she would not have had it happen so for anything, for her sorrow would have been too great. Thereupon Lancelot arrived in haste. (22) As soon as the king sees him, he runs to kiss and embrace him. He feels as if he ought to fly, borne along by the buoyancy of his joy. But his satisfaction is cut short

by those who had taken and bound his guest, and the king tells them they have come in an evil hour, for they shall all be killed and confounded. Then they made answer that they thought he would have it so. "It is I whom you have insulted in doing your pleasure. He has no reason to complain," the king replies; "you have not shamed him at all, but only me who was protecting him. However you look at it, the shame is mine. But if you escape me now, you will see no joke in this." When Lancelot hears his wrath, he puts forth every effort to make peace and adjust matters; when his efforts have met with success, the king takes him away to see the Queen. This time the Queen did not lower her eyes to the ground, but she went to meet him cheerfully, honouring him all she could, and making him sit down by her side. Then they talked together at length of all that was upon their hearts, and love furnished them with so much to say that topics did not lack. And when Lancelot sees how well he stands, and that all he says finds favour with the Queen, he says to her in confidence: "Lady, I marvel greatly why you received me with such a countenance when you saw me the day before yesterday, and why you would not speak a word to me: I almost died of the blow you gave me, and I had not the courage to dare to question you about it, as I now venture to do. I am ready now, lady, to make amends, when you have told me what has been the crime which has caused me such distress." Then the Queen replies: "What? Did you not hesitate for shame to mount the cart? You showed you were loath to get in, when you hesitated for two whole steps. That is the reason why I would neither address nor look at you." "May God save me from such a crime again," Lancelot replies, "and may God show me no mercy, if you were not quite right! For God's sake, lady, receive my amends at once, and tell me, for God's sake, if you can ever pardon me." "Friend, you are quite forgiven," the Queen replies; "I pardon you willingly." "Thank you for that, lady," he then says; "but I cannot tell you here all that I should like to say; I should like to talk with you more at leisure, if possible." Then the Queen indicates a window by her glance rather than with her finger, and says: "Come through the garden to-night and speak with me at yonder window, when every one inside has gone to sleep. You will not be able to get in: I shall be inside and you outside: to gain entrance will be impossible. I shall be able to touch you only with my lips or hand, but, if you please, I will stay there until morning for love of you. Our bodies cannot be joined, for close beside me in my room lies Kay the seneschal, who is still suffering from his wounds. And the door is not open, but is tightly closed and guarded well. When you come, take care to let no spy catch sight of you." "Lady," says he, "if I can help it, no spy shall see me who might think or speak evil of us." Then, having agreed upon this plan, they separate very joyfully.

(Vv. 4551-4650.) Lancelot leaves the room in such a happy frame that all his past troubles are forgotten. But he was so impatient for the night to come that his restlessness made the day seem longer than a hundred ordinary days or than an entire year. If night had only come, he would gladly have gone to the trysting place. Dark and sombre night at last won its struggle with the day, and wrapped it up in its covering, and laid it away beneath its cloak. When he saw the light of day obscured, he pretended to be tired and worn, and said that, in view of his protracted vigils, he needed rest. You, who have ever done the same, may well understand and guess that he pretends to be tired and goes to bed in order to deceive the people of the house; but he cared nothing about his bed, nor would he have sought rest there for anything, for he could not have

done so and would not have dared, and furthermore he would not have cared to possess the courage or the power to do so. Soon he softly rose, and was pleased to find that no moon or star was shining, and that in the house there was no candle, lamp, or lantern burning. Thus he went out and looked about, but there was no one on the watch for him, for all thought that he would sleep in his bed all night. Without escort or company he quickly went out into the garden, meeting no one on the way, and he was so fortunate as to find that a part of the garden-wall had recently fallen down. Through this break he passes quickly and proceeds to the window, where he stands, taking good care not to cough or sneeze, until the Queen arrives clad in a very white chemise. She wore no cloak or coat, but had thrown over her a short cape of scarlet cloth and shrew-mouse fur. As soon as Lancelot saw the Queen leaning on the window-sill behind the great iron bars, he honoured her with a gentle salute. She promptly returned his greeting, for he was desirous of her, and she of him. Their talk and conversation are not of vulgar, tiresome affairs. They draw close to one another, until each holds the other's hand. But they are so distressed at not being able to come together more completely, that they curse the iron bars. Then Lancelot asserts that, with the Queen's consent, he will come inside to be with her, and that the bars cannot keep him out. And the Queen replies: "Do you not see how the bars are stiff to bend and hard to break? You could never so twist, pull or drag at them as to dislodge one of them." "Lady," says he, "have no fear of that. It would take more than these bars to keep me out. Nothing but your command could thwart my power to come to you. If you will but grant me your permission, the way will open before me. But if it is not your pleasure, then the way is so obstructed that I could not possibly pass through." "Certainly," she says, "I consent. My will need not stand in your way; but you must wait until I retire to my bed again, so that no harm may come to you, for it would be no joke or jest if the seneschal, who is sleeping here, should wake up on hearing you. So it is best for me to withdraw, for no good could come of it, if he should see me standing here." "Go then, lady," he replies; "but have no fear that I shall make any noise. I think I can draw out the bars so softly and with so little effort that no one shall be aroused."

(Vv. 4651-4754.) Then the Queen retires, and he prepares to loosen the window. Seizing the bars, he pulls and wrenches them until he makes them bend and drags them from their places. But the iron was so sharp that the end of his little finger was cut to the nerve, and the first joint of the next finger was torn; but he who is intent upon something else paid no heed to any of his wounds or to the blood which trickled down. Though the window is not low, Lancelot gets through it quickly and easily. First he finds Kay asleep in his bed, then he comes to the bed of the Queen, whom he adores and before whom he kneels, holding her more dear than the relic of any saint. And the Queen extends her arms to him and, embracing him, presses him tightly against her bosom, drawing him into the bed beside her and showing him every possible satisfaction; her love and her heart go out to him. It is love that prompts her to treat him so; and if she feels great love for him, he feels a hundred thousand times as much for her. For there is no love at all in other hearts compared with what there is in his; in his heart love was so completely embodied that it was niggardly toward all other hearts. Now Lancelot possesses all he wants, when the Queen voluntarily seeks his company and love, and when he holds her in his arms, and she holds him in hers. Their sport is

so agreeable and sweet, as they kiss and fondle each other, that in truth such a marvellous joy comes over them as was never heard or known. But their joy will not be revealed by me, for in a story, it has no place. Yet, the most choice and delightful satisfaction was precisely that of which our story must not speak. That night Lancelot's joy and pleasure were very great. But, to his sorrow, day comes when he must leave his mistress' side. It cost him such pain to leave her that he suffered a real martyr's agony. His heart now stays where the Queen remains; he has not the power to lead it away, for it finds such pleasure in the Queen that it has no desire to leave her: so his body goes, and his heart remains. But enough of his body stays behind to spot and stain the sheets with the blood which has fallen from his fingers. Full of sighs and tears, Lancelot leaves in great distress. He grieves that no time is fixed for another meeting, but it cannot be. Regretfully he leaves by the window through which he had entered so happily. He was so badly wounded in the fingers that they were in sorry state; yet he straightened the bars and set them in their place again, so that from neither side, either before or behind, was it evident that any one had drawn out or bent any of the bars. When he leaves the room, he bows and acts precisely as if he were before a shrine; then he goes with a heavy heart, and reaches his lodgings without being recognised by any one. He throws himself naked upon his bed without awaking any one, and then for the first time he is surprised to notice the cuts in his fingers; but he is not at all concerned, for he is very sure that the wound was caused by dragging the window bars from the wall. Therefore he was not at all worried, for he would rather have had both arms dragged from his body than not enter through the window. But he would have been very angry and distressed, if he had thus injured and wounded himself under any other circumstances.

(Vv. 4755-5006.) In the morning, within her curtained room, the Queen had fallen into a gentle sleep; she had not noticed that her sheets were spotted with blood, but she supposed them to be perfectly white and clean and presentable. Now Meleagant, as soon as he was dressed and ready, went to the room where the Queen lay. He finds her awake, and he sees the sheets spotted with fresh drops of blood, whereupon he nudges his companions and, suspicious of some mischief, looks at the bed of Kay the seneschal, and sees that his sheets are blood-stained too, for you must know that in the night his wounds had begun to bleed afresh. Then he said: "Lady, now I have found the evidence that I desired. It is very true that any man is a fool to try to confine a woman: he wastes his efforts and his pains. He who tries to keep her under guard loses her sooner than the man who takes no thought of her. A fine watch, indeed, has been kept by my father, who is guarding you on my behalf! He has succeeded in keeping you from me, but, in spite of him, Kay the seneschal has looked upon you last night, and has done what he pleased with you, as can readily be proved." "What is that?" she asks. "Since I must speak, I find blood on your sheets, which proves the fact. I know it and can prove it, because I find on both your sheets and his the blood which issued from his wounds: the evidence is very strong." Then the Queen saw on both beds the bloody sheets, and marvelling, she blushed with shame and said: "So help me God, this blood which I see upon my sheets was never brought here by Kay, but my nose bled during the night, and I suppose it must be from my nose." In saying so, she thinks she tells the truth. "By my head," says Meleagant, "there is nothing in what you say. Swearing is of no avail, for you are taken in your guilt, and the truth will soon be proved." Then he said



to the guards who were present: "Gentlemen, do not move, and see to it that the sheets are not taken from the bed until I return. I wish the king to do me justice, as soon as he has seen the truth." Then he searched until he found him, and falling at his feet, he said: "Sire, come to see what you have failed to guard. Come to see the Queen, and you shall see the certain marvels which I have already seen and tested. But, before you go, I beg you not to fail to be just and upright toward me. You know well to what danger I have exposed myself for the Queen; yet, you are no friend of mine and keep her from me under guard. This morning I went to see her in her bed, and I remarked that Kay lies with her every night. Sire, for God's sake, be not angry, if I am disgruntled and if I complain. For it is very humiliating for me to be hated and despised by one with whom Kay is allowed to lie." "Silence!" says the king; "I don't believe it." "Then come, my lord, and see the sheets and the state in which Kay has left them. Since you will not believe my words, and since you think I am lying, I will show you the sheets and the quilt covered with blood from Kay's wounds." "Come now," says the king, "I wish to see for myself, and my eyes will judge of the truth." Then the king goes directly to the room, where the Queen got up at his approach. He sees that the sheets are blood-stained on her bed and on Kay's alike and he says: "Lady, it is going badly now, if what my son has said is true." Then she replies: "So help me God, never even in a dream was uttered such a monstrous lie. I think Kay the seneschal is courteous and loyal enough not to commit such a deed, and besides, I do not expose my body in the market-place, nor offer it of my own free will. Surely, Kay is not the man to make an insulting proposal to me, and I have never desired and shall never desire to do such a thing myself." "Sire, I shall be much obliged to you," says Meleagant to his father, "if Kay shall be made to atone for this outrage, and the Queen's shame thus be exposed. It devolves upon you to see that justice is done, and this justice I now request and claim. Kay has betrayed King Arthur, his lord, who had such confidence in him that he entrusted to him what he loved most in the world." "Let me answer, sire," says Kay, "and I shall exonerate myself. May God have no mercy upon my soul when I leave this world, if I ever lay with my lady! Indeed, I should rather be dead than ever do my lord such an ugly wrong, and may God never grant me better health than I have now but rather kill me on the spot, if such a thought ever entered my mind! But I know that my wounds bled profusely last night, and that is the reason why my sheets are stained with blood. That is why your son suspects me, but surely he has no right to do so." And Meleagant answers him: "So help me God, the devils and demons have betrayed you. You grew too heated last night and, as a result of your exertions, your wounds have doubtless bled afresh. There is no use in your denying it; we can see it, and it is perfectly evident. It is right that he should atone for his crime, who is so plainly taken in his guilt. Never did a knight with so fair a name commit such iniquities as this, and yours is the shame for it." "Sire, sire," says Kay to the king, "I will defend the Queen and myself against the accusation of your son. He harasses and distresses me, though he has no ground to treat me so." "You cannot fight," the king replies, "you are too ill." "Sire, if you will allow it, I will fight with him, ill as I am, and will show him that I am not guilty of the crime which he imputes to me." But the Queen, having secretly sent word to Lancelot, tells the king that she will present a knight who will defend the seneschal, if Meleagant dares to urge this charge. Then Meleagant said at once: "There is no knight without exception, even were he a giant, whom I will not fight until one of us is defeated." Then Lancelot came in, and with him

such a rout of knights that the whole hall was filled with them. As soon as he had entered, in the hearing of all, both young and old, the Queen told what had happened, and said: "Lancelot, this insult has been done me by Meleagant. In the presence of all who hear his words he says I have lied, if you do not make him take it back. Last night, he asserted, Kay lay with me, because he found my sheets, like his, all stained with blood; and he says that he stands convicted, unless he will undertake his own defence, or unless some one else will fight the battle on his behalf." Lancelot says: "You need never use arguments with me. May it not please God that either you or he should be thus discredited! I am ready to fight and to prove to the extent of my power that he never was guilty of such a thought. I am ready to employ my strength in his behalf, and to defend him against this charge." Then Meleagant jumped up and said: "So help me God, I am pleased and well satisfied with that: no one need think that I object." And Lancelot said: "My lord king, I am well acquainted with suits and laws, with trials and verdicts: in a question of veracity an oath should be taken before the fight." Meleagant at once replies: "I agree to take an oath; so let the relics be brought at once, for I know well that I am right." And Lancelot answers him: "So help me God, no one who ever knew Kay the seneschal would doubt his word on such a point." Then they call for their horses, and ask that their arms be brought. This is promptly done, and when the valets had armed them, they were ready for the fight. Then the holy relics are brought forth: Meleagant steps forward, with Lancelot by his side, and both fall on their knees. Then Meleagant, laying his hands upon the relics, swears unreservedly: "So help me God and this holy relic, Kay the seneschal lay with the Queen in her bed last night and, had his pleasure with her." "And I swear that thou liest," says Lancelot, "and furthermore I swear that he neither lay with her nor touched her. And may it please God to take vengeance upon him who has lied, and may He bring the truth to light! Moreover, I will take another oath and swear, whoever may dislike it or be displeased, that if I am permitted to vanquish Meleagant to-day, I will show him no mercy, so help me God and these relics here!" The king felt no joy when he heard this oath.

(Vv. 5007-5198.) When the oaths had been taken, their horses were brought forward, which were fair and good in every way. Each man mounts his own horse, and they ride at once at each other as fast as the steeds can carry them; and when the horses are in mid-career, the knights strike each other so fiercely that there is nothing left of the lances in their hands. Each brings the other to earth; however, they are not dismayed, but they rise at once and attack each other with their sharp drawn swords. The burning sparks fly in the air from their helmets. They assail each other so bitterly with the drawn swords in their hands that, as they thrust and draw, they encounter each other with their blows and will not pause even to catch their breath. The king in his grief and anxiety called the Queen, who had gone up in the tower to look out from the balcony: he begged her for God's sake, the Creator, to let them be separated. "Whatever is your pleasure is agreeable to me," the Queen says honestly: "I shall not object to anything you do." Lancelot plainly heard what reply the Queen made to the king's request, and from that time he ceased to fight and renounced the struggle at once. But Meleagant does not wish to stop, and continues to strike and hew at him. But the king rushes between them and stops his son, who declares with an oath that he has no desire for peace. He wants to fight, and cares not for peace. Then the king says to him: "Be quiet,

and take my advice, and be sensible. No shame or harm shall come to thee, if thou wilt do what is right and heed my words. Dost thou not remember that thou hast agreed to fight him at King Arthur's court? And dost thou not suppose that it would be a much greater honour for thee to defeat him there than anywhere else?" The king says this to see if he can so influence him as to appease him and separate them. And Lancelot, who was impatient to go in search of my lord Gawain, requests leave of the king and Queen to depart. With their permission he goes away toward the water-bridge, and after him there followed a great company of knights. But it would have suited him very well, if many of those who went had stayed behind. They make long days' journeys until they approach the water-bridge, but are still about a league from it. Before they came in sight of the bridge, a dwarf came to meet them on a mighty hunter, holding a scourge with which to urge on and incite his steed. In accordance with his instructions, he at once inquired: "Which of you is Lancelot? Don't conceal him from me; I am of your party; tell me confidently, for I ask the question for your good." Lancelot replies in his own behalf, and says: "I am he whom thou seekest and askest for." "Ah," says the dwarf, "frank knight, leave these people, and trust in me. Come along with me alone, for I will take thee to a goodly place. Let no one follow thee for anything, but let them wait here; for we shall return presently." He, suspecting no harm in this, bids all his men stay there, and follows the dwarf who has betrayed him. Meanwhile his men who wait for him may continue to expect him long in vain, for they, who have taken and seized him, have no desire to give him up. And his men are in such a state of grief at his failure to return that they do not know what steps to take. They all say sorrowfully that the dwarf has betrayed them. It would be useless to inquire for him: with heavy hearts they begin to search, but they know not where to look for him with any hope of finding him. So they all take counsel, and the most reasonable and sensible agree on this, it seems: to go to the passage of the water-bridge, which is close by, to see if they can find my lord Gawain in wood or plain, and then with his advice search for Lancelot. Upon this plan they all agree without dissension. Toward the water-bridge they go, and as soon as they reach the bridge, they see my lord Gawain overturned and fallen from the bridge into the stream which is very deep. One moment he rises, and the next he sinks; one moment they see him, and the next they lose him from sight. They make such efforts that they succeed in raising him with branches, poles and hooks. He had nothing but his hauberk on his back, and on his head was fixed his helmet, which was worth ten of the common sort, and he wore his iron greaves, which were all rusty with his sweat, for he had endured great trials, and had passed victoriously through many perils and assaults. His lance, his shield, and horse were all behind on the other bank. Those who have rescued him do not believe he is alive. For his body was full of water, and until he got rid of it, they did not hear him speak a word. But when his speech and voice and the passageway to his heart are free, and as soon, as what he said could be heard and understood, he tried to speak he inquired at once for the Queen, whether those present had any news of her. And they replied that she is still with King Bademagu, who serves her well and honourably. "Has no one come to seek her in this land?" my lord Gawain then inquires of them. And they answer him: "Yes, indeed." "Who?" "Lancelot of the Lake," they say, "who crossed the sword-bridge, and rescued and delivered her as well as all the rest of us. But we have been betrayed by a pot-bellied, humpbacked, and crabbed dwarf. He has deceived us shamefully in seducing Lancelot from us, and we do

not know what he has done with him." "When was that?" my lord Gawain inquires. "Sire, near here this very day this trick was played on us, while he was coming with us to meet you." "And how has Lancelot been occupied since he entered this land?" Then they begin to tell him all about him in detail, and then they tell him about the Queen, how she is waiting for him and asserting that nothing could induce her to leave the country, until she sees him or hears some credible news of him. To them my lord Gawain replies: "When we leave this bridge, we shall go to search for Lancelot." There is not one who does not advise rather that they go to the Queen at once, and have the king seek Lancelot, for it is their opinion that his son Meleagant has shown his enmity by having him cast into prison. But if the king can learn where he is, he will certainly make him surrender him: they can rely upon this with confidence.

(Vv. 5199-5256.) They all agreed upon this plan, and started at once upon their way until they drew near the court where the Queen and king were. There, too, was Kay the seneschal, and that disloyal man, full to overflowing of treachery, who has aroused the greatest anxiety for Lancelot on the part of the party which now arrives. They feel they have been discomfited and betrayed, and they make great lament in their misery. It is not a gracious message which reports this mourning to the Queen. Nevertheless, she deports herself with as good a grace as possible. She resolves to endure it, as she must, for the sake of my lord Gawain. However, she does not so conceal her grief that it does not somewhat appear. She has to show both joy and grief at once: her heart is empty for Lancelot, and to my lord Gawain she shows excessive joy. Every one who hears of the loss of Lancelot is grief-stricken and distracted. The king would have rejoiced at the coming of my lord Gawain and would have been delighted with his acquaintance; but he is so sorrowful and distressed over the betrayal of Lancelot that he is prostrated and full of grief. And the Queen beseeches him insistently to have him searched for, up and down throughout the land, without postponement or delay. My lord Gawain and Kay and all the others join in this prayer and request. "Leave this care to me, and speak no more of it," the king replies, "for I have been ready to do so for some time. Without need of request or prayer this search shall be made with thoroughness." Everyone bows in sign of gratitude, and the king at once sends messengers through his realm, sagacious and prudent men-at-arms, who inquired for him throughout the land. They made inquiry for him everywhere, but gained no certain news of him. Not finding any, they come back to the place where the knights remain; then Gawain and Kay and all the others say that they will go in search of him, fully armed and lance in rest; they will not trust to sending some one else.

(Vv. 5257-5378.) One day after dinner they were all in the hall putting on their arms, and the point had been reached where there was nothing to do but start, when a valet entered and passed by them all until he came before the Queen, whose cheeks were by no means rosy! For she was in such mourning for Lancelot, of whom she had no news, that she had lost all her colour. The valet greeted her as well as the king, who was by her side, and then all the others and Kay and my lord Gawain. He held a letter in his hand which he gave to the king, who took it. The king had it read in the hearing of all by one who made no mistake in reading it. The reader knew full well how to communicate to them what was written in the parchment: he says that Lancelot sends greetings to the

king as his kind lord, and thanks him for the honour and kindness he has shown him, and that he now places himself at the king's orders. And know that he is now hale and hearty at King Arthur's court, and he bids him tell the Queen to come thither, if she will consent, in company with my lord Gawain and Kay. In proof of which, he affixed his signature which they should recognise, as indeed they did. At this they were very happy and glad; the whole court resounds with their jubilation, and they say they will start next day as soon as it is light. So, when the day broke, they make ready and prepare: they rise and mount and start. With great joy and jubilee the king escorts them for a long distance on their way. When he has conducted them to the frontier and has seen them safely across the border, he takes leave of the Queen, and likewise of all the rest. And when he comes to take his leave, the Queen is careful to express her gratitude for all the kindness he has shown to her, and throwing her arms about his neck, she offers and promises him her own service and that of her lord: no greater promise can she make. And my lord Gawain promises his service to him, as to his lord and friend, and then Kay does likewise, and all the rest. Then the king commends them to God as they start upon their way. After these three, he bids the rest farewell, and then turns his face toward home. The Queen and her company do not tarry a single day until news of them reaches the court. King Arthur was delighted at the news of the Queen's approach, and he is happy and pleased at the thought that his nephew had brought about the Queen's return, as well as that of Kay and of the lesser folk. But the truth is quite different from what he thinks. All the town is cleared as they go to meet them, and knights and vassals join in shouting as they approach: "Welcome to my lord Gawain, who has brought back the Queen and many another captive lady, and has freed for us many prisoners!" Then Gawain answered them: "Gentlemen, I do not deserve your praise. Do not trouble ever to say this again, for the compliment does not apply to me. This honour causes me only shame, for I did not reach the Queen in time; my detention made me late. But Lancelot reached there in time, and won such honour as was never won by any other knight." "Where is he, then, fair dear sire, for we do not see him here?" "Where?" echoes my lord Gawain; "at the court of my lord the King, to be sure. Is he not?" "No, he is not here, or anywhere else in this country. Since my lady was taken away, we have had no news of him." Then for the first time my lord Gawain realised that the letter had been forged, and that they had been betrayed and deceived: by the letter they had been misled. Then they all begin to lament, and they come thus weeping to the court, where the King at once asks for information about the affair. There were plenty who could tell him how much Lancelot had done, how the Queen and all the captives were delivered from duance by him, and by what treachery the dwarf had stolen him and drawn him away from them. This news is not pleasing to the King, and he is very sorry and full of grief; but his heart is so lightened by the pleasure he takes in the Queen's return, that his grief concludes in joy. When he has what he most desires, he cares little for the rest.

(Vv. 5379-5514.) While the Queen was out of the country, I believe, the ladies and the damsels who were disconsolate, decided among themselves that they would marry, soon, and they organised a contest and a tournament. The lady of Noauz was patroness of it, with the lady of Pomelegloi. They will have nothing to do with those who fare ill, but they assert that they will accept those who comport themselves well in the tournament. And they had the date of the contest proclaimed s long while in advance in

all the countries near and far, in order that there might be more participants. Now the Queen arrived before the date they had set, and as soon as the ladies heard of the Queen's return, most of them came at once to the King and besought him to grant them a favour and boon, which he did. He promised to do whatever they wished, before he knew what their desire might be. Then they told him that they wished him to let the Queen come to be present at their contest. And he who was not accustomed to forbid, said he was willing, if she wished it so. In happy mood they go to the Queen and say to her: "Lady, do not deprive us of the boon which the King has granted us." Then she asks them: "What is that? Don't fail to tell!" Then they say to her: "If you will come to our tournament, he will not gainsay you nor stand in the way." Then she said that she would come, since he was willing that she should. Promptly the dames send word throughout the realm that they are going to bring the Queen on the day set for the tournament. The news spread far and near, here and there, until it reached the kingdom whence no one used to return -- but now whoever wished might enter or pass out unopposed. The news travelled in this kingdom until it came to a seneschal of the faithless Meleagant may an evil fire burn him! This seneschal had Lancelot in his keeping, for to him he had been entrusted by his enemy Meleagant, who hated him with deadly hate. Lancelot learned the hour and date of the tournament, and as soon as he heard of it, his eyes were not tearless nor was his heart glad. The lady of the house, seeing Lancelot sad and pensive, thus spoke to him: "Sire, for God's sake and for your own soul's good, tell me truly," the lady said, "why you are so changed. You won't eat or drink anything, and I see that you do not make merry or laugh. You can tell me with confidence why you are so sad and troubled." "Ah, lady, for God's sake, do not be surprised that I am sad! Truly, I am very much downcast, since I cannot be present where all that is good in the world will be assembled: that is, at the tournament where there will be a gathering of the people who make the earth tremble. Nevertheless, if it pleased you, and if God should incline your heart to let me go thither, you might rest assured that I should be careful to return to my captivity here." "I would gladly do it," she replied, "if I did not see that my death and destruction would result. But I am in such terror of my lord, the despicable Meleagant, that I would not dare to do it, for he would kill my husband at once. It is not strange that I am afraid of him, for, as you know, he is very bad." "Lady, if you are afraid that I may not return to you at once after the tournament, I will take an oath which I will never break, that nothing will detain me from returning at once to my prison here immediately after the tournament." Upon my word," said she, "I will allow it upon one condition." "Lady, what condition is that?" Then she replies: "Sire, upon condition that you wilt swear to return to me, and promise that I shall have your love." "Lady, I give you all the love I have, and swear to come back." Then the lady laughs and says: "I have no cause to boast of such a gift, for I know you have bestowed upon some one else the love for which I have just made request. However, I do not disdain to take so much of it as I can get. I shall be satisfied with what I can have, and will accept your oath that you will be so considerate of me as to return hither a prisoner."

(Vv. 5515-5594.) In accordance with her wish, Lancelot swears by Holy Church that he will return without fail. And the lady at once gives him the vermilion arms of her lord, and his horse which was marvellously good and strong and brave. He mounts and leaves, armed with handsome, new arms, and proceeds until he comes to Noauz. He espoused

this side in the tournament, and took his lodging outside the town. Never did such a noble man choose such a small and lowly lodging-place; but he did not wish to lodge where he might be recognised. There were many good and excellent knights gathered within the town. But there were many more outside, for so many had come on account of the presence of the Queen that the fifth part could not be accommodated inside. For every one who would have been there under ordinary circumstances, there were seven who would not have come excepting on the Queen's account. The barons were quartered in tents, lodges, and pavilions for five leagues around. Moreover, it was wonderful how many gentle ladies and damsels were there. Lancelot placed his shield outside the door of his lodging-place, and then, to make himself more comfortable, he took off his arms and lay down upon a bed which he held in slight esteem; for it was narrow and had a thin mattress, and was covered with a coarse hempen cloth. Lancelot had thrown himself upon the bed all disarmed, and as he lay there in such poor estate, behold! a fellow came in in his shirt-sleeves; he was a herald-at-arms, and had left his coat and shoes in the tavern as a pledge; so he came running barefoot and exposed to the wind. He saw the shield hanging outside the door, and looked at it: but naturally he did not recognise it or know to whom it belonged, or who was the bearer of it. He sees the door of the house standing open, and upon entering, he sees Lancelot upon the bed, and as soon as he saw him, he recognised him and crossed himself. And Lancelot made a sign to him, and ordered him not to speak of him wherever he might go, for if he should tell that he knew him, it would be better for him to have his eyes put out or his neck broken. "Sire," the herald says, "I have always held you in high esteem, and so long as I live, I shall never do anything to cause you displeasure." Then he runs from the house and cries aloud: "Now there has come one who will take the measure! (23) Now there has come one who will take the measure!" The fellow shouts this everywhere, and the people come from every side and ask him what is the meaning of his cry. He is not so rash as to answer them, but goes on shouting the same words: "Now there has come one who will take the measure!" This herald was the master of us all, when he taught us to use the phrase, for he was the first to make use of it.

Go to Part IV

#### ENDNOTES:

NOTE: Endnotes supplied by Prof. Foerster are indicated by "(F.)"; all other endnotes are supplied by W.W. Comfort.

(21) The classic love-story of Pyramus and Thisbe, told by Ovid et al., was a favourite in the Middle Ages.

(22) Here he have the explanation of Guinevere's cold reception of Lancelot; he had been faithless to the rigid code of courtesy when he had hesitated for even a moment to cover himself with shame for her sake.

(23) The expression "or est venuz qui aunera", less literally means "who will defeat the entire field". Though Chretien refers to the expression as a current proverb, only two other examples of its use have been found. (Cf. "Romania", xvi. 101, and "Ztsch. fur romanische Philologie", xi. 430.) From this passage G. Paris surmised that Chretien himself was a herald-at-arms ("Journal des Savants", 1902, p. 296), but as Foerster says, the text hardly warrants the supposition.

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Lancelot

or,

The Knight of the Cart

Part IV: Vv. 5595 - Vv. 7134

Online Medieval and Classical Library Release #24

(Vv. 5595-5640.) Now the crowd was assembled, including the Queen and all the ladies, the knights and the other people, and there were many men-at-arms everywhere, to the right and left. At the place where the tournament was to be, there were some large wooden stands for the use of the Queen with her ladies and damsels. Such fine stands were never seen before they were so long and well constructed. Thither the ladies betook themselves with the Queen, wishing to see who would fare better or worse in the combat. Knights arrive by tens, twenties, and thirties, here eighty and there ninety, here a hundred, there still more, and yonder twice as many yet; so that the press is so great in front of the stands and all around that they decide to begin the



joust. As they assemble, armed and unarmed, their lances suggest the appearance of a wood, for those who have come to the sport brought so many lances that there is nothing in sight but lances, banners, and standards. Those who are going to take part begin to joust, and they find plenty of their companions who had come with similar intent. Still others prepare to perform other feats of chivalry. The fields, meadows, and fallow lands are so full of knights that it is impossible to estimate how many of them are there. But there was no sign of Lancelot at this first gathering of the knights; but later, when he entered the middle of the field, the herald saw him and could not refrain from crying out: "Behold him who will take the measure! Behold him who will take the measure!" And the people ask him who he is, but he will not tell them anything. (Vv. 5641-6104.) When Lancelot entered the tournament, he was as good as twenty of the best, and he began to fight so doughtily that no one could take his eyes from him, wherever he was. On the Pomelegloi side there was a brave and valorous knight, and his horse was spirited and swifter than a wild stag. He was the son of the Irish king, and fought well and handsomely. But the unknown knight pleased them all more a hundred times. In wonder they all make haste to ask: "Who is this knight who fights so well?" And the Queen privily called a clever and wise damsel to her and said: "Damsel, you must carry a message, and do it quickly and with few words. Go down from the stand, and approach yonder knight with the vermilion shield, and tell him privately that I bid him do his `worst'." She goes quickly, and with intelligence executes the Queen's command. She sought the knight until she came up close to him; then she said to him prudently and in a voice so low that no one standing by might hear: "Sire, my lady the Queen sends you word by me that you shall do your `worst'." When he heard this, he replied: "Very willingly," like one who is altogether hers. Then he rides at another knight as hard as his horse can carry him, and misses his thrust which should have struck him. From that time till evening fell he continued to do as badly as possible in accordance with the Queen's desire. But the other, who fought with him, did not miss his thrust, but struck him with such violence that he was roughly handled. Thereupon he took to flight, and after that he never turned his horse's head toward any knight, and were he to die for it, he would never do anything unless he saw in it his shame, disgrace, and dishonour; he even pretends to be afraid of all the knights who pass to and fro. And the very knights who formerly esteemed him now hurled jests and jibes at him. And the herald who had been saying: "He will beat them all in turn!" is greatly dejected and discomfited when he hears the scornful jokes of those who shout: "Friend, say no more! This fellow will not take any one's measure again. He has measured so much that his yardstick is broken, of which thou hast boasted to us so much." Many say: "What is he going to do? He was so brave just now; but now he is so cowardly that there is not a knight whom he dares to face. The cause of his first success must have been that he never engaged at arms before, and he was so brave at his first attack that the most skilled knight dared not withstand him, for he fought like a wild man. But now he has learned so much of arms that he will never wish to bear them again his whole life long. His heart cannot longer endure the thought, for there is nothing more cowardly than his heart." And the Queen, as she watches him, is happy and well-pleased, for she knows full well, though she does not say it, that this is surely Lancelot. Thus all day long till evening he played his coward's part, and late in the afternoon they separated. At parting there was a great discussion as to who had done the best. The son of the Irish king thinks that without

doubt or contradiction he has all the glory and renown. But he is grievously mistaken, for there were plenty of others as good as he. Even the vermilion knight so pleased the fairest and gentlest of the ladies and damsels that they had gazed at him more than at any other knight, for they had remarked how well he fought at first, and how excellent and brave he was; then he had become so cowardly that he dared not face a single knight, and even the worst of them could defeat and capture him at will. But knights and ladies all agreed that on the morrow they should return to the list, and the damsels should choose as their lords those who should win honour in that day's fight: on this arrangement they all agree. Then they turn toward their lodgings, and when they had returned, here and there men began to say: "What has become of the worst, the most craven and despised of knights? Whither did he go? Where is he concealed? Where is he to be found? Where shall we search for him? We shall probably never see him again. For he has been driven off by cowardice, with which he is so filled that there is no greater craven in the world than he. And he is not wrong, for a coward is a hundred times more at ease than a valorous fighting man. Cowardice is easy of entreaty, and that is the reason he has given her the kiss of peace and has taken from her all she has to give. Courage never so debased herself as to lodge in his breast or take quarters near him. But cowardice is altogether lodged with him, and she has found a host who will honour her and serve her so faithfully that he is willing to resign his own fair name for hers." Thus they wrangle all night, vying with each other in slander. But often one man maligns another, and yet is much worse himself than the object of his blame and scorn. Thus, every one said what he pleased about him. And when the next day dawned, all the people prepared and came again to the jousting place. The Queen was in the stand again, accompanied by her ladies and damsels and many knights without their arms, who had been captured or defeated, and these explained to them the armorial bearings of the knights whom they most esteem. Thus they talk among themselves: (24) "Do you see that knight yonder with a golden band across the middle of his red shield? That is Governauz of Roberdic. And do you see that other one, who has an eagle and a dragon painted side by side upon his shield? That is the son of the King of Aragon, who has come to this land in search of glory and renown. And do you see that one beside him, who thrusts and jousts so well, bearing a shield with a leopard painted on a green ground on one part, and the other half is azure blue? That is Ignaures the well-beloved, a lover himself and jovial. And he who bears the shield with the pheasants portrayed beak to beak is Coguillanz of Mautirec. Do you see those two side by side, with their dappled steeds, and golden shields showing black lions? One is named Semiramis, and the other is his companion; their shields are painted alike. And do you see the one who has a shield with a gate painted on it, through which a stag appears to be passing out? That is King Ider, in truth." Thus they talk up in the stand. "That shield was made at Limoges, whence it was brought by Pilades, who is very ardent and keen to be always in the fight. That shield, bridle, and breast-strap were made at Toulouse, and were brought here by Kay of Estraus. The other came from Lyons on the Rhone, and there is no better under heaven; for his great merit it was presented to Taulas of the Desert, who bears it well and protects himself with it skilfully. Yonder shield is of English workmanship and was made at London; you see on it two swallows which appear as if about to fly; yet they do not move, but receive many blows from the Poitevin lances of steel; he who has it is poor Thoas." Thus they point out and

describe the arms of those they know; but they see nothing of him whom they had held in such contempt, and, not remarking him in the fray, they suppose that he has slipped away. When the Queen sees that he is not there, she feels inclined to send some one to search for him in the crowd until he be found. She knows of no one better to send in search of him than she who yesterday performed her errand. So, straightway calling her, she said to her: "Damsel, go and mount your palfrey! I send you to the same knight as I sent you yesterday, and do you seek him until you find him. Do not delay for any cause, and tell him again to do his 'worst'. And when you have given him this message, mark well what reply he makes." The damsel makes no delay, for she had carefully noticed the direction he took the night before, knowing well that she would be sent to him again. She made her way through the ranks until she saw the knight, whom she instructs at once to do his "worst" again, if he desires the love and favour of the Queen which she sends him. And he makes answer: "My thanks to her, since such is her will." Then the damsel went away, and the valets, sergeants, and squires begin to shout: "See this marvellous thing! He of yesterday with the vermilion arms is back again. What can he want? Never in the world was there such a vile, despicable, and craven wretch! He is so in the power of cowardice that resistance is useless on his part." And the damsel returns to the Queen, who detained her and would not let her go until she heard what his response had been; then she heartily rejoiced, feeling no longer any doubt that this is he to whom she altogether belongs, and he is hers in like manner. Then she bids the damsel quickly return and tell him that it is her command and prayer that he shall do his "best"; and she says she will go at once without delay. She came down from the stand to where her valet with the palfrey was awaiting her. She mounted and rode until she found the knight, to whom she said at once: "Sire, my lady now sends word that you shall do the 'best' you can!" And he replies: "Tell her now that it is never a hardship to do her will, for whatever pleases her is my delight." The maiden was not slow in bearing back this message, for she thinks it will greatly please and delight the Queen. She made her way as directly as possible to the stand, where the Queen rose and started to meet her, however, she did not go down, but waited for her at the top of the steps. And the damsel came happy in the message she had to bear. When she had climbed the steps and reached her side, she said: "Lady, I never saw so courteous a knight, for he is more than ready to obey every command you send to him, for, if the truth be known, he accepts good and evil with the same countenance." "Indeed," says the Queen, "that may well be so." Then she returns to the balcony to watch the knights. And Lancelot without delay seizes his shield by the leather straps, for he is kindled and consumed by the desire to show his prowess. Guiding his horse's head, he lets him run between two lines. All those mistaken and deluded men, who have spent a large part of the day and night in heaping him with ridicule, will soon be disconcerted. For a long time they have had their sport and joke and fun. The son of the King of Ireland held his shield closely gripped by the leather straps, as he spurs fiercely to meet him from the opposite direction. They come together with such violence that the son of the Irish king having broken and splintered his lance, wishes no more of the tournament; for it was not moss he struck, but hard, dry boards. In this encounter Lancelot taught him one of his thrusts, when he pinned his shield to his arm, and his arm to his side, and brought him down from his horse to earth. Like arrows the knights at once fly out, spurring and pricking from either side, some to relieve this knight, others to add to his distress. While some

thus try to aid their lords, many a saddle is left empty in the strife and fray. But all that day Gawain took no hand at arms, though he was with the others there, for he took such pleasure in watching the deeds of him with the red painted arms that what the others did seemed to him pale in comparison. And the herald cheered up again, as he shouted aloud so that all could hear: "Here there has one come who will take the measure! To-day you shall see what he can do. To-day his prowess shall appear." Then the knight directs his steed and makes a very skilful thrust against a certain knight, whom he strikes so hard that he carries him a hundred feet or more from his horse. His feats with sword and lance are so well performed that there is none of the onlookers who does not find pleasure in watching him. Many even of those who bear arms find pleasure and satisfaction in what he does, for it is great sport to see how he makes horses and knights tumble and fall. He encounters hardly a single knight who is able to keep his seat, and he gives the horses he wins to those who want them. Then those who had been making game of him said: "Now we are disgraced and mortified. It was a great mistake for us to deride and vilify this man, for he is surely worth a thousand such as we are on this field; for he has defeated and outdone all the knights in the world, so that there is no one now that opposes him." And the damsels, who amazed were watching him, all said that he might take them to wife; but they did not dare to trust in their beauty or wealth, or power or highness, for not for her beauty or wealth would this peerless knight deign to choose any one of them. Yet, most of them are so enamoured of him that they say that, unless they marry him, they will not be bestowed upon any man this year. And the Queen, who hears them boast, laughs to herself and enjoy the fun, for well she knows that if all the gold of Arabia should be set before him, yet he who is beloved by them all would not select the best, the fairest, or the most charming of the group. One wish is common to them all -- each wishes to have him as her spouse. One is jealous of another, as if she were already his wife; and all this is because they see him so adroit that in their opinion no mortal man could perform such deeds as he had done. He did so well that when the time came to leave the list, they admitted freely on both sides that no one had equalled the knight with the vermillion shield. All said this, and it was true. But when he left, he allowed his shield and lance and trappings to fall where he saw the thickest press, then he rode off hastily with such secrecy that no one of all the host noticed that he had disappeared. But he went straight back to the place whence he had come, to keep his oath. When the tournament broke up, they all searched and asked for him, but without success, for he fled away, having no desire to be recognised. The knights are disappointed and distressed, for they would have rejoiced to have him there. But if the knights were grieved to have been deserted thus, still greater was the damsels' grief when they learned the truth, and they asserted by St. John that they would not marry at all that year. If they can't have him whom they truly love, then all the others may be dismissed. Thus the tourney was adjourned without any of them choosing a husband. Meanwhile Lancelot without delay repairs to his prison. But the seneschal arrived two or three days before Lancelot, and inquired where he was. And his wife, who had given to Lancelot his fair and well- equipped vermillion arms, as well as his harness and his horse, told the truth to the seneschal -- how she had sent him where there had been jousting at the tourney of Noauz. "Lady," the seneschal replies, "you could truly have done nothing worse than that. Doubtless, I shall smart for this, for my lord Meleagant will treat me worse than the beach-combers' law would treat

me were I a mariner in distress. I shall be killed or banished the moment he hears the news, and he will have no pity for me." "Fair sire, be not now dismayed," the lady said; "there is no occasion for the fear you feel. There is no possibility of his detention, for he swore to me by the saints that he would return as soon as possible."

(Vv. 6105-6166.) (25) Then the seneschal mounts, and coming to his lord, tells him the whole story of the episode; but at the same time, he emphatically reassures him, telling how his wife had received his oath that he would return to his prison. "He will not break his word, I know," says Meleagant: "and yet I am very much displeased at what your wife has done. Not for any consideration would I have had him present at that tournament. But return now, and see to it that, when he comes back, he be so strictly guarded that he shall not escape from his prison or have any freedom of body: and send me word at once." "Your orders shall be obeyed," says the seneschal. Then he goes away and finds Lancelot returned as prisoner in his yard. A messenger, sent by the seneschal, runs back at once to Meleagant, appraising him of Lancelot's return. When he heard this news, he took masons and carpenters who unwillingly or of their own free-will executed his commands. He summoned the best artisans in the land, and commanded them to build a tower, and exert themselves to build it well. The stone was quarried by the seaside; for near Gorre on this side there runs a big broad arm of the sea, in the midst of which an island stood, as Meleagant well knew. He ordered the stone to be carried thither and the material for the construction of the tower. In less than fifty-seven days the tower was completely built, high and thick and well-founded. When it was completed, he had Lancelot brought thither by night, and after putting him in the tower, he ordered the doors to be walled up, and made all the masons swear that they would never utter a word about this tower. It was his will that it should be thus sealed up, and that no door or opening should remain, except one small window. Here Lancelot was compelled to stay, and they gave him poor and meagre fare through this little window at certain hours, as the disloyal wretch had ordered and commanded them.

(Vv. 6167-6220.) Now Meleagant has carried out all his purpose, and he betakes himself to King Arthur's court: behold him now arrived! And when he was before the King, he thus spoke with pride and arrogance: "King, I have scheduled a battle to take place in thy presence and in thy court. But I see nothing of Lancelot who agreed to be my antagonist. Nevertheless, as my duty is, in the hearing of all who are present here, I offer myself to fight this battle. And if he is here, let him now step forth and agree to meet me in your court a year from now. I know not if any one has told you how this battle was agreed upon. But I see knights here who were present at our conference, and who, if they would, could tell you the truth. If he should try to deny the truth, I should employ no hireling to take my place, but would prove it to him hand to hand." The Queen, who was seated beside the King, draws him to her as she says: "Sire, do you know who that knight is? It is Meleagant who carried me away while escorted by Kay the seneschal; he caused him plenty of shame and mischief too." And the King answered her: "Lady, I understand; I know full well that it is he who held my people in distress." The Queen says no more, but the King addresses Meleagant: "Friend," he says, "so help me God, we are very sad because we know nothing of Lancelot." "My lord King," says Meleagant, "Lancelot told me that I should surely find him here."

Nowhere but in your court must I issue the call to this battle, and I desire all your knights here to bear me witness that I summon him to fight a year from to-day, as stipulated when we agreed to fight."

(Vv. 6221-6458.) At this my lord Gawain gets up, much distressed at what he hears: "Sire, there is nothing known of Lancelot in all this land," he says; "but we shall send in search of him and, if God will, we shall find him yet, before the end of the year is reached, unless he be dead or in prison. And if he does not appear, then grant me the battle, and I will fight for him: I will arm myself in place of Lancelot, if he does not return before that day." "Ah," says Meleagant, "for God's sake, my fair lord King, grant him the boon. I join my request to his desire, for I know no knight in all the world with whom I would more gladly try my strength, excepting only Lancelot. But bear in mind that, if I do not fight with one of them, I will accept no exchange or substitution for either one." And the King says that this is understood, if Lancelot does not return within the time. Then Meleagant left the royal court and journeyed until he found his father, King Bademagu. In order to appear brave and of consideration in his presence, he began by making a great pretence and by assuming an expression of marvellous cheer. That day the king was holding a joyous court at his city of Bade; (26) it was his birthday, which he celebrated with splendour and generosity, and there were many people of divers sorts gathered with him. All the palace was filled with knights and damsels, and among them was the sister of Meleagant, of whom I shall tell you, farther on, what is my thought and reason for mentioning her here. But it is not fitting that I should explain it here, for I do not wish to confuse or entangle my material, but rather to treat it straight forwardly. Now I must tell you that Meleagant in the hearing of all, both great and small, spoke thus to his father boastingly: "Father," he says, "so help me God, please tell me truly now whether he ought not to be well-content, and whether he is not truly brave, who can cause his arms to be feared at King Arthur's court?" To this question his father replies at once: "Son," he says, "all good men ought to honour and serve and seek the company of one whose deserts are such." Then he flattered him with the request that he should not conceal why he has alluded to this, what he wishes, and whence he comes. "Sire, I know not whether you remember," Meleagant begins, "the agreements and stipulations which were recorded when Lancelot and I made peace. It was then agreed, I believe, and in the presence of many we were told, that we should present ourselves at the end of a year at Arthur's court. I went thither at the appointed time, ready equipped for my business there. I did everything that had been prescribed: I called and searched for Lancelot, with whom I was to fight, but I could not gain a sight of him: he had fled and run away. When I came away, Gawain pledged his word that, if Lancelot is not alive and does not return within the time agreed upon, no further postponement will be asked, but that he himself will fight the battle against me in place of Lancelot. Arthur has no knight, as is well known, whose fame equals his, but before the flowers bloom again, I shall see, when we come to blows, whether his fame and his deeds are in accord: I only wish it could be settled now!" "Son," says his father, "thou art acting exactly like a fool. Any one, who knew it not before, may learn of thy madness from thy own lips. A good heart truly humbles itself, but the fool and the boastful never lose their folly. Son, to thee I direct my words, for the traits of thy character are so hard and dry, that there is no place for sweetness or friendship. Thy heart is altogether pitiless: thou art altogether in folly's

grasp. This accounts for my slight respect for thee, and this is what will cast thee down. If thou art brave, there will be plenty of men to say so in time of need. A virtuous man need not praise his heart in order to enhance his deed; the deed itself will speak in its own praise. Thy self-praise does not aid thee a whit to increase in any one's esteem; indeed, I hold thee in less esteem. Son, I chasten thee; but to what end? It is of little use to advise a fool. He only wastes his strength in vain who tries to cure the madness of a fool, and the wisdom that one teaches and expounds is worthless, wasted and unemployed, unless it is expressed in works." Then Meleagant was sorely enraged and furious. I may truly say that never could you see a mortal man so full of anger as he was; the last bond between them was broken then, as he spoke to his father these ungracious words: "Are you in a dream or trance, when you say that I am mad to tell you how my matters stand? I thought I had come to you as to my lord and my father; but that does not seem to be the case, for you insult me more outrageously than I think you have any right to do; moreover, you can give no reason for having addressed me thus." "Indeed, I can." "What is it, then?" "Because I see nothing in thee but folly and wrath. I know very well what thy courage is like, and that it will cause thee great trouble yet. A curse upon him who supposes that the elegant Lancelot, who is esteemed by all but thee, has ever fled from thee through fear. I am sure that he is buried or confined in some prison whose door is barred so tight that he cannot escape without leave. I should surely be sorely grieved if he were dead or in distress. It would surely be too bad, were a creature so splendidly equipped, so fair, so bold, yet so serene, to perish thus before his time. But, may it please God, this is not true." Then Bademagu said no more; but a daughter of his had listened attentively to all his words, and you must know that it was she whom I mentioned earlier in my tale, and who is not happy now to hear such news of Lancelot. It is quite clear to her that he is shut up, since no one knows any news of him or his wanderings. "May God never look upon me, if I rest until I have some sure and certain news of him!" Straightway, without making any noise or disturbance, she runs and mounts a fair and easy-stepping mule. But I must say that when she leaves the court, she knows not which way to turn. However, she asks no advice in her predicament, but takes the first road she finds, and rides along at random rapidly, unaccompanied by knight or squire. In her eagerness she makes haste to attain the object of her search. Keenly she presses forward in her quest, but it will not soon terminate. She may not rest or delay long in any single place, if she wishes to carry out her plan, to release Lancelot from his prison, if she can find him and if it is possible. But in my opinion, before she finds him she will have searched in many a land, after many a journey and many a quest, before she has any news of him. But what would be the use of my telling you of her lodgings and her journeyings? Finally, she travelled so far through hill and dale, up and down, that more than a month had passed, and as yet she had learned only so much as she knew before -- that is, absolutely nothing. One day she was crossing a field in a sad and pensive mood, when she saw a tower in the distance standing by the shore of an arm of the sea. Not within a league around about was there any house, cottage, or dwelling-place. Meleagant had had it built, and had confined Lancelot within. But of all this she still was unaware. As soon as she espied the tower, she fixed her attention upon it to the exclusion of all else. And her heart gives her assurance that here is the object of her quest; now at last she has reached her goal, to which Fortune through many trials has at last directed her.

(Vv. 6459-6656.) The damsel draws so near to the tower that she can touch it with her hands. She walks about, listening attentively, I suppose, if perchance she may hear some welcome sound. She looks down and she gazes up, and she sees that the tower is strong and high and thick. She is amazed to see no door or window, except one little narrow opening. Moreover, there was no ladder or steps about this high, sheer tower. For this reason she surmises that it was made so intentionally, and that Lancelot is confined inside. But she resolves that before she tastes of food, she will learn whether this is so or not. She thinks she will call Lancelot by name, and is about to do so when she is deterred by hearing from the tower a voice which was making a marvellously sad moan as it called on death. It implores death to come, and complains of misery unbearable. In contempt of the body and life, it weakly piped in a low, hoarse tone: "Ah, fortune, how disastrously thy wheel has turned for me! Thou hast mocked me shamefully: a while ago I was up, but now I am down; I was well off of late, but now I am in a sorry state; not long since thou didst smile on me, but now thy eyes are filled with tears. Alas, poor wretch, why didst thou trust in her, when so soon she has deserted thee! Behold, in a very little while she has cast thee down from thy high estate! Fortune, it was wrong of thee to mock me thus; but what carest thou! Thou carest not how it may turn out. Ah, sacred Cross! All, Holy Ghost! How am I wretched and undone! How completely has my career been closed! Ah, Gawain, you who possess such worth, and whose goodness is unparalleled, surely I may well be amazed that you do not come to succour me. Surely you delay too long and are not showing courtesy. He ought indeed to receive your aid whom you used to love so devotedly! For my part I may truly say that there is no lodging place or retreat on either side of the sea, where I would not have searched for you at least seven or ten years before finding you, if I knew you to be in prison. But why do I thus torment myself? You do not care for me even enough to take this trouble. The rustic is right when he says that it is hard nowadays to find a friend! It is easy to rest the true friend in time of need. Alas! more than a year has passed since first I was put inside this tower. I feel hurt, Gawain, that you have so long deserted me! But doubtless you know nothing of all this, and I have no ground for blaming you. Yes, when I think of it, this must be the case, and I was very wrong to imagine such a thing; for I am confident that not for all the world contains would you and your men have failed to come to release me from this trouble and distress, if you were aware of it. If for no other reason, you would be bound to do this out of love for me, your companion. But it is idle to talk about it -- it cannot be. Ah, may the curse and the damnation of God and St. Sylvester rest upon him who has shut me up so shamefully! He is the vilest man alive, this envious Meleagant, to treat me as evilly as possible!" Then he, who is wearing out his life in grief, ceases speaking and holds his peace. But when she, who was lingering at the base of the tower, heard what he said, she did not delay, but acted wisely and called him thus: "Lancelot," as loudly as she could; "friend, up there, speak to one who is your friend!" But inside he did not hear her words. Then she called out louder yet, until he in his weakness faintly heard her, and wondered who could be calling him. (27) He heard the voice and heard his name pronounced, but he did not know who was calling him: he thinks it must be a spirit. He looks all about him to see, I suppose, if he could espy any one; but there is nothing to be seen but the tower and himself. "God," says he, "what is that I heard? I heard some one speak, but see nothing! Indeed, this is passing



marvellous, for I am not asleep, but wide awake. Of course, if this happened in a dream, I should consider it an illusion; but I am awake, and therefore I am distressed." Then with some trouble he gets up, and with slow and feeble steps he moves toward the little opening. Once there, he peers through it, up and down and to either side. When he had looked out as best he might, he caught sight of her who had hailed him. He did not recognise her by sight. But she knew him at once and said: "Lancelot, I have come from afar in search of you. Now, thank God, at last I have found you. I am she who asked of you a boon as you were on your way to the sword-bridge, and you very gladly granted it at my request; it was the head I bade you cut from the conquered knight whom I hated so. Because of this boon and this service you did me, I have gone to this trouble. As a guerdon I shall deliver you from here." "Damsel, many thanks to you," the prisoner then replied; "the service I did you will be well repaid if I am set at liberty. If you can get me out of here, I promise and engage to be henceforth always yours, so help me the holy Apostle Paul! And as I may see God face to face, I shall never fail to obey your commands in accordance with your will. You may ask for anything I have, and receive it without delay." "Friend, have no fear that you will not be released from here. You shall be loosed and set free this very day. Not for a thousand pounds would I renounce the expectation of seeing you free before the datum of another day. Then I shall take you to a pleasant place, where you may rest and take your ease. There you shall have everything you desire, whatever it be. So have no fear. But first I must see if I can find some tool anywhere hereabouts with which you might enlarge this hole, at least enough to let you pass." "God grant that you find something," he said, agreeing to this plan; "I have plenty of rope in here, which the rascals gave me to pull up my food -- hard barley bread and dirty water, which sicken my stomach and heart." Then the daughter of Bademagu sought and found a strong, stout, sharp pick, which she handed to him. He pounded, and hammered and struck and dug, notwithstanding the pain it caused him, until he could get out comfortably. Now he is greatly relieved and glad, you may be sure, to be out Of prison and to get away from the place where he has been so long confined. Now he is at large in the open air. You may be sure that he would not go back again, were some one to gather in a pile and give to him all the gold there is scattered in the world.

(Vv. 6657-6728.) Behold Lancelot now released, but so feeble that he staggered from his weakness and disability. Gently, without hurting him, she sets him before her on her mule, and then they ride off rapidly. But the damsel purposely avoids the beaten track, that they may not be seen, and proceeds by a hidden path; for if she had travelled openly, doubtless some one would have recognised them and done them harm, and she would not have wished that to happen. So she avoided the dangerous places and came to a mansion where she often makes her sojourn because of its beauty and charm. The entire estate and the people on it belonged to her, and the place was well furnished, safe, and private. There Lancelot arrived. And as soon as he had come, and had laid aside his clothes, the damsel gently laid him on a lofty, handsome couch, then bathed and rubbed him so carefully that I could not describe half the care she took. She handled and treated him as gently as if he had been her father. Her treatment makes a new man of him, as she revives him with her cares. Now he is no less fair than an angel and is more nimble and more spry than anything you ever saw. When he arose, he was

no longer mangy and haggard, but strong and handsome. And the damsel sought out for him the finest robe she could find, with which she clothed him when he arose. And he was glad to put it on, quicker than a bird in flight. He kissed and embraced the maid, and then said to her graciously: "My dear, I have only God and you to thank for being restored to health again. Since I owe my liberty to you, you may take and command at will my heart and body, my service and estate. I belong to you in return for what you have done for me; but it is long since I have been at the court of my lord Arthur, who has shown me great honour; and there is plenty there for me to do. Now, my sweet gentle friend, I beg you affectionately for leave to go; then, with your consent, I should feel free to go." "Lancelot, fair, sweet dear friend, I am quite willing," the damsel says; "I desire your honour and welfare above everything everywhere." Then she gives him a wonderful horse she has, the best horse that ever was seen, and he leaps up without so much as saying to the stirrups "by your leave": he was up without considering them. Then to God, who never lies, they commend each other with good intent.

(Vv. 6729-7004.) Lancelot was so glad to be on the road that, if I should take an oath, I could not possibly describe the joy he felt at having escaped from his trap. But he said to himself repeatedly that woe was the traitor, the reprobate, whom now he has tricked and ridiculed, "for in spite of him I have escaped." Then he swears by the heart and body of Him who made the world that not for all the riches and wealth from Babylon to Ghent would he let Meleagant escape, if he once got him in his power: for he has him to thank for too much harm and shame! But events will soon turn out so as to make this possible; for this very Meleagant, whom he threatens and presses hard, had already come to court that day without being summoned by any one; and the first thing he did was to search until he found my lord Gawain. Then the rascally proven traitor asks him about Lancelot, whether he had been seen or found, as if he himself did not know the truth. As a matter of fact, he did not know the truth, although he thought he knew it well enough. And Gawain told him, as was true, that he had not been seen, and that he had not come. "Well, since I don't find him," says Meleagant, "do you come and keep the promise you made me: I shall not longer wait for you." Then Gawain makes answer: "I will keep presently my word with you, if it please God in whom I place my trust. I expect to discharge my debt to you. But if it comes to throwing dice for points, and I should throw a higher number than you, so help me God and the holy faith, I'll not withdraw, but will keep on until I pocket all the stakes." (28) Then without delay Gawain orders a rug to be thrown down and spread before him. There was no snivelling or attempt to run away when the squires heard this command, but without grumbling or complaint they execute what he commands. They bring the rug and spread it out in the place indicated; then he who had sent for it takes his seat upon it and gives orders to be armed by the young men who were standing unarmed before him. There were two of them, his cousins or nephews, I know not which, but they were accomplished and knew what to do. They arm him so skilfully and well that no one could find any fault in the world with them for any mistake in what they did. When they finished arming him, one of them went to fetch a Spanish steed able to cross the fields, woods, hills, and valleys more swiftly than the good Bucephalus. (29) Upon a horse such as you have heard Gawain took his seat -- the admired and most accomplished knight upon whom the sign of the Cross was ever made. Already he was about to seize his shield, when he saw Lancelot

dismount before him, whom he was not expecting to see. He looked at him in amazement, because he had come so unexpectedly; and, if I am not wrong, he was as much surprised as if he had fallen from the clouds. However, no business of his own can detain him, as soon as he sees Lancelot, from dismounting and extending his arms to him, as he embraces, salutes and kisses him. Now he is happy and at ease, when he has found his companion. Now I will tell you the truth, and you must not think I lie, that Gawain would not wish to be chosen king, unless he had Lancelot with him. The King and all the rest now learn that, in spite of all, Lancelot, for whom they so long have watched, has come back quite safe and sound. Therefore they all rejoice, and the court, which so long has looked for him, comes together to honour him. Their happiness dispels and drives away the sorrow which formerly was theirs. Grief takes flight and is replaced by an awakening joy. And how about the Queen? Does she not share in the general jubilee? Yes, verily, she first of all. How so? For God's sake, where, then, could she be keeping herself? She was never so glad in her life as she was for his return. And did she not even go to him? Certainly she did; she is so close to him that her body came near following her heart. Where is her heart, then? It was kissing and welcoming Lancelot. And why did the body conceal itself? Why is not her joy complete? Is it mingled with anger or hate? No, certainly, not at all; but it may be that the King or some of the others who are there, and who are watching what takes place, would have taken the whole situation in, if, while all were looking on, she had followed the dictates of her heart. If common-sense had not banished this mad impulse and rash desire, her heart would have been revealed and her folly would have been complete. Therefore reason closes up and binds her fond heart and her rash intent, and made it more reasonable, postponing the greeting until it shall see and espy a suitable and more private place where they would fare better than here and now. The King highly honoured Lancelot, and after welcoming him, thus spoke: "I have not heard for a long time news of any man which were so welcome as news of you; yet I am much concerned to learn in what region and in what land you have tarried so long a time. I have had search made for you up and down, all the winter and summer through, but no one could find a trace of you." "Indeed, fair sire," says Lancelot, "I can inform you in a few words exactly how it has fared with me. The miserable traitor Meleagant has kept me in prison ever since the hour of the deliverance of the prisoners in his land, and has condemned me to a life of shame in a tower of his beside the sea. There he put me and shut me in, and there I should still be dragging out my weary life, if it were not for a friend of mine, a damsel for whom I once performed a slight service. In return for the little favour I did her, she has repaid me liberally: she has bestowed upon me great honour and blessing. But I wish to repay without delay him for whom I have no love, who has sought out and devised for me this shame and injury. He need not wait, for the sum is all ready, principal and interest; but God forbid that he find in it cause to rejoice!" Then Gawain said to Lancelot: "Friend, it will be only a slight favour for me, who am in your debt, to make this payment for you. Moreover, I am all ready and mounted, as you see. Fair, sweet friend, do not deny me the boon I desire and request." But Lancelot replies that he would rather have his eye plucked out, or even both of them, than be persuaded to do this: he swears it shall never be so. He owes the debt and he will pay it himself: for with his own hand he promised it. Gawain plainly sees that nothing he can say is of any avail, so he loosens and takes off his hauberk from his back, and completely disarms himself. Lancelot at

once arms himself without delay; for he is impatient to settle and discharge his debt. Meleagant, who is amazed beyond measure at what he sees, has reached the end of his good fortunes, and is about to receive what is owing him. He is almost beside himself and comes near fainting. "Surely I was a fool," he says, "not to go, before coming here, to see if I still held imprisoned in my tower him who now has played this trick on me. But, God, why should I have gone? What cause had I to think that he could possibly escape? Is not the wall built strong enough, and is not the tower sufficiently strong and high? There was no hole or crevice in it, through which he could pass, unless he was aided from outside. I am sure his hiding-place was revealed. If the wall were worn away and had fallen into decay, would he not have been caught and injured or killed at the same time? Yes, so help me God, if it had fallen down, he would certainly have been killed. But I guess, before that wall gives away without being torn down, that all the water in the sea will dry up without leaving a drop and the world will come to an end. No, that is not it: it happened otherwise: he was helped to escape, and could not have got out otherwise: I have been outwitted through some trickery. At any rate, he has escaped; but if I had been on my guard, all this would never have happened, and he would never have come to court. But it's too late now to repent. The rustic, who seldom errs, pertinently remarks that it is too late to close the stable when the horse is out. I know I shall now be exposed to great shame and humiliation, if indeed I do not suffer and endure something worse. What shall I suffer and endure? Rather, so long as I live, I will give him full measure, if it please God, in whom I trust." Thus he consoles himself, and has no other desire than to meet his antagonist on the field. And he will not have long to wait, I think, for Lancelot goes in search of him, expecting soon to conquer him. But before the assault begins, the King bids them go down into the plain where the tower stands, the prettiest place this side of Ireland for a fight. So they did, and soon found themselves on the plain below. The King goes down too, and all the rest, men and women in crowds. No one stays behind; but many go up to the windows of the tower, among them the Queen, her ladies and damsels, of whom she had many with her who were fair.

(Vv. 7005-7119.) In the field there stood a sycamore as fair as any tree could be; it was wide-spread and covered a large area, and around it grew a fine border of thick fresh grass which was green at all seasons of the year. Under this fair and stately sycamore, which was planted back in Abel's time, there rises a clear spring of water which flows away hurriedly. The bed of the spring is beautiful and as bright as silver, and the channel through which the water flows is formed, I think, of refined and tested gold, and it stretches away across the field down into a valley between the woods. There it pleases the King to take his seat where nothing unpleasant is in sight. After the crowd has drawn back at the King's command, Lancelot rushes furiously at Meleagant as at one whom he hates cordially, but before striking him, he shouted with a loud and commanding voice: "Take your stand, I defy you! And take my word, this time you shall not be spared." Then he spurs his steed and draws back the distance of a bow-shot. Then they drive their horses toward each other at top speed, and strike each other so fiercely upon their resisting shields that they pierced and punctured them. But neither one is wounded, nor is the flesh touched in this first assault. They pass each other without delay, and come back at the top of their horses: speed to renew their blows on

the strong, stout shields. Both of the knights are strong and brave, and both of the horses are stout and fast. So mighty are the blows they deal on the shields about their necks that the lances passed clean through, without breaking or splintering, until the cold steel reached their flesh. Each strikes the other with such force that both are borne to earth, and no breast-strap, girth, or stirrup could save them from falling backward over their saddle-bow, leaving the saddle without an occupant. The horses run riderless over hill and dale, but they kick and bite each other, thus showing their mortal hatred. As for the knights who fell to earth, they leaped up as quickly as possible and drew their swords, which were engraved with chiselled lettering. Holding their shields before the face, they strive to wound each other with their swords of steel. Lancelot stands in no fear of him, for he knew half as much again about fencing as did his antagonist, having learned it in his youth. Both dealt such blows on the shield slung from their necks, and upon their helmets barred with gold, that they crushed and damaged them. But Lancelot presses him hard and gives him a mighty blow upon his right arm which, though encased in mail, was unprotected by the shield, severing it with one clean stroke. And when he felt the loss of his right arm, he said that it should be dearly sold. If it is at all possible, he will not fail to exact the price; he is in such pain and wrath and rage that he is well-nigh beside himself, and he has a poor opinion of himself, if he cannot score on his rival now. He rushes at him with the intent to seize him, but Lancelot forestalls his plan, for with his trenchant sword he deals his body such a cut as he will not recover from until April and May be passed. He smashes his nose-guard against his teeth, breaking three of them in his mouth. And Meleagant's rage is such that he cannot speak or say a word; nor does he deign to cry for mercy, for his foolish heart holds tight in such constraint that even now it deludes him still. Lancelot approaches and, unlacing his helmet, cuts off his head. Never more will this man trouble him; it is all over with him as he falls dead. Not a soul who was present there felt any pity at the sight. The King and all the others there are jubilant and express their joy. Happier than they ever were before, they relieve Lancelot of his arms, and lead him away exultingly.

(Vv. 7120-7134.) My lords, if I should prolong my tale, it would be beside the purpose, and so I will conclude. Godefroi de Leigni, the clerk, has written the conclusion of "the Cart"; but let no one find fault with him for having embroidered on Chretien's theme, for it was done with the consent of Chretien who started it. Godefroi has finished it from the point where Lancelot was imprisoned in the tower. So much he wrote; but he would fain add nothing more, for fear of disfiguring the tale.

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#### ENDNOTES:

NOTE: Endnotes supplied by Prof. Foerster are indicated by "(F.)"; all other endnotes are supplied by W.W. Comfort.

(24) The evident satisfaction with which Chretien describes in detail the bearings of the knights in the following passage

lends colour to Gaston Paris' conjecture that he was a herald as well as a poet.

(25) According to the statement made at the end of the poem by the continuator of Chretien, Godefroi de Leigni, it must have been at about this point that the continuator took up the thread of the story. It is not known why Chretien dropped the poem where he did.

(26) Bade = Bath. (F.)

(27) The situation recalls that in "Aucassin et Nicolette", where Aucassin confined in the tower hears his sweetheart calling to him from outside.

(28) The figure is, of course, taken from the game of throwing dice for high points. For an exhaustive account of dice-playing derived from old French texts, cf. Franz Semrau, "Wurfel und Würfelspiel in alten Frankreich", "Beiheft" 23 of "Ztsch. fur romanische Philologie (Halle, 1910).

(29) Alexander's horse.

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Berkeley Digital Library SunSITE

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or,

The Knight with the Lion

by

Chretien DeTroyes

Fl. 12th Century A.D.

Online Medieval and Classical Library Release #23

Originally written in Old French, sometime in the second half of the 12th Century A.D., by the court poet Chretien DeTroyes. Translation by W.W. Comfort, 1914.

The text of this edition is based on that published as CHRETIEN DETROYES:

ARTHURIAN ROMANCES, (Trans: W.W. Comfort; Everyman's Library, London, 1914).

This text is in the PUBLIC DOMAIN in the United States.

This electronic edition was edited, proofed, and prepared by Douglas B. Killings (DeTroyes@EnterAct.COM), December 1996.

[ Preparer's Note ]

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Part I: Vv. 1 - Vv. 2328

Part II: Vv. 2329 - Vv. 4634

Part III: Vv. 4635 - Vv. 6818

PREPARER'S NOTE:

For background information and a discussion of Chretien DeTroyes' work, see W.W. Comfort's Introduction to his translations, released in OMACL text #21: "Erec et Enide".

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### OTHER TRANSLATIONS --

Cline, Ruth Harwood (Trans.): "Chretien DeTroyes: Yvain, or the Knight with the Lion" (University of Georgia Press, Athens GA, 1975).

Kibler, William W. & Carleton W. Carroll (Trans.): "Chretien DeTroyes: Arthurian Romances" (Penguin Classics, London, 1991). Contains translations of "Erec et Enide" (by Carroll), "Cliges", "Yvain", "Lancelot", and DeTroyes' incomplete "Perceval" (by Kibler). Highly recommended.

Owen, D.D.R (Trans.): "Chretien DeTroyes: Arthurian Romances" (Everyman Library, London, 1987). Contains translations of "Erec et Enide", "Cliges", "Yvain", "Lancelot", and DeTroyes' incomplete "Perceval". NOTE: This edition replaced W.W. Comfort's in

the Everyman Library catalogue. Highly recommended.

RECOMMENDED READING --

Anonymous: "Yvain and Gawain", "Sir Percyvell of Gales", and "The Anturs of Arther" (Ed: Maldwyn Mills; Everyman, London, 1992). NOTE: Texts are in Middle-English; "Yvain and Gawain" is a Middle-English work based almost exclusively on Chretien DeTroyes' "Yvain".

Malory, Sir Thomas: "Le Morte D'Arthur" (Ed: Janet Cowen; Penguin Classics, London, 1969).

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Yvain

or,

The Knight with the Lion

Part I: Vv.1 - Vv. 2328

Online Medieval and Classical Library Release #23

(Vv. 1-174.) Arthur, the good King of Britain, whose prowess teaches us that we, too, should be brave and courteous, held a rich and royal court upon that precious feast-day which is always known by the name of Pentecost. (1) The court was at Carduel in Wales. When the meal was finished, the knights betook themselves whither they were summoned by the ladies, damsels, and maidens. Some told stories; others spoke of love, of the trials and sorrows, as well as of the great blessings, which often fall to the members of its order, which was rich and flourishing in those days of old. But now its followers are few, having deserted it almost to a man, so that love is much abased. For lovers used to deserve to be considered courteous, brave, generous, and honourable. But now love is a laughing-stock, for those who have no intelligence of it assert that they love, and in that they lie. Thus they utter a mockery and lie by boasting where they have



no right. (2) But let us leave those who are still alive, to speak of those of former time. For, I take it, a courteous man, though dead, is worth more than a living knave. So it is my pleasure to relate a matter quite worthy of heed concerning the King whose fame was such that men still speak of him far and near; and I agree with the opinion of the Bretons that his name will live on for evermore. And in connection with him we call to mind those goodly chosen knights who spent themselves for honour's sake. But upon this day of which I speak, great was their astonishment at seeing the King quit their presence; and there were some who felt chagrined, and who did not mince their words, never before having seen the King, on the occasion of such a feast, enter his own chamber either to sleep or to seek repose. But this day it came about that the Queen detained him, and he remained so long at her side that he forgot himself and fell asleep. Outside the chamber door were Dodinel, Sagremor, and Kay, my lord Gawain, my lord Yvain, and with them Calogrenant, a very comely knight, who had begun to tell them a tale, though it was not to his credit, but rather to his shame. The Queen could hear him as he told his tale, and rising from beside the King, she came upon them so stealthily that before any caught sight of her, she had fallen, as it were, right in their midst. Calogrenant alone jumped up quickly when he saw her come. Then Kay, who was very quarrelsome, mean, sarcastic, and abusive, said to him: "By the Lord, Calogrenant, I see you are very bold and forward now, and certainly it pleases me to see you the most courteous of us all. And I know that you are quite persuaded of your own excellence, for that is in keeping with your little sense. And of course it is natural that my lady should suppose that you surpass us all in courtesy and bravery. We failed to rise through sloth, forsooth, or because we did not care! Upon my word, it is not so, my lord; but we did not see my lady until you had risen first." "Really, Kay," the Queen then says, "I think you would burst if you could not pour out the poison of which you are so full. You are troublesome and mean thus to annoy your companions." "Lady," says Kay, "if we are not better for your company, at least let us not lose by it. I am not aware that I said anything for which I ought to be accused, and so I pray you say no more. It is impolite and foolish to keep up a vain dispute. This argument should go no further, nor should any one try to make more of it. But since there must be no more high words, command him to continue the tale he had begun." Thereupon Calogrenant prepares to reply in this fashion: "My lord, little do I care about the quarrel, which matters little and affects me not. If you have vented your scorn on me, I shall never be harmed by it. You have often spoken insultingly, my lord Kay, to braver and better men than I, for you are given to this kind of thing. The manure-pile will always stink, (3) and gadflies sting, and bees will hum, and so a bore will torment and make a nuisance of himself. However, with my lady's leave, I'll not continue my tale to-day, and I beg her to say no more about it, and kindly not give me any unwelcome command." "Lady," says Kay, "all those who are here will be in your debt, for they are desirous to hear it out. Don't do it as a favour to me! But by the faith you owe the King, your lord and mine, command him to continue, and you will do well." "Calogrenant," the Queen then says, "do not mind the attack of my lord Kay the seneschal. He is so accustomed to evil speech that one cannot punish him for it. I command and request you not to be angered because of him, nor should you fail on his account to say something which it will please us all to hear; if you wish to preserve my good-will, pray begin the tale anew." "Surely, lady, it is a very unwelcome command you lay upon me. Rather than tell any more of my tale to-day, I would have

one eye plucked out, if I did not fear your displeasure. Yet will I perform your behest, however distasteful it may be. Then since you will have it so, give heed. Let your heart and ears be mine. For words, though heard, are lost unless understood within the heart. Some men there are who give consent to what they hear but do not understand: these men have the hearing alone. For the moment the heart fails to understand, the word falls upon the ears simply as the wind that blows, without stopping to tarry there; rather it quickly passes on if the heart is not so awake as to be ready to receive it. For the heart alone can receive it when it comes along, and shut it up within. The ears are the path and channel by which the voice can reach the heart, while the heart receives within the bosom the voice which enters through the ear. Now, whoever will heed my words, must surrender to me his heart and ears, for I am not going to speak of a dream, an idle tale, or lie, with which many another has regaled you, but rather shall I speak of what I saw.

(Vv. 175-268.) "It happened seven years ago that, lonely as a countryman, I was making my way in search of adventures, fully armed as a knight should be, when I came upon a road leading off to the right into a thick forest. The road there was very bad, full of briars and thorns. In spite of the trouble and inconvenience, I followed the road and path. Almost the entire day I went thus riding until I emerged from the forest of Broceliande. (4) Out from the forest I passed into the open country where I saw a wooden tower at the distance of half a Welsh league: it may have been so far, but it was not anymore. Proceeding faster than a walk, I drew near and saw the palisade and moat all round it, deep and wide, and standing upon the bridge, with a moulted falcon upon his wrist, I saw the master of the castle. I had no sooner saluted him than he came forward to hold my stirrup and invited me to dismount. I did so, for it was useless to deny that I was in need of a lodging-place. Then he told me more than a hundred times at once that blessed was the road by which I had come thither. Meanwhile, we crossed the bridge, and passing through the gate, found ourselves in the courtyard. In the middle of the courtyard of this vavasor, to whom may God repay such joy and honour as he bestowed upon me that night, there hung a gong not of iron or wood, I trow, but all of copper. Upon this gong the vavasor struck three times with a hammer which hung on a post close by. Those who were upstairs in the house, upon hearing his voice and the sound, came out into the yard below. Some took my horse which the good vavasor was holding; and I saw coming toward me a very fair and gentle maid. On looking at her narrowly I saw she was tall and slim and straight. Skilful she was in disarming me, which she did gently and with address; then, when she had robed me in a short mantle of scarlet stuff spotted with a peacock's plumes, all the others left us there, so that she and I remained alone. This pleased me well, for I needed naught else to look upon. Then she took me to sit down in the prettiest little field, shut in by a wall all round about. There I found her so elegant, so fair of speech and so well informed, of such pleasing manners and character, that it was a delight to be there, and I could have wished never to be compelled to move. But as ill luck would have it, when night came on, and the time for supper had arrived. The vavasor came to look for me. No more delay was possible, so I complied with his request. Of the supper I will only say that it was all after my heart, seeing that the damsel took her seat at the table just in front of me. After the supper the vavasor admitted to me that, though he had lodged many an errant knight, he knew not

how long it had been since he had welcomed one in search of adventure. Then, as a favour, he begged of me to return by way of his residence, if I could make it possible. So I said to him: 'Right gladly, sire!' for a refusal would have been impolite, and that was the least I could do for such a host.

(Vv. 269-580.) That night, indeed, I was well lodged, and as soon as the morning light appeared, I found my steed ready saddled, as I had requested the night before; thus my request was carried out. My kind host and his dear daughter I commended to the Holy Spirit, and, after taking leave of all, I got away as soon as possible. I had not proceeded far from my stopping-place when I came to a clearing, where there were some wild bulls at large; they were fighting among themselves and making such a dreadful and horrible noise that if the truth be known, I drew back in fear, for there is no beast so fierce and dangerous as a bull. I saw sitting upon a stump, with a great club in his hand, a rustic lout, as black as a mulberry, indescribably big and hideous; indeed, so passing ugly was the creature that no word of mouth could do him justice. On drawing near to this fellow, I saw that his head was bigger than that of a horse or of any other beast; that his hair was in tufts, leaving his forehead bare for a width of more than two spans; that his ears were big and mossy, just like those of an elephant; his eyebrows were heavy and his face was flat; his eyes were those of an owl, and his nose was like a cat's; his jowls were split like a wolf, and his teeth were sharp and yellow like a wild boar's; his beard was black and his whiskers twisted; his chin merged into his chest and his backbone was long, but twisted and hunched. (5) There he stood, leaning upon his club and accoutred in a strange garb, consisting not of cotton or wool, but rather of the hides recently flayed from two bulls or two beeves: these he wore hanging from his neck. The fellow leaped up straightway when he saw me drawing near. I do not know whether he was going to strike me or what he intended to do, but I was prepared to stand him off, until I saw him stop and stand stock-still upon a tree trunk, where he stood full seventeen feet in height. Then he gazed at me but spoke not a word, any more than a beast would have done. And I supposed that he had not his senses or was drunk. However, I made bold to say to him: 'Come, let me know whether thou art a creature of good or not.' And he replied: 'I am a man.' 'What kind of a man art thou?' 'Such as thou seest me to be: I am by no means otherwise.' 'What dost thou here?' 'I was here, tending these cattle in this wood.' 'Wert thou really tending them? By Saint Peter of Rome! They know not the command of any man. I guess one cannot possibly guard wild beasts in a plain or wood or anywhere else unless they are tied or confined inside.' 'Well, I tend and have control of these beasts so that they will never leave this neighbourhood.' 'How dost thou do that? Come, tell me now!' 'There is not one of them that dares to move when they see me coming. For when I can get hold of one I give its two horns such a wrench with my hard, strong hands that the others tremble with fear, and gather at once round about me as if to ask for mercy. No one could venture here but me, for if he should go among them he would be straightway done to death. In this way I am master of my beasts. And now thou must tell me in turn what kind of a man thou art, and what thou seekest here.' 'I am, as thou seest, a knight seeking for what I cannot find; long have I sought without success.' 'And what is this thou fain wouldst find?' 'Some adventure whereby to test my prowess and my bravery. Now I beg and urgently request thee to give me some counsel, if possible, concerning some adventure

or marvellous thing.' Says he: 'Thou wilt have to do without, for I know nothing of adventure, nor did I ever hear tell of such. But if thou wouldst go to a certain spring here hard by and shouldst comply with the practice there, thou wouldst not easily come back again. Close by here thou canst easily find a path which will lead thee thither. If thou wouldst go aright, follow the straight path, otherwise thou mayst easily go astray among the many other paths. Thou shalt see the spring which boils, though the water is colder than marble. It is shadowed by the fairest tree that ever Nature formed, for its foliage is evergreen, regardless of the winter's cold, and an iron basin is hanging there by a chain long enough to reach the spring. And beside the spring thou shalt find a massive stone, as thou shalt see, but whose nature I cannot explain, never having seen its like. On the other side a chapel stands, small, but very beautiful. If thou wilt take of the water in the basin and spill it upon the stone, thou shalt see such a storm come up that not a beast will remain within this wood; every doe, star, deer, boar, and bird will issue forth. For thou shalt see such lightning-bolts descend, such blowing of gales and crashing of trees, such torrents fall, such thunder and lightning, that, if thou canst escape from them without trouble and mischance, thou wilt be more fortunate than ever any knight was yet.' I left the fellow then, after he had pointed out the way. It must have been after nine o'clock and might have been drawing on toward noon, when I espied the tree and the chapel. I can truly say that this tree was the finest pine that ever grew on earth. I do not believe that it ever rained so hard that a drop of water could penetrate it, but would rather drip from the outer branches. From the tree I saw the basin hanging, (6) of the finest gold that was ever for sale in any fair. As for the spring, you may take my word that it was boiling like hot water. The stone was of emerald, with holes in it like a cask, and there were four rubies underneath, more radiant and red than is the morning sun when it rises in the east. Now not one word will I say which is not true. I wished to see the marvellous appearing of the tempest and the storm; but therein I was not wise, for I would gladly have repented, if I could, when I had sprinkled the perforated stone with the water from the basin. But I fear I poured too much, for straightway I saw the heavens so break loose that from more than fourteen directions the lightning blinded my eyes, and all at once the clouds let fall snow and rain and hail. The storm was so fierce and terrible that a hundred times I thought I should be killed by the bolts which fell about me and by the trees which were rent apart. Know that I was in great distress until the uproar was appeased. But God gave me such comfort that the storm did not continue long, and all the winds died down again. The winds dared not blow against God's will. And when I saw the air clear and serene I was filled with joy again. For I have observed that joy quickly causes trouble to be forgot. As soon as the storm was completely past, I saw so many birds gathered in the pine tree (if any one will believe my words) that not a branch or twig was to be seen which was not entirely covered with birds. (7) The tree was all the more lovely then, for all the birds sang in harmony, yet the note of each was different, so that I never heard one singing another's note. I, too, rejoiced in their joyousness, and listened to them until they had sung their service through, for I have never heard such happy song, nor do I think any one else will hear it, unless he goes to listen to what filled me with such joy and bliss that I was lost in rapture. I stayed there until I heard some knights coming, as I thought it seemed that there must be ten of them. But all the noise and commotion was made by the approach of a single knight. When I saw him coming on alone I quickly caught my steed and made no delay in

mounting him. And the knight, as if with evil intent, came on swifter than an eagle, looking as fierce as a lion. From as far as his voice could reach he began to challenge me, and said: 'Vassal, without provocation you have caused me shame and harm. If there was any quarrel between us you should first have challenged me, or at least sought justice before attacking me. But, sir vassal, if it be within my power, upon you shall fall the punishment for the damage which is evident. About me here lies the evidence of my woods destroyed. He who has suffered has the right to complain. And I have good reason to complain that you have driven me from my house with lightning-bolt and rain. You have made trouble for me, and cursed be he who thinks it fair. For within my own woods and town you have made such an attack upon me that resources of men of arms and of fortifications would have been of no avail to me; no man could have been secure, even if he had been in a fortress of solid stone and wood. But be assured that from this moment there shall be neither truce nor peace between us.' At these words we rushed together, each one holding his shield well gripped and covering himself with it. The knight had a good horse and a stout lance, and was doubtless a whole head taller than I. Thus, I was altogether at a disadvantage, being shorter than he, while his horse was stronger than mine. You may be sure that I will tell the facts, in order to cover up my shame. With intent to do my best, I dealt him as hard a blow as I could give, striking the top of his shield, and I put all my strength into it with such effect that my lance flew all to splinters. His lance remained entire, being very heavy and bigger than any knight's lance I ever saw. And the knight struck me with it so heavily that he knocked me over my horse's crupper and laid me flat upon the ground, where he left me ashamed and exhausted, without bestowing another glance upon me. He took my horse, but me he left, and started back by the way he came. And I, who knew not what to do, remained there in pain and with troubled thoughts. Seating myself beside the spring I rested there awhile, not daring to follow after the knight for fear of committing some rash act of madness. And, indeed, had I had the courage, I knew not what had become of him. Finally, it occurred to me that I would keep my promise to my host and would return by way of his dwelling. This idea pleased me, and so I did. I laid off all my arms in order to proceed more easily, and thus with shame I retraced my steps. When I reached his home that night, I found my host to be the same good-natured and courteous man as I had before discovered him to be. I could not observe that either his daughter or he himself welcomed me any less gladly, or did me any less honour than they had done the night before. I am indebted to them for the great honour they all did me in that house; and they even said that, so far as they knew or had heard tell, no one had ever escaped, without being killed or kept a prisoner, from the place whence I returned. Thus I went and thus I returned, feeling, as I did so, deeply ashamed. So I have foolishly told you the story which I never wished to tell again."

(Vv. 581-648.) "By my head," cries my lord Yvain, "you are my own cousin-german, and we ought to love each other well. But I must consider you as mad to have concealed this from me so long. If I call you mad, I beg you not to be incensed. For if I can, and if I obtain the leave, I shall go to avenge your shame." "It is evident that we have dined," says Kay, with his ever-ready speech; "there are more words in a pot full of wine than in a whole barrel of beer. (8) They say that a cat is merry when full. After dinner no one stirs, but each one is ready to slay Noradin, (9) and you will take vengeance on Forre!

Are your saddle-cloths ready stuffed, and your iron greaves polished, and your banners unfurled? Come now, in God's name, my lord Yvain, is it to-night or to-morrow that you start? Tell us, fair sire, when you will start for this rude test, for we would fain convoy you thither. There will be no provost or constable who will not gladly escort you. And however it may be, I beg that you will not go without taking leave of us; and if you have a bad dream to-night, by all means stay at home!" "The devil, Sir Kay," the Queen replies, "are you beside yourself that your tongue always runs on so? Cursed be your tongue which is so full of bitterness! Surely your tongue must hate you, for it says the worst it knows to every man. Damned be any tongue that never ceases to speak ill! As for your tongue, it babbles so that it makes you hated everywhere. It cannot do you greater treachery. See here: if it were mine, I would accuse it of treason. Any man that cannot be cured by punishment ought to be tied like a madman in front of the chancel in the church." "Really, madame," says my lord Yvain, "his impudence matters not to me. In every court my lord Kay has so much ability, knowledge, and worth that he will never be deaf or dumb. He has the wit to reply wisely and courteously to all that is mean, and this he has always done. You well know if I lie in saying so. But I have no desire to dispute or to begin our foolishness again. For he who deals the first blow does not always win the fight, but rather he who gains revenge. He who fights with his companion had better fight against some stranger. I do not wish to be like the hound that stiffens up and growls when another dog yaps at him."

(Vv. 649-722.) While they were talking thus, the King came out of his room where he had been all this time asleep. And when the knights saw him they all sprang to their feet before him, but he made them at once sit down again. He took his place beside the Queen, who repeated to him word for word, with her customary skill, the story of Calogrenant. The King listened eagerly to it, and then he swore three mighty oaths by the soul of his father Utherpendragon, and by the soul of his son, and of his mother too, that he would go to see that spring before a fortnight should have passed; and he would see the storm and the marvels there by reaching it on the eve of my lord Saint John the Baptist's feast; there he would spend the night, and all who wished might accompany him. All the court thought well of this, for the knights and the young bachelors were very eager to make the expedition. But despite the general joy and satisfaction my lord Yvain was much chagrined, for he intended to go there all alone; so he was grieved and much put out because of the King who planned to go. The chief cause of his displeasure was that he knew that my lord Kay, to whom the favour would not be refused if he should solicit it, would secure the battle rather than he himself, or else perchance my lord Gawain would first ask for it. If either one of these two should make request, the favour would never be refused him. But, having no desire for their company, he resolves not to wait for them, but to go off alone, if possible, whether it be to his gain or hurt. And whoever may stay behind, he intends to be on the third day in the forest of Broceliande, and there to seek if possibly he may find the narrow wooded path for which he yearns eagerly, and the plain with the strong castle, and the pleasure and delight of the courteous damsel, who is so charming and fair, and with the damsel her worthy sire, who is so honourable and nobly born that he strives to dispense honour. Then he will see the bulls in the clearing, with the giant boor who watches them. Great is his desire to see this fellow, who is so stout and big and ugly and deformed, and as black as a

smith. Then, too, he will see, if possible, the stone and the spring itself, and the basin and the birds in the pine-tree, and he will make it rain and blow. But of all this he will not boast, nor, if he can help it, shall any one know of his purpose until he shall have received from it either great humiliation or great renown: then let the facts be known.

(Vv. 723-746.) My lord Yvain gets away from the court without any one meeting him, and proceeds alone to his lodging place. There he found all his household, and gave orders to have his horse saddled; then, calling one of his squires who was privy to his every thought, he says: "Come now, follow me outside yonder, and bring me my arms. I shall go out at once through yonder gate upon my palfrey. For thy part, do not delay, for I have a long road to travel. Have my steed well shod, and bring him quickly where I am; then shalt thou lead back my palfrey. But take good care, I adjure thee, if any one questions thee about me, to give him no satisfaction. Otherwise, whatever thy confidence in me, thou need never again count on my goodwill." "Sire," he says, "all will be well, for no one shall learn anything from me. Proceed, and I shall follow you."

(Vv. 747-906.) My lord Yvain mounts at once, intending to avenge, if possible, his cousin's disgrace before he returns. The squire ran for the arms and steed; he mounted at once without delay, since he was already equipped with shoes and nails. Then he followed his master's track until he saw him standing mounted, waiting to one side of the road in a place apart. He brought him his harness and equipment, and then accoutred him. My lord Yvain made no delay after putting on his arms, but hastily made his way each day over the mountains and through the valleys, through the forests long and wide, through strange and wild country, passing through many gruesome spots, many a danger and many a strait, until he came directly to the path, which was full of brambles and dark enough; then he felt he was safe at last, and could not now lose his way. Whoever may have to pay the cost, he will not stop until he sees the pine which shades the spring and stone, and the tempest of hail and rain and thunder and wind. That night, you may be sure, he had such lodging as he desired, for he found the vavasor to be even more polite and courteous than he had been told, and in the damsel he perceived a hundred times more sense and beauty than Calogrenant had spoken of, for one cannot rehearse the sum of a lady's or a good man's qualities. The moment such a man devotes himself to virtue, his story cannot be summed up or told, for no tongue could estimate the honourable deeds of such a gentleman. My lord Yvain was well content with the excellent lodging he had that night, and when he entered the clearing the next day, he met the bulls and the rustic boor who showed him the way to take. But more than a hundred times he crossed himself at sight of the monster before him -- how Nature had ever been able to form such a hideous, ugly creature. Then to the spring he made his way, and found there all that he wished to see. Without hesitation and without sitting down he poured the basin full of water upon the stone, when straightway it began to blow and rain, and such a storm was caused as had been foretold. And when God had appeased the storm, the birds came to perch upon the pine, and sang their joyous songs up above the perilous spring. But before their jubilee had ceased there came the knight, more blazing with wrath than a burning log, and making as much noise as if he were chasing a lusty stag. As soon as they espied each other they rushed together and displayed the mortal hate they bore. Each one carried a stiff, stout lance, with which

they dealt such mighty blows that they pierced the shields about their necks, and cut the meshes of their hauberks; their lances are splintered and sprung, while the fragments are cast high in air. Then each attacks the other with his sword, and in the strife they cut the straps of the shields away, and cut the shields all to bits from end to end, so that the shreds hang down, no longer serving as covering or defence; for they have so split them up that they bring down the gleaming blades upon their sides, their arms, and hips. Fierce, indeed, is their assault; yet they do not budge from their standing-place any more than would two blocks of stone. Never were there two knights so intent upon each other's death. They are careful not to waste their blows, but lay them on as best they may; they strike and bend their helmets, and they send the meshes of their hauberks flying so, that they draw not a little blood, for the hauberks are so hot with their body's heat that they hardly serve as more protection than a coat. As they drive the sword-point at the face, it is marvellous that so fierce and bitter a strife should last so long. But both are possessed of such courage that one would not for aught retreat a foot before his adversary until he had wounded him to death. Yet, in this respect they were very honourable in not trying or deigning to strike or harm their steeds in any way; but they sat astride their steeds without putting foot to earth, which made the fight more elegant. At last my lord Yvain crushed the helmet of the knight, whom the blow stunned and made so faint that he swooned away, never having received such a cruel blow before. Beneath his kerchief his head was split to the very brains, so that the meshes of his bright hauberk were stained with the brains and blood, all of which caused him such intense pain that his heart almost ceased to beat. He had good reason then to flee, for he felt that he had a mortal wound, and that further resistance would not avail. With this thought in mind he quickly made his escape toward his town, where the bridge was lowered and the gate quickly opened for him; meanwhile my lord Yvain at once spurs after him at topmost speed. As a gerfalcon swoops upon a crane when he sees him rising from afar, and then draws so near to him that he is about to seize him, yet misses him, so flees the knight, with Yvain pressing him so close that he can almost throw his arm about him, and yet cannot quite come up with him, though he is so close that he can hear him groan for the pain he feels. While the one exerts himself in flight the other strives in pursuit of him, fearing to have wasted his effort unless he takes him alive or dead; for he still recalls the mocking words which my lord Kay had addressed to him. He had not yet carried out the pledge which he had given to his cousin; nor will they believe his word unless he returns with the evidence. The knight led him a rapid chase to the gate of his town, where they entered in; but finding no man or woman in the streets through which they passed, they both rode swiftly on till they came to the palace-gate.

(Vv. 907-1054.) The gate was very high and wide, yet it had such a narrow entrance-way that two men or two horses could scarcely enter abreast or pass without interference or great difficulty; for it was constructed just like a trap which is set for the rat on mischief bent, and which has a blade above ready to fall and strike and catch, and which is suddenly released whenever anything, however gently, comes in contact with the spring. In like fashion, beneath the gate there were two springs connected with a portcullis up above, edged with iron and very sharp. If anything stepped upon this contrivance the gate descended from above, and whoever below was struck by the gate was caught and mangled. Precisely in the middle the passage lay as narrow as if it were



a beaten track. Straight through it exactly the knight rushed on, with my lord Yvain madly following him apace, and so close to him that he held him by the saddle-bow behind. It was well for him that he was stretched forward, for had it not been for this piece of luck he would have been cut quite through; for his horse stepped upon the wooden spring which kept the portcullis in place. Like a hellish devil the gate dropped down, catching the saddle and the horse's haunches, which it cut off clean. But, thank God, my lord Yvain was only slightly touched when it grazed his back so closely that it cut both his spurs off even with his heels. And while he thus fell in dismay, the other with his mortal wound escaped him, as you now shall see. Farther on there was another gate just like the one they had just passed; through this the knight made his escape, and the gate descended behind him. Thus my lord Yvain was caught, very much concerned and discomfited as he finds himself shut in this hallway, which was all studded with gilded nails, and whose walls were cunningly decorated with precious paints. (10) But about nothing was he so worried as not to know what had become of the knight. While he was in this narrow place, he heard open the door of a little adjoining room, and there came forth alone a fair and charming maiden who closed the door again after her. When she found my lord Yvain, at first she was sore dismayed. (11) "Surely, sir knight," she says, "I fear you have come in an evil hour. If you are seen here, you will be all cut to pieces. For my lord is mortally wounded, and I know it is you who have been the death of him. My lady is in such a state of grief, and her people about her are crying so that they are ready to die with rage; and, moreover, they know you to be inside. But as yet their grief is such that they are unable to attend to you. The moment they come to attack you, they cannot fail to kill or capture you, as they may choose." And my lord Yvain replies to her: "If God will they shall never kill me, nor shall I fall into their hands." "No," she says, "for I shall do my utmost to assist you. It is not manly to cherish fear. So I hold you to be a man of courage, when you are not dismayed. And rest assured that if I could I would help you and treat you honourably, as you in turn would do for me. Once my lady sent me on an errand to the King's court, and I suppose I was not so experienced or courteous or so well behaved as a maiden ought to be; at any rate, there was not a knight there who deigned to say a word to me except you alone who stand here now; but you, in your kindness, honoured and aided me. For the honour you did me then I shall now reward you. I know full well what your name is, and I recognised you at once: your name is my lord Yvain. You may be sure and certain that if you take my advice you will never be caught or treated ill. Please take this little ring of mine, which you will return when I shall have delivered you." (12) Then she handed him the little ring and told him that its effect was like that of the bark which covers the wood so that it cannot be seen; but it must be worn so that the stone is within the palm; then he who wears the ring upon his finger need have no concern for anything; for no one, however sharp his eyes may be, will be able to see him any more than the wood which is covered by the outside bark. All this is pleasing to my lord Yvain. And when she had told him this, she led him to a seat upon a couch covered with a quilt so rich that the Duke of Austria had none such, and she told him that if he cared for something to eat she would fetch it for him; and he replied that he would gladly do so. Running quickly into the chamber, she presently returned, bringing a roasted fowl and a cake, a cloth, a full pot of good grape-wine covered with a white drinking-cup; all this she offered to him to eat. And he, who stood in need of food, very gladly ate and drank.

(Vv. 1055-1172.) By the time he had finished his meal the knights were astir inside looking for him and eager to avenge their lord, who was already stretched upon his bier. Then the damsel said to Yvain: "Friend, do you hear them all seeking you? There is a great noise and uproar brewing. But whoever may come or go, do not stir for any noise of theirs, for they can never discover you if you do not move from this couch. Presently you will see this room all full of ill-disposed and hostile people, who will think to find you here; and I make no doubt that they will bring the body here before interment, and they will begin to search for you under the seats and the beds. It will be amusing for a man who is not afraid when he sees people searching so fruitlessly, for they will all be so blind, so undone, and so misguided that they will be beside themselves with rage. I cannot tell you more just now, for I dare no longer tarry here. But I may thank God for giving me the chance and the opportunity to do some service to please you, as I yearned to do." Then she turned away, and when she was gone all the crowd with one accord had come from both sides to the gates, armed with clubs and swords. There was a mighty crowd and press of hostile people surging about, when they espied in front of the gate the half of the horse which had been cut down. Then they felt very sure that when the gates were opened they would find inside him whose life they wished to take. Then they caused to be drawn up those gates which had been the death of many men. But since no spring or trap was laid for their passage they all came through abreast. Then they found at the threshold the other half of the horse that had been killed; but none of them had sharp enough eyes to see my lord Yvain, whom they would gladly have killed; and he saw them beside themselves with rage and fury, as they said: "How can this be? For there is no door or window here through which anything could escape, unless it be a bird, a squirrel, or marmot, or some other even smaller animal; for the windows are barred, and the gates were closed as soon as my lord passed through. The body is in here, dead or alive, since there is no sign of it outside there; we can see more than half of the saddle in here, but of him we see nothing, except the spurs which fell down severed from his feet. Now let us cease this idle talk, and search in all these comers, for he is surely in here still, or else we are all enchanted, or the evil spirits have filched him away from us." Thus they all, aflame with rage, sought him about the room, beating upon the walls, and beds, and seats. But the couch upon which he lay was spared and missed the blows, so that he was not struck or touched. But all about they thrashed enough, and raised an uproar in the room with their clubs, like a blind man who pounds as he goes about his search. While they were poking about under the beds and the stools, there entered one of the most beautiful ladies that any earthly creature ever saw. Word or mention was never made of such a fair Christian dame, and yet she was so crazed with grief that she was on the point of taking her life. All at once she cried out at the top of her voice, and then fell prostrate in a swoon. And when she had been picked up she began to claw herself and tear her hair, like a woman who had lost her mind. She tears her hair and rips her dress, and faints at every step she takes; nor can anything comfort her when she sees her husband borne along lifeless in the bier; for her happiness is at an end, and so she made her loud lament. The holy water and the cross and the tapers were borne in advance by the nuns from a convent; then came missals and censers and the priests, who pronounce the final absolution required for the wretched soul.

(Vv. 1173-1242.) My lord Yvain heard the cries and the grief that can never be described, for no one could describe it, nor was such ever set down in a book. The procession passed, but in the middle of the room a great crowd gathered about the bier, for the fresh warm blood trickled out again from the dead man's wound, and this betokened certainly that the man was still surely present who had fought the battle and had killed and defeated him. Then they sought and searched everywhere, and turned and stirred up everything, until they were all in a sweat with the trouble and the press which had been caused by the sight of the trickling crimson blood. Then my lord Yvain was well struck and beaten where he lay, but not for that did he stir at all. And the people became more and more distraught because of the wounds which burst open, and they marvelled why they bled, without knowing whose fault it was. (13) And each one to his neighbour said: "The murderer is among us here, and yet we do not see him, which is passing strange and mysterious." At this the lady showed such grief that she made an attempt upon her life, and cried as if beside herself: "All God, then will the murderer not be found, the traitor who took my good lord's life? Good? Aye, the best of the good, indeed! True God, Thine will be the fault if Thou dost let him thus escape. No other man than Thou should I blame for it who dost hide him from my sight. Such a wonder was never seen, nor such injustice, as Thou dost to me in not allowing me even to see the man who must be so close to me. When I cannot see him, I may well say that some demon or spirit has interposed himself between us, so that I am under a spell. Or else he is a coward and is afraid of me: he must be a craven to stand in awe of me, and it is an act of cowardice not to show himself before me. Ah, thou spirit, craven thing! Why art thou so in fear of me, when before my lord thou weft so brave? O empty and elusive thing, why cannot I have thee in my power? Why cannot I lay hands upon thee now? But how could it ever come about that thou didst kill my lord, unless it was done by treachery? Surely my lord would never have met defeat at thy hands had he seen thee face to face. For neither God nor man ever knew of his like, nor is there any like him now. Surely, hadst thou been a mortal man, thou wouldst never have dared to withstand my lord, for no one could compare with him." Thus the lady struggles with herself, and thus she contends and exhausts herself. And her people with her, for their part, show the greatest possible grief as they carry off the body to burial. After their long efforts and search they are completely exhausted by the quest, and give it up from weariness, inasmuch as they can find no one who is in any way guilty. The nuns and priests, having already finished the service, had returned from the church and were gone to the burial. But to all this the damsel in her chamber paid no heed. Her thoughts are with my lord Yvain, and, coming quickly, she said to him: "Fair sir, these people have been seeking you in force. They have raised a great tumult here, and have poked about in all the corners more diligently than a hunting-dog goes ferreting a partridge or a quail. Doubtless you have been afraid." "Upon my word, you are right," says he: "I never thought to be so afraid. And yet, if it were possible I should gladly look out through some window or aperture at the procession and the corpse." Yet he had no interest in either the corpse or the procession, for he would gladly have seen them all burned, even had it cost him a thousand marks. A thousand marks? Three thousand, verily, upon my word. But he said it because of the lady of the town, of whom he wished to catch a glimpse. So the damsel placed him at a little window, and repaid him as well as she

could for the honour which he had done her. From this window my lord Yvain espies the fair lady, as she says: "Sire, may God have mercy upon your soul! For never, I verily believe, did any knight ever sit in saddle who was your equal in any respect. No other knight, my fair sweet lord, ever possessed your honour or courtesy. Generosity was your friend and boldness your companion. May your soul rest among the saints, my fair dear lord." Then she strikes and tears whatever she can lay her hands upon. Whatever the outcome may be, it is hard for my lord Yvain to restrain himself from running forward to seize her hands. But the damsel begs and advises him, and even urgently commands him, though with courtesy and graciousness, not to commit any rash deed, saying: "You are well off here. Do not stir for any cause until this grief shall be assuaged; let these people all depart, as they will do presently. If you act as I advise, in accordance with my views, great advantage may come to you. It will be best for you to remain seated here, and watch the people inside and out as they pass along the way without their seeing you. But take care not to speak violently, for I hold that man to be rather imprudent than brave who goes too far and loses his self-restraint and commits some deed of violence the moment he has the time and chance. So if you cherish some rash thought be careful not to utter it. The wise man conceals his imprudent thought and works out righteousness if he can. So wisely take good care not to risk your head, for which they would accept no ransom. Be considerate of yourself and remember my advice. Rest assured until I return, for I dare not stay longer now. I might stay so long, I fear, that they would suspect me when they did not see me in the crowd, and then I should suffer for it."

(Vv. 1339-1506.) Then she goes off, and he remains, not knowing how to comport himself. He is loath to see them bury the corpse without his securing anything to take back as evidence that he has defeated and killed him. If he has no proof or evidence he will be held in contempt, for Kay is so mean and obstinate, so given to mockery, and so annoying, that he could never succeed in convincing him. He would go about for ever insulting him, flinging his mockery and taunts as he did the other day. These taunts are still fresh and rankling in his heart. But with her sugar and honey a new Love now softened him; he had been to hunt upon his lands and had gathered in his prey. His enemy carries off his heart, and he loves the creature who hates him most. The lady, all unaware, has well avenged her lord's death. She has secured greater revenge than she could ever have done unless she had been aided by Love, who attacks him so gently that he wounds his heart through his eyes. And this wound is more enduring than any inflicted by lance or sword. A sword-blow is cured and healed at once as soon as a doctor attends to it, but the wound of love is worst when it is nearest to its physician. This is the wound of my lord Yvain, from which he will never more recover, for Love has installed himself with him. He deserts and goes away from the places he was wont to frequent. He cares for no lodging or landlord save this one, and he is very wise in leaving a poor lodging-place in order to betake himself to him. In order to devote himself completely to him, he will have no other lodging-place, though often he is wont to seek out lowly hostelryes. It is a shame that Love should ever so basely conduct himself as to select the meanest lodging-place quite as readily as the best. But now he has come where he is welcome, and where he will be treated honourably, and where he will do well to stay. This is the way Love ought to act, being such a noble creature that it is

marvellous how he dares shamefully to descend to such low estate. He is like him who spreads his balm upon the ashes and dust, who mingles sugar with gall, and suet with honey. However, he did not act so this time, but rather lodged in a noble place, for which no one can reproach him. When the dead man had been buried, all the people dispersed, leaving no clerks or knights or ladies, excepting only her who makes no secret of her grief. She alone remains behind, often clutching at her throat, wringing her hands, and beating her palms, as she reads her psalms in her gilt lettered psalter. All this while my lord Yvain is at the window gazing at her, and the more he looks at her the more he loves her and is enthralled by her. He would have wished that she should cease her weeping and reading, and that she should feel inclined to converse with him. Love, who caught him at the window, filled him with this desire. But he despairs of realising his wish, for he cannot imagine or believe that his desire can be gratified. So he says: "I may consider myself a fool to wish for what I cannot have. Her lord it was whom I wounded mortally, and yet do I think I can be reconciled with her? Upon my word, such thoughts are folly, for at present she has good reason to hate me more bitterly than anything. I am right in saying 'at present', for a woman has more than one mind. That mind in which she is just now I trust she will soon change; indeed, she will change it certainly, and I am mad thus to despair. God grant that she change it soon! For I am doomed to be her slave, since such is the will of Love. Whoever does not welcome Love gladly, when he comes to him, commits treason and a felony. I admit (and let whosoever will, heed what I say) that such an one deserves no happiness or joy. But if I lose, it will not be for such a reason; rather will I love my enemy. For I ought not to feel any hate for her unless I wish to betray Love. I must love in accordance with Love's desire. And ought she to regard me as a friend? Yes, surely, since it is she whom I love. And I call her my enemy, for she hates me, though with good reason, for I killed the object of her love. So, then, am I her enemy? Surely no, but her true friend, for I never so loved any one before. I grieve for her fair tresses, surpassing gold in their radiance; I feel the pangs of anguish and torment when I see her tear and cut them, nor can her tears e'er be dried which I see falling from her eyes; by all these things I am distressed. Although they are full of ceaseless, ever-flowing tears, yet never were there such lovely eyes. The sight of her weeping causes me agony, but nothing pains me so much as the sight of her face, which she lacerates without its having merited such treatment. I never saw such a face so perfectly formed, nor so fresh and delicately coloured. And then it has pierced my heart to see her clutch her throat. Surely, it is all too true that she is doing the worst she can. And yet no crystal nor any mirror is so bright and smooth. God! why is she thus possessed, and why does she not spare herself? Why does she wring her lovely hands and beat and tear her breast? Would she not be marvellously fair to look upon when in happy mood, seeing that she is so fair in her displeasure? Surely yes, I can take my oath on that. Never before in a work of beauty was Nature thus able to outdo herself, for I am sure she has gone beyond the limits of any previous attempt. How could it ever have happened then? Whence came beauty so marvellous? God must have made her with His naked hand that Nature might rest from further toil. If she should try to make a replica, she might spend her time in vain without succeeding in her task. Even God Himself, were He to try, could not succeed, I guess, in ever making such another, whatever effort He might put forth."

(Vv. 1507-1588.) Thus my lord Yvain considers her who is broken with her grief, and I suppose it would never happen again that any man in prison, like my lord Yvain in fear for his life, would ever be so madly in love as to make no request on his own behalf, when perhaps no one else will speak for him. He stayed at the window until he saw the lady go away, and both the portcullises were lowered again. Another might have grieved at this, who would prefer a free escape to tarrying longer where he was. But to him it is quite indifferent whether they be shut or opened. If they were open he surely would not go away, no, even were the lady to give him leave and pardon him freely for the death of her lord. For he is detained by Love and Shame which rise up before him on either hand: he is ashamed to go away, for no one would believe in the success of his exploit; on the other hand, he has such a strong desire to see the lady at least, if he cannot obtain any other favour, that he feels little concern about his imprisonment. He would rather die than go away. And now the damsel returns, wishing to bear him company with her solace and gaiety, and to go and fetch for him whatever he may desire. But she found him pensive and quite worn out with the love which had laid hold of him; whereupon she addressed him thus: "My lord Yvain, what sort of a time have you had to-day?" "I have been pleasantly occupied," was his reply. "Pleasantly? In God's name, is that the truth? What? How can one enjoy himself seeing that he is hunted to death, unless he courts and wishes it?" "Of a truth," he says, "my gentle friend, I should by no means wish to die; and yet, as God beholds me, I was pleased, am pleased now, and always shall be pleased by what I saw." "Well, let us say no more of that," she makes reply, "for I can understand well enough what is the meaning of such words. I am not so foolish or inexperienced that I cannot understand such words as those; but come now after me, for I shall find some speedy means to release you from your confinement. I shall surely set you free to-night or to-morrow, if you please. Come now, I will lead you away." And he thus makes reply: "You may be sure that I will never escape secretly and like a thief. When the people are all gathered out there in the streets, I can go forth more honourably than if I did so surreptitiously." Then he followed her into the little room. The damsel, who was kind, secured and bestowed upon him all that he desired. And when the opportunity arose, she remembered what he had said to her how he had been pleased by what he saw when they were seeking him in the room with intent to kill him.

(Vv. 1589-1652.) The damsel stood in such favour with her lady that she had no fear of telling her anything, regardless of the consequences, for she was her confidante and companion. Then, why should she be backward in comforting her lady and in giving her advice which should redound to her honour? The first time she said to her privily: "My lady, I greatly marvel to see you act so extravagantly. Do you think you can recover your lord by giving away thus to your grief?" "Nay, rather, if I had my wish," says she, "I would now be dead of grief." "And why?" "In order to follow after him." "After him? God forbid, and give you again as good a lord, as is consistent with His might." "Thou didst never speak such a lie as that, for He could never give me so good a lord again." "He will give you a better one, if you will accept him, and I can prove it." "Begone! Peace! I shall never find such a one." "Indeed you shall, my lady, if you will consent. Just tell me, if you will, who is going to defend your land when King Arthur comes next week to the margin of the spring? You have already been apprised of this by letters sent you by the

Dameisele Sauvage. Alas, what a kind service she did for you! you ought to be considering how you will defend your spring, and yet you cease not to weep! If it please you, my dear lady, you ought not to delay. For surely, all the knights you have are not worth, as you well know, so much as a single chamber-maid. Neither shield nor lance will ever be taken in hand by the best of them. You have plenty of craven servants, but there is not one of them brave enough to dare to mount a steed. And the King is coming with such a host that his victory will be inevitable." The lady, upon reflection, knows very well that she is giving her sincere advice, but she is unreasonable in one respect, as also are other women who are, almost without exception, guilty of their own folly, and refuse to accept what they really wish. "Begone," she says; "leave me alone. If I ever hear thee speak of this again it will go hard with thee, unless thou flee. Thou weariest me with thy idle words." "Very well, my lady," she says; "that you are a woman is evident, for woman will grow irate when she hears any one give her good advice."

(Vv. 1653-1726.) Then she went away and left her alone. And the lady reflected that she had been in the wrong. She would have been very glad to know how the damsel could ever prove that it would be possible to find a better knight than her lord had ever been. She would be very glad to hear her speak, but now she has forbidden her. With this desire in mind, she waited until she returned. But the warning was of no avail, for she began to say to her at once: "My lady, is it seemly that you should thus torment yourself with grief? For God's sake now control yourself, and for shame, at least, cease your lament. It is not fitting that so great a lady should keep up her grief so long. Remember your honourable estate and your very gentle birth! Think you that all virtue ceased with the death of your lord? There are in the world a hundred as good or better men." "May God confound me, if thou dost not lie! Just name to me a single one who is reputed to be so excellent as my lord was all his life." "If I did so you would be angry with me, and would fly into a passion and you would esteem me less." "No, I will not, I assure thee." "Then may it all be for your future welfare if you would but consent, and may God so incline your will! I see no reason for holding my peace, for no one hears or heeds what we say. Doubtless you will think I am impudent, but I shall freely speak my mind. When two knights have met in an affray of arms and when one has beaten the other, which of the two do you think is the better? For my part I award the prize to the victor. Now what do you think?" "It seems to me you are laying a trap for me and intend to catch me in my words." "Upon my faith, you may rest assured that I am in the right, and I can irrefutably prove to you that he who defeated your lord is better than he was himself. He beat him and pursued him valiantly until he imprisoned him in his house." "Now," she replies, "I hear the greatest nonsense that was ever uttered. Begone, thou spirit charged with evil! Begone, thou foolish and tiresome girl! Never again utter such idle words, and never come again into my presence to speak a word on his behalf!" "Indeed, my lady, I knew full well that I should receive no thanks from you, and I said so before I spoke. But you promised me you would not be displeased, and that you would not be angry with me for it. But you have failed to keep your promise, and now, as it has turned out, you have discharged your wrath on me, and I have lost by not holding my peace."

(Vv. 1727-1942.) Thereupon she goes back to the room where my lord Yvain is waiting, comfortably guarded by her vigilance. But he is ill at ease when he cannot see the lady,

and he pays no attention, and hears no word of the report which the damsel brings to him. The lady, too, is in great perplexity all night, being worried about how she should defend the spring; and she begins to repent of her action to the damsel, whom she had blamed and insulted and treated with contempt. She feels very sure and certain that not for any reward or bribe, nor for any affection which she may bear him, would the maiden ever have mentioned him; and that she must love her more than him, and that she would never give her advice which would bring her shame or embarrassment: the maid is too loyal a friend for that. Thus, lo! the lady is completely changed: she fears now that she to whom she had spoken harshly will never love her again devotedly; and him whom she had repulsed, she now loyally and with good reason pardons, seeing that he had done her no wrong. So she argues as if he were in her presence there, and thus she begins her argument: "Come," she says, "canst thou deny that my lord was killed by thee?" "That," says he, "I cannot deny. Indeed, I fully admit it." "Tell me, then, the reason of thy deed. Didst thou do it to injure me, prompted by hatred or by spite?" "May death not spare me now, if I did it to injure you." "In that case, thou hast done me no wrong, nor art thou guilty of aught toward him. For he would have killed thee, if he could. So it seems to me that I have decided well and righteously." Thus, by her own arguments she succeeds in discovering justice, reason, and common sense, how that there is no cause for hating him; thus she frames the matter to conform with her desire, and by her own efforts she kindles her love, as a bush which only smokes with the flame beneath, until some one blows it or stirs it up. If the damsel should come in now, she would win the quarrel for which she had been so reproached, and by which she had been so hurt. And next morning, in fact, she appeared again, taking the subject up where she had let it drop. Meanwhile, the lady bowed her head, knowing she had done wrong in attacking her. But now she is anxious to make amends, and to inquire concerning the name, character, and lineage of the knight: so she wisely humbles herself, and says: "I wish to beg your pardon for the insulting words of pride which in my rage I spoke to you: I will follow your advice. So tell me now, if possible, about the knight of whom you have spoken so much to me: what sort of a man is he, and of what parentage? If he is suited to become my mate, and provided he be so disposed, I promise you to make him my husband and lord of my domain. But he will have to act in such a way that no one can reproach me by saying: 'This is she who took him who killed her lord.'" "In God's name, lady, so shall it be. You will have the gentlest, noblest, and fairest lord who ever belonged to Abel's line." "What is his name?" "My lord Yvain." "Upon my word, if he is King Urien's son he is of no mean birth, but very noble, as I well know." "Indeed, my lady, you say the truth." "And when shall we be able to see him?" "In five days' time." "That would be too long; for I wish he were already come. Let him come to-night, or to-morrow, at the latest." "My lady, I think no one could fly so far in one day. But I shall send one of my squires who can run fast, and who will reach King Arthur's court at least by to-morrow night, I think; that is the place we must seek for him." "That is a very long time. The days are long. But tell him that to-morrow night he must be back here, and that he must make greater haste than usual. If he will only do his best, he can do two days' journey in one. Moreover, to-night the moon will shine; so let him turn night into day. And when he returns I will give him whatever he wishes me to give." "Leave all care of that to me; for you shall have him in your hands the day after to-morrow at the very latest. Meanwhile you shall summon your men and confer with



them about the approaching visit of the King. In order to make the customary defence of your spring it behoves you to consult with them. None of them will be so hardy as to dare to boast that he will present himself. In that case you will have a good excuse for saving that it behoves you to marry again. A certain knight, highly qualified, seeks your hand; but you do not presume to accept him without their unanimous consent. And I warrant what the outcome will be: I know them all to be such cowards that in order to put on some one else the burden which would be too heavy for them, they will fall at your feet and speak their gratitude; for thus their responsibility will be at an end. For, whoever is afraid of his own shadow willingly avoids, if possible, any meeting with lance or spear; for such games a coward has no use." "Upon my word," the lady replies, "so I would have it, and so I consent, having already conceived the plan which you have expressed; so that is what we shall do. But why do you tarry here? Go, without delay, and take measures to bring him here, while I shall summon my liege-men." Thus concluded their conference. And the damsel pretends to send to search for my lord Yvain in his country; while every day she has him bathed, and washed, and groomed. And besides this she prepares for him a robe of red scarlet stuff, brand new and lined with spotted fur. There is nothing necessary for his equipment which she does not lend to him: a golden buckle for his neck, ornamented with precious stones which make people look well, a girdle, and a wallet made of rich gold brocade. She fitted him out perfectly, then informed her lady that the messenger had returned, having done his errand well. "How is that?" she says, "is he here? Then let him come at once, secretly and privily, while no one is here with me. See to it that no one else come in, for I should hate to see a fourth person here." At this the damsel went away, and returned to her guest again. However, her face did not reveal the joy that was in her heart; indeed, she said that her lady knew that she had been sheltering him, and was very much incensed at her. "Further concealment is useless now. The news about you has been so divulged that my lady knows the whole story and is very angry with me, heaping me with blame and reproaches. But she has given me her word that I may take you into her presence without any harm or danger. I take it that you will have no objection to this, except for one condition (for I must not disguise the truth, or I should be unjust to you): she wishes to have you in her control, and she desires such complete possession of your body that even your heart shall not be at large." "Certainly," he said, "I readily consent to what will be no hardship to me. I am willing to be her prisoner." "So shall you be: I swear it by this right hand laid upon you!. Now come and, upon my advice, demean yourself so humbly in her presence that your imprisonment may not be grievous. Otherwise feel no concern. I do not think that your restraint will be irksome." Then the damsel leads him off, now alarming, now reassuring him, and speaking to him mysteriously about the confinement in which he is to find himself; for every lover is a prisoner. She is right in calling him a prisoner; for surely any one who loves is no longer free.

(Vv. 1943-2036.) Taking my lord Yvain by the hand, the damsel leads him where he will be dearly loved; but expecting to be ill received, it is not strange if he is afraid. They found the lady seated upon a red cushion. I assure you my lord Yvain was terrified upon entering the room, where he found the lady who spoke not a word to him. At this he was still more afraid, being overcome with fear at the thought that he had been betrayed. He stood there to one side so long that the damsel at last spoke up and said: "Five hundred

curses upon the head of him who takes into a fair lady's chamber a knight who will not draw near, and who has neither tongue nor mouth nor sense to introduce himself." Thereupon, taking him by the arm, she thrust him forward with the words: "Come, step forward, knight, and have no fear that my lady is going to snap at you; but seek her good-will and give her yours. I will join you in your prayer that she pardon you for the death of her lord, Esclados the Red." Then my lord Yvain clasped his hands, and falling upon his knees, spoke like a lover with these words: "I will not crave your pardon, lady, but rather thank you for any treatment you may inflict on me, knowing that no act of yours could ever be distasteful to me." "Is that so, sir? And what if I think to kill you now?" "My lady, if it please you, you will never hear me speak otherwise." "I never heard of such a thing as this: that you put yourself voluntarily and absolutely within my power, without the coercion of any one." "My lady, there is no force so strong, in truth, as that which commands me to conform absolutely to your desire. I do not fear to carry out any order you may be pleased to give. And if I could atone for the death, which came through no fault of mine, I would do so cheerfully." "What?" says she, "come tell me now and be forgiven, if you did no wrong in killing my lord?" "Lady," he says, "if I may say it, when your lord attacked me, why was I wrong to defend myself? When a man in self-defence kills another who is trying to kill or capture him, tell me if in any way he is to blame." "No, if one looks at it aright. And I suppose it would have been no use, if I had had you put to death. But I should be glad to learn whence you derive the force that bids you to consent unquestioningly to whatever my will may dictate. I pardon you all your misdeeds and crimes. But be seated, and tell us now what is the cause of your docility?" "My lady," he says, "the impelling force comes from my heart, which is inclined toward you. My heart has fixed me in this desire." "And what prompted your heart, my fair sweet friend?" "Lady, my eyes." "And what the eyes?" "The great beauty that I see in you." "And where is beauty's fault in that?" "Lady, in this: that it makes me love." "Love? And whom?" "You, my lady dear." "I?" "Yes, truly." "Really? And how is that?" "To such an extent that my heart will not stir from you, nor is it elsewhere to be found; to such an extent that I cannot think of anything else, and I surrender myself altogether to you, whom I love more than I love myself, and for whom, if you will, I am equally ready to die or live." "And would you dare to undertake the defence of my spring for love of me?" "Yes, my lady, against the world." "Then you may know that our peace is made."

(Vv. 2037-2048.) Thus they are quickly reconciled. And the lady, having previously consulted her lords, says: "We shall proceed from here to the hall where my men are assembled, who, in view of the evident need, have advised and counselled me to take a husband at their request. And I shall do so, in view of the urgent need: here and now I give myself to you; for I should not refuse to accept as lord, such a good knight and a king's son."

(Vv. 2049-2328.) Now the damsel has brought about exactly what she had desired. And my lord Yvain's mastery is more complete than could be told or described; for the lady leads him away to the hall, which was full of her knights and men-at-arms. And my lord Yvain was so handsome that they all marvelled to look at him, and all, rising to their feet, salute and bow to my lord Yvain, guessing well as they did so: "This is he whom my lady will select. Cursed be he who opposes him! For he seems a wonderfully fine

man. Surely, the empress of Rome would be well married with such a man. Would now that he had given his word to her, and she to him, with clasped hand, and that the wedding might take place to-day or tomorrow." Thus they spoke among themselves. At the end of the hall there was a seat, and there in the sight of all the lady took her place. And my lord Yvain made as if he intended to seat himself at her feet; but she raised him up, and ordered the seneschal to speak aloud, so that his speech might be heard by all. Then the seneschal began, being neither stubborn nor slow of speech: "My lords," he said, "we are confronted by war. Every day the King is preparing with all the haste he can command to come to ravage our lands. Before a fortnight shall have passed, all will have been laid waste, unless some valiant defender shall appear. When my lady married first, not quite seven years ago, she did it on your advice. Now her husband is dead, and she is grieved. Six feet of earth is all he has, who formerly owned all this land, and who was indeed its ornament. (14) It is a pity he lived so short a while. A woman cannot bear a shield, nor does she know how to fight with lance. It would exalt and dignify her again if she should marry some worthy lord. Never was there greater need than now; do all of you recommend that she take a spouse, before the custom shall lapse which has been observed in this town for more than the past sixty years." At this, all at once proclaim that it seems to them the right thing to do, and they all throw themselves at her feet. They strengthen her desire by their consent; yet she hesitates to assert her wishes until, as if against her will, she finally speaks to the same intent as she would have done, indeed, if every one had opposed her wish: "My lords, since it is your wish, this knight who is seated beside me has wooed me and ardently sought my hand. He wishes to engage himself in the defence of my rights and in my service, for which I thank him heartily, as you do also. It is true I have never known him in person, but I have often heard his name. Know that he is no less a man than the son of King Urien. Beside his illustrious lineage, he is so brave, courteous, and wise that no one has cause to disparage him. You have all already heard, I suppose, of my lord Yvain, and it is he who seeks my hand. When the marriage is consummated, I shall have a more noble lord than I deserve." They all say: "If you are prudent, this very day shall not go by without the marriage being solemnised. For it is folly to postpone for a single hour an advantageous act." They beseech her so insistently that she consents to what she would have done in any case. For Love bids her do that for which she asks counsel and advice; but there is more honour for him in being accepted with the approval of her men. To her their prayers are not unwelcome; rather do they stir and incite her heart to have its way. The horse, already under speed, goes faster yet when it is spurred. In the presence of all her lords, the lady gives herself to my lord Yvain. From the hand of her chaplain he received the lady, Laudine de Landuc, daughter of Duke Laudunet, of whom they sing a lay. That very day without delay he married her, and the wedding was celebrated. There were plenty of mitres and croziers there, for the lady had summoned her bishops and abbots. Great was the joy and rejoicing, there were many people, and much wealth was displayed -- more than I could tell you of, were I to devote much thought to it. It is better to keep silent than to be inadequate. So my lord Yvain is master now, and the dead man is quite forgot. He who killed him is now married to his wife, and they enjoy the marriage rights. The people love and esteem their living lord more than they ever did the dead. They served him well at his marriage-feast, until the eve before the day when the King came to visit the marvellous spring and its stone, bringing with

him upon this expedition his companions and all those of his household; not one was left behind. And my lord Kay remarked: "Ah, what now has become of Yvain, who after his dinner made the boast that he would avenge his cousin's shame? Evidently he spoke in his cups. I believe that he has run away. He would not dare to come back for anything. He was very presumptuous to make such a boast. He is a bold man who dares to boast of what no one would praise him for, and who has no proof of his great feats except the words of some false flatterer. There is a great difference between a coward and a hero; for the coward seated beside the fire talks loudly about himself, holding all the rest as fools, and thinking that no one knows his real character. A hero would be distressed at hearing his prowess related by some one else. And yet I maintain that the coward is not wrong to praise and vaunt himself, for he will find no one else to lie for him. If he does not boast of his deeds, who will? All pass over him in silence, even the heralds, who proclaim the brave, but discard the cowards." When my lord Kay had spoken thus, my lord Gawain made this reply: "My lord Kay, have some mercy now! Since my lord Yvain is not here, you do not know what business occupies him. Indeed, he never so debased himself as to speak any ill of you compared with the gracious things he has said." "Sire," says Kay, "I'll hold my peace. I'll not say another word to-day, since I see you are offended by my speech." Then the King, in order to see the rain, poured a whole basin full of water upon the stone beneath the pine, and at once the rain began to pour. It was not long before my lord Yvain without delay entered the forest fully armed, tiding faster than a gallop on a large, sleek steed, strong, intrepid, and fleet of foot. And it was my lord Kay's desire to request the first encounter. For, whatever the outcome might be, he always wished to begin the fight and joust the first, or else he would be much incensed. Before all the rest, he requested the King to allow him to do battle first. The King says: "Kay, since it is your wish, and since you are the first to make the request, the favour ought not to be denied." Kay thanks him first, then mounts his steed. If now my lord Yvain can inflict a mild disgrace upon him, he will be very glad to do so; for he recognises him by his arms. (15) Each grasping his shield by the straps, they rush together. Spurring their steeds, they lower the lances, which they hold tightly gripped. Then they thrust them forward a little, so that they grasped them by the leather-wrapped handles, and so that when they came together they were able to deal such cruel blows that both lances broke in splinters clear to the handle of the shaft. My lord Yvain gave him such a mighty blow that Kay took a summersault from out of his saddle and struck with his helmet on the ground. My lord Yvain has no desire to inflict upon him further harm, but simply dismounts and takes his horse. This pleased them all, and many said: "Ah, ah, see how you prostrate lie, who but now held others up to scorn! And yet it is only right to pardon you this time; for it never happened to you before." Thereupon my lord Yvain approached the King, leading the horse in his hand by the bridle, and wishing to make it over to him. "Sire," says he, "now take this steed, for I should do wrong to keep back anything of yours." "And who are you?" the King replies; "I should never know you, unless I heard your name, or saw you without your arms." Then my lord told him who he was, and Kay was overcome with shame, mortified, humbled, and discomfited, for having said that he had run away. But the others were greatly pleased, and made much of the honour he had won. Even the King was greatly gratified, and my lord Gawain a hundred times more than any one else. For he loved his company more than that of any other knight he knew. And the King requested him

urgently to tell him, if it be his will, how he had fared; for he was very curious to learn all about his adventure; so the King begs him to tell the truth. And he soon told him all about the service and kindness of the damsel, not passing over a single word, not forgetting to mention anything. And after this he invited the King and all his knights to come to lodge with him, saying they would be doing him great honour in accepting his hospitality. And the King said that for an entire week he would gladly do him the honour and pleasure, and would bear him company. And when my lord Yvain had thanked him, they tarry no longer there, but mount and take the most direct road to the town. My lord Yvain sends in advance of the company a squire beating a crane-falcon, in order that they might not take the lady by surprise, and that her people might decorate the streets against the arrival of the King. When the lady heard the news of the King's visit she was greatly pleased; nor was there any one who, upon hearing the news, was not happy and elated. And the lady summons them all and requests them to go to meet him, to which they make no objection or remonstrance, all being anxious to do her will.

Continue to Part II

#### ENDNOTES:

NOTE: Endnotes supplied by Prof. Foerster are indicated by "(F.)"; all other endnotes are supplied by W.W. Comfort.

- (1) "cele feste, qui tant coste,  
Qu'an doit clamer la pantecoste."  
This rhyme is frequently met in mediaeval narrative poems.  
(F.)
- (2) The contemporary degeneracy of lovers and of the art of love  
is a favourite theme of mediaeval poets.
- (3) Cf. "Roman de la Rose", 9661, for the stinking manure pit.  
(F.)
- (4) The forest of Broceliande is in Brittany, and in it Chretien  
places the marvellous spring of Barenton, of which we read  
in the sequel. In his version the poet forgets that the sea  
separates the court at Carduel from the forest of  
Broceliande. His readers, however, probably passed over  
this "lapsus". The most famous passage relating to this  
forest and its spring is found in Wace, "Le Roman de Rou et  
des dues de Normandie", vv. 6395-6420, 2 vols. (Heilbronn,  
1877-79). Cf. further the informing note by W.L. Holland,  
"Chretien von Troies", p. 152 f. (Tubingen, 1854).

- (5) This grotesque portrait of the "vilain" is perfectly conventional in aristocratic poetry, and is also applied to some Saracens in the epic poems. Cf. W.W. Comfort in "Pub. of the Modern Language Association of America", xxi. 494 f., and in "The Dublin Review", July 1911.
  
- (6) For the description of the magic fountain, cf. W.A. Nitze, "The Fountain Defended" in "Modern Philology", vii. 145-164; G.L. Hamilton, "Storm-making Springs", etc., in "Romantic Review", ii. 355-375; A.F. Grimme in "Germania", xxxiii. 38; O.M. Johnston in "Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association", xxxiii., p. lxxxiii. f.
  
- (7) Eugen Kolbing, "Christian von Troyes Yvain und die Brandanuslegende" in "Ztsch. für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte" (Neue Folge, xi. Brand, 1897), pp. 442-448, has pointed out other striking allusions in the Latin "Navigatio S. Brandani" (ed. Wahlund, Upsala, 1900) and elsewhere in Celtic legend to trees teeming with singing birds, in which the souls of the blessed are incorporated. A more general reference to trees, animated by the souls of the dead, is found in J.G. Frazer, "The Golden Bough" (2nd ed. 1900), vol. I., p. 178 f.
  
- (8) Cf. A. Tobler in "Ztsch. für romanische Philologie", iv. 80-85, who gives many other instances of boasting after meals. See next note.
  
- (9) Noradin is the Sultan Nureddin Mahmud (reigned 1146-1173), a contemporary of the poet; Forre is a legendary Saracen king of Naples, mentioned in the epic poems (cf. E. Langlois, "Table des noms propres de toute nature compris dans les chansons de geste", Paris, 1904; Albert Counson, "Noms épiques entrés dans le vocabulaire commun" in "Romanische Forschungen", xxiii. 401-413). These names are mentioned here in connection with the brave exploits which Christian knights, while in their cups, may boast that they will accomplish (F.). This practice of boasting was called indulging in "gabs" (=Eng. "gab"), a good instance of which will be found in "Le Voyage de Charlemagne à Jérusalem" (ed. Koschwitz), v. 447 ff.

- (10) It is evident in this passage that Chretien's version is not clear; the reader cannot be sure in what sort of an apartment Yvain is secreted. The passage is perfectly clear, however, in the Welsh "Owein", as shown by A.C.L. Brown in "Romanic Review", iii. 143-172, "On the Independent Character of the Welsh 'Owain'", where he argues convincingly for an original older than either the extant French or Welsh versions.
- (11) The damsel's surprise and fright at the sight of Yvain, which puzzled Professor Foerster, is satisfactorily explained by J. Acher in "Ztsch. fur französische Sprache und Literatur", xxxv. 150.
- (12) For magic rings, cf. A. Hertel, "Verzauberte Oertlichkeiten", etc. (Hanover, 1908); D.B. Easter, "The Magic Elements in the romans d'aventure and the romans bretons" (Baltimore, 1906).
- (13) Much has been written on the widespread belief that a dead person's wounds would bleed afresh in the presence of his murderer. The passage in our text is interesting as being the earliest literary reference to the belief. Other instances will be found in Shakespear ("King Richard III., Act. I., Sc. 2), Cervantes ("Don Quixote"), Scott ("Ballads"), and Schiller ("Braut von Messina"). In the 15th and 16th centuries especially, the bleeding of the dead became in Italy, Germany, France, and Spain an absolute or contributory proof of guilt in the eyes of the law. The suspected culprit might be subjected to this ordeal as part of the inquisitional method to determine guilt. For theories of the origin of this belief and of its use in legal trials, as well as for more extended bibliography, cf. Karl Lehmann in "Germanistische Abhandlungen fur Konrad von Maurer" (Gottingen, 1893), pp. 21-45; C.V. Christensen, "Baareproven" (Copenhagen, 1900).
- (14) W.L. Holland in his note for this passage recalls Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans", Act III. Sc. 7, and Shakespeare, first part of "King Henry IV.", Act V. Sc. 4:

"When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough."

(15) Foerster regards this excuse for Kay's defeat as ironical.

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Yvain

or,

The Knight with the Lion

Part II: Vv. 2329 - Vv. 4634

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(Vv. 2329-2414.) (16) Mounted on great Spanish steeds, they all go to meet the King of Britain, saluting King Arthur first with great courtesy and then all his company.

"Welcome," they say, "to this company, so full of honourable men! Blessed be he who brings them hither and presents us with such fair guests!" At the King's arrival the town resounds with the joyous welcome which they give. Silken stuffs are taken out and hung aloft as decorations, and they spread tapestries to walk upon and drape the streets with them, while they wait for the King's approach. And they make still another preparation, in covering the streets with awnings against the hot rays of the sun. Bells, horns, and trumpets cause the town to ring so that God's thunder could not have been heard. The maidens dance before him, flutes and pipes are played, kettle-drums, drums, and cymbals are beaten. On their part the nimble youths leap, and all strive to show their delight. With such evidence of their joy, they welcome the King fittingly. And the Lady came forth, dressed in imperial garb a robe of fresh ermine -- and upon her head she



wore a diadem all ornamented with rubies. No cloud was there upon her face, but it was so gay and full of joy that she was more beautiful, I think, than any goddess. Around her the crowd pressed close, as they cried with one accord: "Welcome to the King of kings and lord of lords!" The King could not reply to all before he saw the lady coming toward him to hold his stirrup. However, he would not wait for this, but hastened to dismount himself as soon as he caught sight of her. Then she salutes him with these words: "Welcome a hundred thousand times to the King, my lord, and blessed be his nephew, my lord Gawain!" The King replies: "I wish all happiness and good luck to your fair body and your face, lovely creature!" Then clasping her around the waist, the King embraced her gaily and heartily as she did him, throwing her arms about him. I will say no more of how gladly she welcomed them, but no one ever heard of any people who were so honourably received and served. I might tell you much of the joy should I not be wasting words, but I wish to make brief mention of an acquaintance which was made in private between the moon and the sun. Do you know of whom I mean to speak? He who was lord of the knights, and who was renowned above them all, ought surely to be called the sun. I refer, of course, to my lord Gawain, for chivalry is enhanced by him just as when the morning sun sheds its rays abroad and lights all places where it shines. And I call her the moon, who cannot be otherwise because of her sense and courtesy. However, I call her so not only because of her good repute, but because her name is, in fact, Lunete.

(Vv. 2415-2538.) The damsel's name was Lunete, and she was a charming brunette, prudent, clever, and polite. As her acquaintance grows with my lord Gawain, he values her highly and gives her his love as to his sweetheart, because she had saved from death his companion and friend; he places himself freely at her service. On her part she describes and relates to him with what difficulty she persuaded her mistress to take my lord Yvain as her husband, and how she protected him from the hands of those who were seeking him; how he was in their midst but they did not see him. My lord Gawain laughed aloud at this story of hers, and then he said: "Mademoiselle, when you need me and when you don't, such as I am, I place myself at your disposal. Never throw me off for some one else when you think you can improve your lot. I am yours, and do you be from now on my demoiselle!" "I thank you kindly, sire," she said. While the acquaintance of these two was ripening thus, the others, too, were engaged in flirting. For there were perhaps ninety ladies there, each of whom was fair and charming, noble and polite, virtuous and prudent, and a lady of exalted birth, so the men could agreeably employ themselves in caressing and kissing them, and in talking to them and in gazing at them while they were seated by their side; that much satisfaction they had at least. My lord Yvain is in high feather because the King is lodged with him. And the lady bestows such attention upon them all, as individuals and collectively, that some foolish person might suppose that the charming attentions which she showed them were dictated by love. But such persons may properly be rated as fools for thinking that a lady is in love with them just because she is courteous and speaks to some unfortunate fellow, and makes him happy and caresses him. A fool is made happy by fair words, and is very easily taken in. That entire week they spent in gaiety; forest and stream offered plenty of sport for any one who desired it. And whoever wished to see the land which had come into the hands of my lord Yvain with the lady whom he had married,

could go to enjoy himself at one of the castles which stood within a radius of two, three, or four leagues. When the King had stayed as long as he chose, he made ready to depart. But during the week they had all begged urgently, and with all the insistence at their command, that they might take away my lord Yvain with them. "What? Will you be one of those." said my lord Gawain to him, "who degenerate after marriage? (17) Cursed be he by Saint Mary who marries and then degenerates! Whoever has a fair lady as his mistress or his wife should be the better for it, and it is not right that her affection should be bestowed on him after his worth and reputation are gone. Surely you, too, would have cause to regret her love if you grew soft, for a woman quickly withdraws her love, and rightly so, and despises him who degenerates in any way when he has become lord of the realm. Now ought your fame to be increased! Slip off the bridle and halter and come to the tournament with me, that no one may say that you are jealous. Now you must no longer hesitate to frequent the lists, to share in the onslaught, and to contend with force, whatever effort it may cost! Inaction produces indifference. But, really, you must come, for I shall be in your company. Have a care that our comradeship shall not fail through any fault of yours, fair companion; for my part, you may count on me. It is strange how a man sets store by the life of ease which has no end. Pleasures grow sweeter through postponement; and a little pleasure, when delayed, is much sweeter to the taste than great pleasure enjoyed at once. The sweets of a love which develops late are like a fire in a green bush; for the longer one delays in lighting it the greater will be the heat it yields, and the longer will its force endure. One may easily fall into habits which it is very difficult to shake off, for when one desires to do so, he finds he has lost the power. Don't misunderstand my words, my friend: if I had such a fair mistress as you have, I call God and His saints to witness, I should leave her most reluctantly; indeed, I should doubtless be infatuated. But a man may give another counsel, which he would not take himself, just as the preachers, who are deceitful rascals, and preach and proclaim the right but who do not follow it themselves."

(Vv. 2539-2578.) My lord Gawain spoke at such length and so urgently that he promised him that he would go; but he said that he must consult his lady and ask for her consent. Whether it be a foolish or a prudent thing to do, he will not fail to ask her leave to return to Britain. Then he took counsel with his wife, who had no inkling of the permission he desired, as he addressed her with these words: "My beloved lady, my heart and soul, my treasure, joy, and happiness, grant me now a favour which will redound to your honour and to mine." The lady at once gives her consent. not knowing what his desire is, and says: "Fair lord, you may command me your pleasure, whatever it be." Then my lord Yvain at once asks her for permission to escort the King and to attend at tournaments, that no one may reproach his indolence. And she replies: "I grant you leave until a certain date; but be sure that my love will change to hate if you stay beyond the term that I shall fix. Remember that I shall keep my word; if you break your word I will keep mine. If you wish to possess my love, and if you have any regard for me, remember to come back again at the latest a year from the present date a week after St. John's day; for to-day is the eighth day since that feast. You will be checkmated of my love if you are not restored to me on that day."

(Vv. 2579-2635.) My lord Yvain weeps and sighs so bitterly that he can hardly find

words to say: "My lady, this date is indeed a long way off. If I could be a dove, whenever the fancy came to me, I should often rejoin you here. And I pray God that in His pleasure He may not detain me so long away. But sometimes a man intends speedily to return who knows not what the future has in store for him. And I know not what will be my fate -- perhaps some urgency of sickness or imprisonment may keep me back: you are unjust in not making an exception at least of actual hindrance." "My lord," says she, "I will make that exception. And yet I dare to promise you that, if God deliver you from death, no hindrance will stand in your way so long as you remember me. So put on your finger now this ring of mine, which I lend to you. And I will tell you all about the stone: no true and loyal lover can be imprisoned or lose any blood, nor can any harm befall him, provided he carry it and hold it dear, and keep his sweetheart in mind. You will become as hard as iron, and it will serve you as shield and hauberk. I have never before been willing to lend or entrust it to any knight, but to you I give it because of my affection for you." Now my lord Yvain is free to go, but he weeps bitterly on taking leave. The King, however, would not tarry longer for anything that might be said: rather was he anxious to have the palfreys brought all equipped and bridled. They acceded at once to his desire, bringing the palfreys forth, so that it remained only to mount. I do not know whether I ought to tell you how my lord Yvain took his leave, and of the kisses bestowed on him, mingled with tears and steeped in sweetness. And what shall I tell you about the King how the lady escorts him, accompanied by her damsels and seneschal? All this would require too much time. When he sees the lady's tears, the King implores her to come no farther, but to return to her abode. He begged her with such urgency that, heavy at heart, she turned about followed by her company.

(Vv. 2639-2773.) My lord Yvain is so distressed to leave his lady that his heart remains behind. The King may take his body off, but he cannot lead his heart away. She who stays behind clings so tightly to his heart that the King has not the power to take it away with him. When the body is left without the heart it cannot possibly live on. For such a marvel was never seen as the body alive without the heart. Yet this marvel now came about: for he kept his body without the heart, which was wont to be enclosed in it, but which would not follow the body now. The heart has a good abiding-place, while the body, hoping for a safe return to its heart, in strange fashion takes a new heart of hope, which is so often deceitful and treacherous. He will never know in advance, I think, the hour when this hope will play him false, for if he overstays by single day the term which he has agreed upon, it will be hard for him to gain again his lady's pardon and goodwill. Yet I think he will overstay the term, for my lord Gawain will not allow him to part from him, as together they go to joust wherever tournaments are held. And as the year passes by my lord Yvain had such success that my lord Gawain strove to honour him, and caused him to delay so long that all the first year slipped by, and it came to the middle of August of the ensuing year, when the King held court at Chester, whither they had returned the day before from a tournament where my lord Yvain had been and where he had won the glory and the story tells how the two companions were unwilling to lodge in the town, but had their tents set up outside the city, and held court there. For they never went to the royal court, but the King came rather to join in theirs, for they had the best knights, and the greatest number, in their company. Now King Arthur was seated in their midst, when Yvain suddenly had a thought which surprised him more

than any that had occurred to him since he had taken leave of his lady, for he realised that he had broken his word, and that the limit of his leave was already exceeded. He could hardly keep back his tears, but he succeeded in doing so from shame. He was still deep in thought when he saw a damsel approaching rapidly upon a black palfrey with white forefeet. As she got down before the tent no one helped her to dismount, and no one went to take her horse. As soon as she made out the King, she let her mantle fall, and thus displayed she entered the tent and came before the King, announcing that her mistress sent greetings to the King, and to my lord Gawain and all the other knights, except Yvain, that disloyal traitor, liar, hypocrite, who had deserted her deceitfully. "She has seen clearly the treachery of him who pretended he was a faithful lover while he was a false and treacherous thief. This thief has traduced my lady, who was all unprepared for any evil, and to whom it never occurred that he would steal her heart away. Those who love truly do not steal hearts away; there are, however, some men, by whom these former are called thieves, who themselves go about deceitfully making love, but in whom there is no real knowledge of the matter. The lover takes his lady's heart, of course, but he does not run away with it; rather does he treasure it against those thieves who, in the guise of honourable men, would steal it from him. But those are deceitful and treacherous thieves who vie with one another in stealing hearts for which they care nothing. The true lover, wherever he may go, holds the heart dear and brings it back again. But Yvain has caused my lady's death, for she supposed that he would guard her heart for her, and would bring it back again before the year elapsed. Yvain, thou wast of short memory when thou couldst not remember to return to thy mistress within a year. She gave thee thy liberty until St. John's day, and thou settest so little store by her that never since has a thought of her crossed thy mind. My lady had marked every day in her chamber, as the seasons passed: for when one is in love, one is ill at ease and cannot get any restful sleep, but all night long must needs count and reckon up the days as they come and go. Dost thou know how lovers spend their time? They keep count of the time and the season. Her complaint is not presented prematurely or without cause, and I am not accusing him in any way, but I simply say that we have been ~ betrayed by him who married my lady. Yvain, my mistress has no further care for thee, but sends thee word by me never to come back to her, and no longer to keep her ring. She bids thee send it back to her by me, whom thou seest present here. Surrender it now, as thou art bound to do."

(Vv. 2774-3230.) Senseless and deprived of speech, Yvain is unable to reply. And the damsel steps forth and takes the ring from his finger, commending to God the King and all the others except him, whom she leaves in deep distress. And his sorrow grows on him: he feels oppressed by what he hears, and is tormented by what he sees. He would rather be banished alone in some wild land, where no one would know where to seek for him, and where no man or woman would know of his whereabouts any more than if he were in some deep abyss. He hates nothing so much as he hates himself, nor does he know to whom to go for comfort in the death he has brought upon himself. But he would rather go insane than not take vengeance upon himself, deprived, as he is, of joy through his own fault. He rises from his place among the knights, fearing he will lose his mind if he stays longer in their midst. On their part, they pay no heed to him, but let him take his departure alone. They know well enough that he cares nothing for their talk or

their society. And he goes away until he is far from the tents and pavilions. Then such a storm broke loose in his brain that he loses his senses; he tears his flesh and, stripping off his clothes, he flees across the meadows and fields, leaving his men quite at a loss, and wondering what has become of him. (18) They go in search of him through all the country around -- in the lodgings of the knights, by the hedgerows, and in the gardens -- but they seek him where he is not to be found. Still fleeing, he rapidly pursued his way until he met close by a park a lad who had in his hand a bow and five barbed arrows, which were very sharp and broad. He had sense enough to go and take the bow and arrows which he held. However, he had no recollection of anything that he had done. He lies in wait for the beasts in the woods, killing them, and then eating the venison raw. Thus he dwelt in the forest like a madman or a savage, until he came upon a little, low-lying house belonging to a hermit, who was at work clearing his ground. When he saw him coming with nothing on, he could easily perceive that he was not in his right mind; and such was the case, as the hermit very well knew. So, in fear, he shut himself up in his little house, and taking some bread and fresh water, he charitably set it outside the house on a narrow window-ledge. And thither the other comes, hungry for the bread which he takes and eats. I do not believe that he ever before had tasted such hard and bitter bread. The measure of barley kneaded with the straw, of which the bread, sourer than yeast, was made, had not cost more than five sous; and the bread was musty and as dry as bark. But hunger torments and whets his appetite, so that the bread tasted to him like sauce. For hunger is itself a well mixed and concocted sauce for any food. My lord Yvain soon ate the hermit's bread, which tasted good to him, and drank the cool water from the jar. When he had eaten, he betook himself again to the woods in search of stags and does. And when he sees him going away, the good man beneath his roof prays God to defend him and guard him lest he ever pass that way again. But there is no creature, with howsoever little sense, that will not gladly return to a place where he is kindly treated. So, not a day passed while he was in this mad fit that he did not bring to his door some wild game. Such was the life he led; and the good man took it upon himself to remove the skin and set a good quantity of the venison to cook; and the bread and the water in the jug was always standing on the window-ledge for the madman to make a meal. Thus he had something to eat and drink: venison without salt or pepper, and good cool water from the spring. And the good man exerted himself to sell the hide and buy bread made of barley, or oats, or of some other grain; so, after that, Yvain had a plentiful supply of bread and venison, which sufficed him for a long time, until one day he was found asleep in the forest by two damsels and their mistress, in whose service they were. When they saw the naked man, one of the three ran and dismounted and examined him closely, before she saw anything about him which would serve to identify him. If he had only been richly attired, as he had been many a time, and if she could have seen him then she would have known him quickly enough. But she was slow to recognise him, and continued to look at him until at last she noticed a scar which he had on his face, and she recollected that my lord Yvain's face was scarred in this same way; she was sure of it, for she had often seen it. Because of the scar she saw that it was he beyond any doubt; but she marvelled greatly how it came about that she found him thus poor and stripped. Often she crosses herself in amazement, but she does not touch him or wake him up; rather does she mount her horse again, and going back to the others, tells them tearfully of her adventure. I do not

know if I ought to delay to tell you of the grief she showed; but thus she spoke weeping to her mistress: "My lady, I have found Yvain, who has proved himself to be the best knight in the world, and the most virtuous. I cannot imagine what sin has reduced the gentleman to such a plight. I think he must have had some misfortune, which causes him thus to demean himself, for one may lose his wits through grief. And any one can see that he is not in his right mind, for it would surely never be like him to conduct himself thus indecently unless he had lost his mind. Would that God had restored to him the best sense he ever had, and would that he might then consent to render assistance to your cause! For Count Alier, who is at war with you, has made upon you a fierce attack. I should see the strife between you two quickly settled in your favour if God favoured your fortunes so that he should return to his senses and undertake to aid you in this stress." To this the lady made reply: "Take care now! For surely, if he does not escape, with God's help I think we can clear his head of all the madness and insanity. But we must be on our way at once! For I recall a certain ointment with which Morgan the Wise presented me, saying there was no delirium of the head which it would not cure." Thereupon, they go off at once toward the town, which was hard by, for it was not any more than half a league of the kind they have in that country; and, as compared with ours, two of their leagues make one and four make two. And he remains sleeping all alone, while the lady goes to fetch the ointment. The lady opens a case of hers, and, taking out a box, gives it to the damsel, and charges her not to be too prodigal in its use: she should rub only his temples with it, for there is no use of applying it elsewhere; she should anoint only his temples with it, and the remainder she should carefully keep, for there is nothing the matter with him except in his brain. She sends him also a robe of spotted fur, a coat, and a mantle of scarlet silk. The damsel takes them, and leads in her right hand an excellent palfrey. And she added to these, of her own store, a shirt, some soft hose, and some new drawers of proper cut. With all these things she quickly set out, and found him still asleep where she had left him. After putting her horse in an enclosure where she tied him fast, she came with the clothes and the ointment to the place where he was asleep. Then she made so bold as to approach the madman, so that she could touch and handle him: then taking the ointment she rubbed him with it until none remained in the box, being so solicitous for his recovery that she proceeded to anoint him all over with it; and she used it so freely that she heeded not the warning of her mistress, nor indeed did she remember it. She put more on than was needed, but in her opinion it was well employed. She rubbed his temples and forehead, and his whole body down to the ankles. She rubbed his temples and his whole body so much there in the hot sunshine that the madness and the depressing gloom passed completely out of his brain. But she was foolish to anoint his body, for of that there was no need. If she had had five measures of it she would doubtless have done the same thing. She carries off the box, and takes hidden refuge by her horse. But she leaves the robe behind, wishing that, if God calls him back to life, he may see it all laid out, and may take it and put it on. She posts herself behind an oak tree until he had slept enough, and was cured and quite restored, having regained his wits and memory. Then he sees that he is as naked as ivory, and feels much ashamed; but he would have been yet more ashamed had he known what had happened. As it is, he knows nothing but that he is naked. He sees the new robe lying before him, and marvels greatly how and by what adventure it had come there. But he is ashamed and concerned, because of his

nakedness, and says that he is dead and utterly undone if any one has come upon him there and recognised him. Meanwhile, he clothes himself and looks out into the forest to see if any one was approaching. He tries to stand up and support himself, but cannot summon the strength to walk away, for his sickness has so affected him that he can scarcely stand upon his feet. Thereupon, the damsel resolves to wait no longer, but, mounting, she passed close by him, as if unaware of his presence. Quite indifferent as to whence might come the help, which he needed so much to lead him away to some lodging- place, where he might recruit his strength, he calls out to her with all his might. And the damsel, for her part, looks about her as if not knowing what the trouble is. Confused, she goes hither and thither, not wishing to go straight up to him. Then he begins to call again: "Damsel, come this way, here!" And the damsel guided toward him her soft-stepping palfrey. By this ruse she made him think that she knew nothing of him and had never seen him before; in so doing she was wise and courteous. When she had come before him, she said: "Sir knight, what do you desire that you call me so insistently?" "Ah," said he. "prudent damsel, I have found myself in this wood by some mishap -- I know not what. For God's sake and your belief in Him, I pray you to lend me, taking my word as pledge, or else to give me outright, that palfrey you are leading in your hand." "Gladly, sire: but you must accompany me whither I am going." "Which way?" says he. "To a town that stands near by, beyond the forest." "Tell me, damsel, if you stand in need of me." "Yes," she says, "I do; but I think you are not very well. For the next two weeks at least you ought to rest. Take this horse, which I hold in my right hand, and we shall go to our lodging-place." And he, who had no other desire, takes it and mounts, and they proceed until they come to a bridge over a swift and turbulent stream. And the damsel throws into the water the empty box she is carrying, thinking to excuse herself to her mistress for her ointment by saying that she was so unlucky as to let the box fall into the water for, when her palfrey stumbled under her, the box slipped from her grasp, and she came near falling in too, which would have been still worse luck. It is her intention to invent this story when she comes into her mistress' presence. Together they held their way until they came to the town, where the lady detained my lord Yvain and asked her damsel in private for her box and ointment: and the damsel repeated to her the lie as she had invented it, not daring to tell her the truth. Then the lady was greatly enraged, and said: "This is certainly a very serious loss, and I am sure and certain that the box will never be found again. But since it has happened so, there is nothing more to be done about it. One often desires a blessing which turns out to be a curse; thus I, who looked for a blessing and joy from this knight, have lost the dearest and most precious of my possessions. However, I beg you to serve him in all respects." "Ah, lady, how wisely now you speak! For it would be too bad to convert one misfortune into two."

(Vv. 3131-3254.) Then they say no more about the box, but minister in every way they can to the comfort of my lord Yvain, bathing him and washing his hair, having him shaved and clipped, for one could have taken up a fist full of hair upon his face. His every want is satisfied: if he asks for arms, they are furnished him: if he wants a horse, they provide him with one that is large and handsome, strong and spirited. He stayed there until, upon a Tuesday, Count Alier came to the town with his men and knights, who started fires and took plunder. Those in the town at once rose up and equipped

themselves with arms. Some armed and some unarmed, they issued forth to meet the plunderers, who did not deign to retreat before them, but awaited them in a narrow pass. My lord Yvain struck at the crowd; he had had so long a rest that his strength was quite restored, and he struck a knight upon his shield with such force that he sent down in a heap, I think, the knight together with his horse. The knight never rose again, for his backbone was broken and his heart burst within his breast. My lord Yvain drew back a little to recover. Then protecting himself completely with his shield, he spurred forward to clear the pass. One could not have counted up to four before one would have seen him cast down speedily four knights. Whereupon, those who were with him waxed more brave, for many a man of poor and timid heart, at the sight of some brave man who attacks a dangerous task before his eyes, will be overwhelmed by confusion and shame, which will drive out the poor heart in his body and give him another like to a hero's for courage. So these men grew brave and each stood his ground in the fight and attack. And the lady was up in the tower, whence she saw the fighting and the rush to win and gain possession of the pass, and she saw lying upon the ground many who were wounded and many killed, both of her own party and of the enemy, but more of the enemy than of her own. For my courteous, bold, and excellent lord Yvain made them yield just as a falcon does the teal. And the men and women who had remained within the town declared as they watched the strife: "Ah, what a valiant knight! How he makes his enemies yield, and how fierce is his attack! He was about him as a lion among the fallow deer, when he is impelled by need and hunger. Then, too, all our other knights are more brave and daring because of him, for, were it not for him alone, not a lance would have been splintered nor a sword drawn to strike. When such an excellent man is found he ought to be loved and dearly prized. See now how he proves himself, see how he maintains his place, see how he stains with blood his lance and bare sword, see how he presses the enemy and follows them up, how he comes boldly to attack them, then gives away and turns about; but he spends little time in giving away, and soon returns to the attack. See him in the fray again, how lightly he esteems his shield, which he allows to be cut in pieces mercilessly. Just see how keen he is to avenge the blows which are dealt at him. For, if some one should use all the forest of Argone (19) to make lances for him, I guess he would have none left by night. For he breaks all the lances that they place in his socket, and calls for more. And see how he wields the sword when he draws it! Roland never wrought such havoc with Durendal against the Turks at Ronceval or in Spain! (20) If he had in his company some good companions like himself, the traitor, whose attack we are suffering, would retreat today discomfited, or would stand his ground only to find defeat." Then they say that the woman would be blessed who should be loved by one who is so powerful in arms, and who above all others may be recognised as a taper among candles, as a moon among the stars, and as the sun above the moon. He so won the hearts of all that the prowess which they see in him made them wish that he had taken their lady to wife, and that he were master of the land.

(Vv. 3255-3340.) Thus men and women alike praised him, and in doing so they but told the truth. For his attack on his adversaries was such that they vie with one another in flight. But he presses hard upon their heels, and all his companions follow him, for by his side they feel as safe as if they were enclosed in a high and thick stone wall. The



pursuit continues until those who flee become exhausted, and the pursuers slash at them and disembowel their steeds. The living roll over upon the dead as they wound and kill each other. They work dreadful destruction upon each other; and meanwhile the Count flees with my lord Yvain after him, until he comes up with him at the foot of a steep ascent, near the entrance of a strong place which belonged to the Count. There the Count was stopped, with no one near to lend him aid; and without any excessive parley my lord Yvain received his surrender. For as soon as he held him in his hands, and they were left just man to man, there was no further possibility of escape, or of yielding, or of self-defence; so the Count pledged his word to go to surrender to the lady of Noroison as her prisoner, and to make such peace as she might dictate. And when he had accepted his word he made him disarm his head and remove the shield from about his neck, and the Count surrendered to him his sword. Thus he won the honour of leading off the Count as his prisoner, and of giving him over to his enemies, who make no secret of their joy. But the news was carried to the town before they themselves arrived. While all come forth to meet them, the lady herself leads the way. My lord Yvain holds his prisoner by the hand, and presents him to her. The Count gladly acceded to her wishes and demands, and secured her by his word, oath, and pledges. Giving her pledges, he swears to her that he will always live on peaceful terms with her, and will make good to her all the loss which she can prove, and will build up again the houses which he had destroyed. When these things were agreed upon in accordance with the lady's wish, my lord Yvain asked leave to depart. But she would not have granted him this permission had he been willing to take her as his mistress. or to marry her. But he would not allow himself to be followed or escorted a single step, but rather departed hastily: in this case entreaty was of no avail. So he started out to retrace his path, leaving the lady much chagrined, whose joy he had caused a while before. When he will not tarry longer she is the more distressed and ill at ease in proportion to the happiness he had brought to her, for she would have wished to honour him, and would have made him, with his consent, lord of all her possessions, or else she would have paid him for his services whatever sum he might have named. But he would not heed any word of man or woman. Despite their grief he left the knights and the lady who vainly tried to detain him longer.

(Vv. 3341-3484.) Pensively my lord Yvain proceeded through a deep wood, until he heard among the trees a very loud and dismal cry, and he turned in the direction whence it seemed to come. And when he had arrived upon the spot he saw in a cleared space a lion, and a serpent which held him by the tail, burning his hind-quarters with flames of fire. My lord Yvain did not gape at this strange spectacle, but took counsel with himself as to which of the two he should aid. Then he says that he will succour the lion, for a treacherous and venomous creature deserves to be harmed. Now the serpent is poisonous, and fire bursts forth from its mouth -- so full of wickedness is the creature. So my lord Yvain decides that he will kill the serpent first. Drawing his sword he steps forward, holding the shield before his face in order not to be harmed by the flame emerging from the creature's throat, which was larger than a pot. If the lion attacks him next, he too shall have all the fight he wishes; but whatever may happen afterwards he makes up his mind to help him now. For pity urges him and makes request that he should bear succour and aid to the gentle and noble beast. With his sword, which cuts

so clean, he attacks the wicked serpent, first cleaving him through to the earth and cutting him in two, then continuing his blows until he reduces him to tiny bits. But he had to cut off a piece of the lion's tail to get at the serpent's head, which held the lion by the tail. He cut off only so much as was necessary and unavoidable. When he had set the lion free, he supposed that he would have to fight with him, and that the lion would come at him; but the lion was not minded so. Just hear now what the lion did! He acted nobly and as one well-bred; for he began to make it evident that he yielded himself to him, by standing upon his two hind-feet and bowing his face to the earth, with his fore-feet joined and stretched out toward him. Then he fell on his knees again, and all his face was wet with the tears of humility. My lord Yvain knows for a truth that the lion is thanking him and doing him homage because of the serpent which he had killed, thereby delivering him from death. He was greatly pleased by this episode. He cleaned his sword of the serpent's poison and filth; then he replaced it in its scabbard, and resumed his way. And the lion walks close by his side, unwilling henceforth to part from him: he will always in future accompany him, eager to serve and protect him. (21) He goes ahead until he scents in the wind upon his way some wild beasts feeding; then hunger and his nature prompt him to seek his prey and to secure his sustenance. It is his nature so to do. He started ahead a little on the trail, thus showing his master that he had come upon and detected the odour and scent of some wild game. Then he looks at him and halts, wishing to serve his every wish, and unwilling to proceed against his will. Yvain understands by his attitude that he is showing that he awaits his pleasure. He perceives this and understands that if he holds back he will hold back too, and that if he follows him he will seize the game which he has scented. Then he incites and cries to him, as he would do to hunting-dogs. At once the lion directed his nose to the scent which he had detected, and by which he was not deceived, for he had not gone a bow-shot when he saw in a valley a deer grazing all alone. This deer he will seize, if he has his way. And so he did, at the first spring, and then drank its blood still warm. When he had killed it he laid it upon his back and carried it back to his master, who thereupon conceived a greater affection for him, and chose him as a companion for all his life, because of the great devotion he found in him. It was near nightfall now, and it seemed good to him to spend the night there, and strip from the deer as much as he cared to eat. Beginning to carve it he splits the skin along the rib, and taking a steak from the loin he strikes from a flint a spark, which he catches in some dry brush-wood; then he quickly puts his steak upon a roasting spit to cook before the fire, and roasts it until it is quite cooked through. But there was no pleasure in the meal, for there was no bread, or wine, or salt, or cloth, or knife, or anything else. While he was eating, the lion lay at his feet; nor a movement did he make, but watched him steadily until he had eaten all that he could eat of the steak. What remained of the deer the lion devoured, even to the bones. And while all night his master laid his head upon his shield to gain such rest as that afforded, the lion showed such intelligence that he kept awake, and was careful to guard the horse as it fed upon the grass, which yielded some slight nourishment.

(Vv. 3485-3562.) In the morning they go off together, and the same sort of existence, it seems, as they had led that night, they two continued to lead all the ensuing week, until chance brought them to the spring beneath the pine-tree. There my lord Yvain almost lost his wits a second time, as he approached the spring, with its stone and the chapel

that stood close by. So great was his distress that a thousand times he sighed "alas!" and grieving fell in a swoon; and the point of his sharp sword, falling from its scabbard, pierced the meshes of his hauberk right in the neck beside the cheek. There is not a mesh that does not spread, and the sword cuts the flesh of his neck beneath the shining mail, so that it causes the blood to start. Then the lion thinks that he sees his master and companion dead. You never heard greater grief narrated or told about anything than he now began to show. He casts himself about, and scratches and cries, and has the wish to kill himself with the sword with which he thinks his master has killed himself. Taking the sword from him with his teeth he lays it on a fallen tree, and steadies it on a trunk behind, so that it will not slip or give way, when he hurls his breast against it. His intention was nearly accomplished when his master recovered from his swoon, and the lion restrained himself as he was blindly rushing upon death, like a wild boar heedless of where he wounds himself. Thus my lord Yvain lies in a swoon beside the stone, but, on recovering, he violently reproached himself for the year during which he had overstayed his leave, and for which he had incurred his lady's hate, and he said: "Why does this wretch not kill himself who has thus deprived himself of joy? Alas! why do I not take my life? How can I stay here and look upon what belongs to my lady? Why does the soul still tarry in my body? What is the soul doing in so miserable a frame? If it had already escaped away it would not be in such torment. It is fitting to hate and blame and despise myself, even as in fact I do. Whoever loses his bliss and contentment through fault or error of his own ought to hate himself mortally. He ought to hate and kill himself. And now, when no one is looking on, why do I thus spare myself? Why do I not take my life? Have I not seen this lion a prey to such grief on my behalf that he was on the point just now of thrusting my sword through his breast? And ought I to fear death who have changed happiness into grief? Joy is now a stranger to me. Joy? What joy is that? I shall say no more of that, for no one could speak of such a thing; and I have asked a foolish question. That was the greatest joy of all which was assured as my possession, but it endured for but a little while. Whoever loses such joy through his own misdeed is undeserving of happiness."

(Vv. 3563-3898.) While he thus bemoaned his fate, a lorn damsel in sorry plight, who was in the chapel, saw him and heard his words through a crack in the wall. As soon as he was recovered from his swoon, she called to him: "God," said she, "who is that I hear? Who is it that thus complains?" And he replied: "And who are you?" "I am a wretched one," she said, "the most miserable thing alive." And he replied: "Be silent, foolish one! Thy grief is joy and thy sorrow is bliss compared with that in which I am cast down. In proportion as a man becomes more accustomed to happiness and joy, so is he more distracted and stunned than any other man by sorrow when it comes. A man of little strength can carry, through custom and habit, a weight which another man of greater strength could not carry for anything." "Upon my word," she said, "I know the truth of that remark; but that is no reason to believe that your misfortune is worse than mine. Indeed, I do not believe it at all, for it seems to me that you can go anywhere you choose to go, whereas I am imprisoned here, and such a fate is my portion that to-morrow I shall be seized and delivered to mortal judgment." "Ah, God!" said he, "and for what crime?" "Sir knight, may God never have mercy upon my soul, if I have merited such a fate! Nevertheless, I shall tell you truly, without deception, why I am here in

prison: I am charged with treason, and I cannot find any one to defend me from being burned or hanged to-morrow." "In the first place," he replied, "I may say that my grief and woe are greater than yours, for you may yet be delivered by some one from the peril in which you are. Is that not true?" "Yes, but I know not yet by whom. There are only two men in the world who would dare on my behalf to face three men in battle." "What? In God's name, are there three of them?" "Yes, sire, upon my word. There are three who accuse me of treachery." "And who are they who are so devoted to you that either one of them would be bold enough to fight against three in your defence?" "I will answer your question truthfully: one of them is my lord Gawain, and the other is my lord Yvain, because of whom I shall to-morrow be handed over unjustly to the martyrdom of death." "Because of whom?" he asked, "what did you say?" "Sire, so help me God, because of the son of King Urien." "Now I understand your words, but you shall not die, without he dies too. I myself am that Yvain, because of whom you are in such distress. And you, I take it, are she who once guarded me safely in the hall, and saved my life and my body between the two portcullises, when I was troubled and distressed, and alarmed at being trapped. I should have been killed or seized, had it not been for your kind aid. Now tell me, my gentle friend, who are those who now accuse you of treachery, and have confined you in this lonely place?" "Sire, I shall not conceal it from you, since you desire me to tell you all. It is a fact that I was not slow in honestly aiding you. Upon my advice my lady received you, after heeding my opinion and my counsel. And by the Holy Paternoster, more for her welfare than for your own I thought I was doing it, and I think so still. So much now I confess to you: it was her honour and your desire that I sought to serve, so help me God! But when it became evident that you had overstayed the year when you should return to my mistress, then she became enraged at me, and thought that she had been deceived by putting trust in my advice. And when this was discovered by the seneschal -- a rascally, underhanded, disloyal wretch, who was jealous of me because in many matters my lady trusted me more than she trusted him, he saw that he could now stir up great enmity between me and her. In full court and in the presence of all he accused me of having betrayed her in your favour. And I had no counsel or aid except my own; but I knew that I had never done or conceived any treacherous act toward my lady, so I cried out, as one beside herself, and without the advice of any one, that I would present in my own defence one knight who should fight against three. The fellow was not courteous enough to scorn to accept such odds, nor was I at liberty to retreat or withdraw for anything that might happen. So he took me at my word, and I was compelled to furnish bail that I would present within forty days a knight to do battle against three knights. Since then I have visited many courts; I was at King Arthur's court, but found no help from any there, nor did I find any one who could tell me any good news of you, for they knew nothing of your affairs." "Pray tell me. Where then was my good and gentle lord Gawain? No damsel in distress ever needed his aid without its being extended to her." "If I had found him at court, I could not have asked him for anything which would have been refused me; but a certain knight has carried off the Queen, so they told me; surely the King was mad to send her off in his company. (22) I believe it was Kay who escorted her to meet the knight who has taken her away; and my lord Gawain in great distress has gone in search for her. He will never have any rest until he finds her. Now I have told you the whole truth of my adventure. To-morrow I shall be put to a shameful death, and shall be burnt inevitably, a

victim of your criminal neglect." And he replies: "May God forbid that you should be harmed because of me! So long as I live you shall not die! You may expect me tomorrow, prepared to the extent of my power to present my body in your cause, as it is proper that I should do. But have no concern to tell the people who I am! However the battle may turn out, take care that I be not recognised!" "Surely, sire, no pressure could make me reveal your name. I would sooner suffer death, since you will have it so. Yet, after all, I beg you not to return for my sake. I would not have you undertake a battle which will be so desperate. I thank you for your promised word that you would gladly undertake it, but consider yourself now released, for it is better that I should die alone than that I should see them rejoice over your death as well as mine; they would not spare my life after they had put you to death. So it is better for you to remain alive than that we both should meet death." "That is very ungrateful remark, my dear," says my lord Yvain; "I suppose that either you do not wish to be delivered from death, or else that you scorn the comfort I bring you with my aid. I will not discuss the matter more, for you have surely done so much for me that I cannot fail you in any need. I know that you are in great distress; but, if it be God's will, in whom I trust, they shall all three be discomfited. So no more upon that score: I am going off now to find some shelter in this wood, for there is no dwelling near at hand." "Sire," she says, "may God give you both good shelter and good night, and protect you as I desire from everything that might do you harm!" Then my lord Yvain departs, and the lion as usual after him. They journeyed until they came to a baron's fortified place, which was completely surrounded by a massive, strong, and high wall. The castle, being extraordinarily well protected, feared no assault of catapult or storming-machine; but outside the walls the ground was so completely cleared that not a single hut or dwelling remained standing. You will learn the cause of this a little later, when the time comes. My lord Yvain made his way directly toward the fortified place, and seven varlets came out who lowered the bridge and advanced to meet him. But they were terrified at sight of the lion, which they saw with him, and asked him kindly to leave the lion at the gate lest he should wound or kill them. And he replies: "Say no more of that! For I shall not enter without him. Either we shall both find shelter here or else I shall stay outside; he is as dear to me as I am myself. Yet you need have no fear of him! For I shall keep him so well in hand that you may be quite confident." They made answer: "Very well!" Then they entered the town, and passed on until they met knights and ladies and charming damsels coming down the street, who salute him and wait to remove his armour as they say: "Welcome to our midst, fair sire! And may God grant that you tarry here until you may leave with great honour and satisfaction!" High and low alike extend to him a glad welcome, and do all they can for him, as they joyfully escort him into the town. But after they had expressed their gladness they are overwhelmed by grief, which makes them quickly forget their joy, as they begin to lament and weep and beat themselves. Thus, for a long space of time, they cease not to rejoice or make lament: it is to honour their guest that they rejoice, but their heart is not in what they do, for they are greatly worried over an event which they expect to take place on the following day, and they feel very sure and certain that it will come to pass before midday. My lord Yvain was so surprised that they so often changed their mood, and mingled grief with their happiness, that he addressed the lord of the place on the subject. "For God's sake," he said, "fair gentle sir, will you kindly inform me why you have thus honoured me, and shown at once such joy and such

heaviness?" "Yes, if you desire to know, but it would be better for you to desire ignorance and silence. I will never tell you willingly anything to cause you grief. Allow us to continue to lament, and do you pay no attention to what we do!" "It would be quite impossible for me to see you sad and nor take it upon my heart, so I desire to know the truth, whatever chagrin may result to me." "Well, then," he said, "I will tell you all. I have suffered much from a giant, who has insisted that I should give him my daughter, who surpasses in beauty all the maidens in the world. This evil giant, whom may God confound, is named Harpin of the Mountain. Not a day passes without his taking all of my possessions upon which he can lay his hands. No one has a better right than I to complain, and to be sorrowful, and to make lament. I might well lose my senses from very grief, for I had six sons who were knights, fairer than any I knew in the world, and the giant has taken all six of them. Before my eyes he killed two of them, and to-morrow he will kill the other four, unless I find some one who will dare to fight him for the deliverance of my sons, or unless I consent to surrender my daughter to him; and he says that when he has her in his possession he will give her over to be the sport of the vilest and lewdest fellows in his house, for he would scorn to take her now for himself. That is the disaster which awaits me to-morrow, unless the Lord God grant me His aid. So it is no wonder, fair sir, if we are all in tears. But for your sake we strive for the moment to assume as cheerful a countenance as we can. For he is a fool who attracts a gentleman to his presence and then does not honour him; and you seem to be a very perfect gentleman. Now I have told you the entire story of our great distress. Neither in town nor in fortress has the giant left us anything, except what we have here. If you had noticed, you must have seen this evening that he has not left us so much as an egg, except these walls which are new; for he has razed the entire town. When he had plundered all he wished, he set fire to what remained. In this way he has done me many an evil turn."

(Vv. 3899-3956.) My lord Yvain listened to all that his host told him, and when he had heard it all he was pleased to answer him: "Sire, I am sorry and distressed about this trouble of yours; but I marvel greatly that you have not asked assistance at good King Arthur's court. There is no man so mighty that he could not find at his court some who would be glad to try their strength with his." Then the wealthy man reveals and explains to him that he would have had efficient help if he had known where to find my lord Gawain. "He would not have failed me upon this occasion, for my wife is his own sister; but a knight from a strange land, who went to court to seek the King's wife, has led her away. However, he could not have gotten possession of her by any means of his own invention, had it not been for Kay, who so befooled the King that he gave the Queen into his charge and placed her under his protection. He was a fool, and she imprudent to entrust herself to his escort. And I am the one who suffers and loses in all this; for it is certain that my excellent lord Gawain would have made haste to come here, had he known the facts, for the sake of his nephews and his niece. But he knows nothing of it, wherefore I am so distressed that my heart is almost breaking, for he is gone in pursuit of him, to whom may God bring shame and woe for having led the Queen away." While listening to this recital my lord Yvain does not cease to sigh. Inspired by the pity which he feels, he makes this reply: "Fair gentle sire, I would gladly undertake this perilous adventure, if the giant and your sons should arrive to-morrow in time to cause me no

delay, for tomorrow at noon I shall be somewhere else, in accordance with a promise I have made." "Once for all, fair sire," the good man said, "I thank you a hundred thousand times for your willingness." And all the people of the house likewise expressed their gratitude.

(Vv. 3957-4384.) Just then the damsel came out of a room, with her graceful body and her face so fair and pleasing to look upon. She was very simple and sad and quiet as she came, for there was no end to the grief she felt: she walked with her head bowed to the ground. And her mother, too, came in from an adjoining room, for the gentleman had sent for them to meet his guest. They entered with their mantles wrapped about them to conceal their tears; and he bid them throw back their mantles, and hold up their heads, saying: "You ought not to hesitate to obey my behests, for God and good fortune have given us here a very well-born gentleman who assures me that he will fight against the giant. Delay no longer now to throw yourselves at his feet!" "May God never let me see that!" my lord Yvain hastens to exclaim; "surely it would not be proper under any circumstances for the sister and the niece of my lord Gawain to prostrate themselves at my feet. May God defend me from ever giving place to such pride as to let them fall at my feet! Indeed, I should never forget the shame which I should feel; but I should be very glad if they would take comfort until to-morrow, when they may see whether God will consent to aid them. I have no other request to make, except that the giant may come in such good time that I be not compelled to break my engagement elsewhere; for I would not fail for anything to be present to-morrow noon at the greatest business I could ever undertake." Thus he is unwilling to reassure them completely, for he fears that the giant may not come early enough to allow him to reach in time the damsel who is imprisoned in the chapel. Nevertheless, he promises them enough to arouse good hope in them. They all alike join in thanking him, for they place great confidence in his prowess, and they think he must be a very good man, when they see the lion by his side as confident as a lamb would be. They take comfort and rejoice because of the hope they stake on him, and they indulge their grief no more. When the time came they led him off to bed in a brightly lighted room; both the damsel and her mother escorted him, for they prized him dearly, and would have done so a hundred thousand times more had they been informed of his prowess and courtesy. He and the lion together lay down there and took their rest. The others dared not sleep in the room; but they closed the door so tight that they could not come out until the next day at dawn. When the room was thrown open he got up and heard Mass, and then, because of the promise he had made, he waited until the hour of prime. Then in the hearing of all he summoned the lord of the town and said: "My lord, I have no more time to wait, but must ask your permission to leave at once; I cannot tarry longer here. But believe truly that I would gladly and willingly stay here yet awhile for the sake of the nephews and the niece of my beloved lord Gawain, if I did not have a great business on hand, and if it were not so far away." At this the damsel's blood quivered and boiled with fear, as well as the lady's and the lord's. They were so afraid he would go away that they were on the point of humbling themselves and casting themselves at his feet, when they recalled that he would not approve or permit their action. Then the lord makes him an offer of all he will take of his lands or wealth, if only he will wait a little longer. And he replied: "God forbid that ever I should take anything of yours!" Then the damsel, who is in dismay,

begins to weep aloud, and beseeches him to stay. Like one distracted and prey to dread, she begs him by the glorious queen of heaven and of the angels, and by the Lord, not to go but to wait a little while; and then, too, for her uncle's sake, whom he says he knows, and loves, and esteems. Then his heart is touched with deep pity when he hears her adjuring him in the name of him whom he loves the most, and by the mistress of heaven, and by the Lord, who is the very honey and sweet savour of pity. Filled with anguish he heaved a sigh, for were the kingdom of Tarsus at stake he would not see her burned to whom he had pledged his aid. If he could not reach her in time, he would be unable to endure his life, or would live on without his wits on the other hand, the kindness of his friend, my lord Gawain, only increased his distress; his heart almost bursts in half at the thought that he cannot delay. Nevertheless, he does not stir, but delays and waits so long that the giant came suddenly, bringing with him the knights: and hanging from his neck he carried a big square stake with a pointed end, and with this he frequently spurred them on. For their part they had no clothing on that was worth a straw, except some soiled and filthy shirts: and their feet and hands were bound with cords, as they came riding upon four limping jades, which were weak, and thin, and miserable. As they came riding along beside a wood, a dwarf, who was puffed up like a toad, had tied the horses' tails together, and walked beside them, beating them remorselessly with a four-knotted scourge until they bled, thinking thereby to be doing something wonderful. Thus they were brought along in shame by the giant and the dwarf. Stopping in the plain in front of the city gate, the giant shouts out to the noble lord that he will kill his sons unless he delivers to him his daughter, whom he will surrender to his vile fellows to become their sport. For he no longer loves her nor esteems her, that he should deign to abase himself to her. She shall be constantly beset by a thousand lousy and ragged knaves, vacant wretches, and scullery boys, who all shall lay hands on her. The worthy man is well-nigh beside himself when he hears how his daughter will be made a bawd, or else, before his very eyes, his four sons will be put to a speedy death. His agony is like that of one who would rather be dead than alive. Again and again he bemoans his fate, and weeps aloud and sighs. Then my frank and gentle lord Yvain thus began to speak to him: "Sire, very vile and impudent is that giant who vaunts himself out there. But may God never grant that he should have your daughter in his power! He despises her and insults her openly. It would be too great a calamity if so lovely a creature of such high birth were handed over to become the sport of boys. Give me now my arms and horse! Have the drawbridge lowered, and let me pass. One or the other must be cast down, either I or he, I know not which. If I could only humiliate the cruel wretch who is thus oppressing you, so that he would release your sons and should come and make amends for the insulting words he has spoken to you, then I would commend you to God and go about my business." Then they go to get his horse, and hand over to him his arms, striving so expeditiously that they soon have him quite equipped. They delayed as little as they could in arming him. When his equipment was complete, there remained nothing but to lower the bridge and let him go. They lowered it for him, and he went out. But the lion would by no means stay behind. All those who were left behind commended the knight to the Saviour, for they fear exceedingly lest their devilish enemy, who already had slain so many good men on the same field before their eyes, would do the same with him. So they pray God to defend him from death, and return him to them safe and sound, and that He may give him



strength to slay the giant. Each one softly prays to God in accordance with his wish. And the giant fiercely came at him, and with threatening words thus spake to him: "By my eyes, the man who sent thee here surely had no love for thee! No better way could he have taken to avenge himself on thee. He has chosen well his vengeance for whatever wrong thou hast done to him." But the other, fearing naught, replies: "Thou treatest of what matters not. Now do thy best, and I'll do mine. Idle parley wearies me." Thereupon my lord Yvain, who was anxious to depart, rides at him. He goes to strike him on the breast, which was protected by a bear's skin, and the giant runs at him with his stake raised in air. My lord Yvain deals him such a blow upon the chest that he thrusts through the skin and wets the tip of his lance in his body's blood by way of sauce. And the giant belabours him with the stake, and makes him bend beneath the blows. My lord Yvain then draws the sword with which he knew how to deal fierce blows. He found the giant unprotected, for he trusted in his strength so much that he disdained to arm himself. And he who had drawn his blade gave him such a slash with the cutting edge, and not with the flat side, that he cut from his cheek a slice fit to roast. Then the other in turn gave him such a blow with the stake that it made him sing in a heap upon his horse's neck. Thereupon the lion bristles up, ready to lend his master aid, and leaps up in his anger and strength, and strikes and tears like so much bark the heavy bearskin the giant wore, and he tore away beneath the skin a large piece of his thigh, together with the nerves and flesh. The giant escaped his clutches, roaring and bellowing like a bull, for the lion had badly wounded him. Then raising his stake in both hands, he thought to strike him, but missed his aim, when the lion leaped backward so he missed his blow, and fell exhausted beside my lord Yvain, but without either of them touching the other. Then my lord Yvain took aim and landed two blows on him. Before he could recover himself he had severed with the edge of his sword the giant's shoulder from his body. With the next blow he ran the whole blade of his sword through his liver beneath his chest; the giant falls in death's embrace. And if a great oak tree should fall, I think it would make no greater noise than the giant made when he tumbled down. All those who were on the wall would fain have witnessed such a blow. Then it became evident who was the most fleet of foot, for all ran to see the game, just like hounds which have followed the beast until they finally come up with him. So men and women in rivalry ran forward without delay to where the giant lay face downward. The daughter comes running, and her mother too. And the four brothers rejoice after the woes they have endured. As for my lord Yvain they are very sure that they could not detain him for any reason they might allege, but they beseech him to return and stay to enjoy himself as soon as he shall have completed the business which calls him away. And he replies that he cannot promise them anything, for as yet he cannot guess whether it will fare well or ill with him. But thus much did he say to his host: that he wished that his four sons and his daughter should take the dwarf and go to my lord Gawain when they hear of his return, and should tell and relate to him how he has conducted himself. For kind actions are of no use if you are not willing that they be known. And they reply: "It is not right that such kindness as this should be kept hid: we shall do whatever you desire. But tell us what we can say when we come before him. Whose praises can we speak, when we know not what your name may be?" And he answers them: "When you come before him, you may say thus much: that I told you 'The Knight with the Lion' was my name. And at the same time I must beg you to tell him from me that, if he does not recognise

who I am, yet he knows me well and I know him. Now I must be gone from here, and the thing which most alarms me is that I may too long have tarried here, for before the hour of noon be passed I shall have plenty to do elsewhere, if indeed I can arrive there in time." Then, without further delay, he starts. But first his host begged him insistently that he would take with him his four sons: for there was none of them who would not strive to serve him, if he would allow it. But it did not please or suit him that any one should accompany him; so he left the place to them, and went away alone. And as soon as he starts, riding as fast as his steed can carry him, he heads toward the chapel. The path was good and straight, and he knew well how to keep the road. But before he could reach the chapel, the damsel had been dragged out and the pyre prepared upon which she was to be placed. Clad only in a shift, she was held bound before the fire by those who wrongly attributed to her an intention she had never had. My lord Yvain arrived, and, seeing her beside the fire into which she was about to be cast, he was naturally incensed. He would be neither courteous nor sensible who had any doubt about that fact. So it is true that he was much incensed; but he cherishes within himself the hope that God and the Right will be on his side. In such helpers he confides; nor does he scorn his lion's aid. Rushing quickly toward the crowd, he shouts: "Let the damsel be, you wicked folk! Having committed no crime, it is not right that she should be cast upon a pyre or into a furnace." And they draw off on either side, leaving a passage-way for him. But he yearns to see with his own eyes her whom his heart beholds in whatever place she may be. His eyes seek her until he finds her, while he subdues and holds in check his heart, just as one holds in check with a strong curb a horse that pulls. Nevertheless, he gladly gazes at her, and sighs the while; but he does not sigh so openly that his action is detected; rather does he stifle his sighs, though with difficulty. And he is seized with pity at hearing, seeing, and perceiving the grief of the poor ladies, who cried: "Ah, God, how hast Thou forgotten us! How desolate we shall now remain when we lose so kind a friend, who gave us such counsel and such aid, and interceded for us at court! It was she who prompted madame to clothe us with her clothes of vair. Henceforth the situation will change, for there will be no one to speak for us! Cursed be he who is the cause of our loss! For we shall fare badly in all this. There will be no one to utter such advice as this: 'My lady, give this vair mantle, this cloak, and this garment to such and such an honest dame! Truly, such charity will be well employed, for she is in very dire need of them.' No such words as these shall be uttered henceforth, for there is no one else who is frank and courteous; but every one solicits for himself rather than for some one else, even though he have no need."

(Vv. 4385-4474.) Thus they were bemoaning their fate; and my lord Yvain who was in their midst, heard their complaints, which were neither groundless nor assumed. He saw Lunete on her knees and stripped to her shift, having already made confession, and besought God's mercy for her sins. Then he who had loved her deeply once came to her and raised her up, saying: "My damsel, where are those who blame and accuse you? Upon the spot, unless they refuse, battle will be offered them." And she, who had neither seen nor looked at him before, said: "Sire. you come from God in this time of my great need! The men who falsely accuse me are all ready before me here; if you had been a little later I should soon have been reduced to fuel and ashes. You have come here in my defence, and may God give you the power to accomplish it in proportion as I

am guiltless of the accusation which is made against me!" The seneschal and his two brothers heard these words. "Ah!" they exclaim, "woman, chary of uttering truth but generous with lies! He indeed is mad who for thy words assumes so great a task. The knight must be simple-minded who has come here to die for thee, for he is alone and there are three of us. My advice to him is that he turn back before any harm shall come to him." Then he replies, as one impatient to begin: "Whoever is afraid, let him run away! I am not so afraid of your three shields that I should go off defeated without a blow. I should be indeed discourteous, if, while yet unscathed and in perfect case, I should leave the place and field to you. Never, so long as I am alive and sound, will I run away before such threats. But I advise thee to set free the damsel whom thou hast unjustly accused; for she tells me, and I believe her word, and she has assured me upon the salvation of her soul, that she never committed, or spoke, or conceived any treason against her mistress. I believe implicitly what she has told me, and will defend her as best I can, for I consider the righteousness of her cause to be in my favour. For, if the truth be known, God always sides with the righteous cause, for God and the Right are one; and if they are both upon my side, then I have better company and better aid than thou." (23) Then the other responds imprudently that he may make every effort that pleases him and is convenient to do him injury, provided that his lion shall not do him harm. And he replies that he never brought the lion to champion his cause, nor does he wish any but himself to take a hand: but if the lion attacks him, let him defend himself against him as best he can, for concerning him he will give no guarantee. Then the other answers: "Whatever thou mayst say; unless thou now warn thy lion, and make him stand quietly to one side, there is no use of thy longer staying here, but begone at once, and so shalt thou be wise; for throughout this country every one is aware how this girl betrayed her lady, and it is right that she receive her due reward in fire and flame." "May the Holy Spirit forbid!" says he who knows the truth; "may God not let me stir from here until I have delivered her!" Then he tells the lion to withdraw and to lie down quietly, and he does so obediently.

(Vv. 4475-4532.) The lion now withdrew, and the parley and quarrel being ended between them two, they all took their distance for the charge. The three together spurred toward him, and he went to meet them at a walk. He did not wish to be overturned or hurt at this first encounter. So he let them split their lances, while keeping his entire, making for them a target of his shield, whereon each one broke his lance. Then he galloped off until he was separated from them by the space of an acre; but he soon returned to the business in hand, having no desire to delay. On his coming up the second time, he reached the seneschal before his two brothers, and breaking his lance upon his body, he carried him to earth in spite of himself, and he gave him such a powerful blow that for a long while he lay stunned, incapable of doing him any harm. And then the other two came at him with their swords bared, and both deal him great blows, but they receive still heavier blows from him. For a single one of the blows he deals is more than a match for two of theirs; thus he defends himself so well that they have no advantage over him, until the seneschal gets up and does his best to injure him, in which attempt the others join, until they begin to press him and get the upper hand. Then the lion, who is looking on, delays no longer to lend him aid; for it seems to him that he needs it now. And all the ladies, who are devoted to the damsel, beseech

God repeatedly and pray to Him earnestly not to allow the death or the defeat of him who has entered the fray on her account. The ladies, having no other weapons, thus assist him with their prayers. And the lion brings him such effective aid, that at his first attack, he strikes so fiercely the seneschal, who was now on his feet, that he makes the meshes fly from the hauberk like straw, and he drags him down with such violence that he tears the soft flesh from his shoulder and all down his side. He strips whatever he touches, so that the entrails lie exposed. The other two avenge this blow.

(Vv. 4533-4634.) Now they are all even on the field. The seneschal is marked for death, as he turns and welters in the red stream of warm blood pouring from his body. The lion attacks the others; for my lord Yvain is quite unable, though he did his best by beating or by threatening him, to drive him back; but the lion doubtless feels confident that his master does not dislike his aid, but rather loves him the more for it: so he fiercely attacks them, until they have reason to complain of his blows, and they wound him in turn and use him badly. When my lord Yvain sees his lion wounded, his heart is wroth within his breast, and rightly so; but he makes such efforts to avenge him, and presses them so hard, that he completely reduces them; they no longer resist him, but surrender to him at discretion, because of the lion's help, who is now in great distress; for he was wounded everywhere, and had good cause to be in pain. For his part, my lord Yvain was by no means in a healthy state, for his body bore many a wound. But he is not so anxious about himself as about his lion, which is in distress. Now he has delivered the damsel exactly in accordance with his wish, and the lady has very willingly dismissed the grudge that she bore her. And those men were burned upon the pyre which had been kindled for the damsel's death; for it is right and just that he who has misjudged another, should suffer the same manner of death as that to which he had condemned the other. Now Lunete is joyous and glad at being reconciled with her mistress, and together they were more happy than any one ever was before. Without recognising him, all present offered to him, who was their lord, their service so long as life should last; even the lady, who possessed unknowingly his heart, begged him insistently to tarry there until his lion and he had quite recovered. And he replied: "Lady, I shall not now tarry here until my lady removes from me her displeasure and anger: then the end of all my labours will come." "Indeed," she said, "that grieves me. I think the lady cannot be very courteous who cherishes ill-will against you. She ought not to close her door against so valorous a knight as you, unless he had done her some great wrong." "Lady," he replies, "however great the hardship be, I am pleased by what ever may be her will. But speak to me no more of that; for I shall say nothing of the cause or crime, except to those who are informed of it." "Does any one know it, then, beside you two?" "Yes, truly, lady." "Well, tell us at least your name, fair sir; then you will be free to go." "Quite free, my lady? No, I shall not be free. I owe more than I can pay. Yet, I ought not to conceal from you my name. You will never hear of 'The Knight with the Lion' without hearing of me; for I wish to be known by that name." "For God's sake, sir, what does that name mean? For we never saw you before, nor have we ever heard mentioned this name of yours." "My lady, you may from that infer that my fame is not widespread." Then the lady says: "Once more, if it did not oppose your will, I would pray you to tarry here." "Really, my lady, I should not dare, until I knew certainly that I had regained my lady's good-will." "Well, then, go in God's name, fair sir; and, if it be His will, may He convert

your grief and sorrow into joy." "Lady," says he, "may God hear your prayer." Then he added softly under his breath: "Lady, it is you who hold the key, and, though you know it not, you hold the casket in which my happiness is kept under lock."

Continue to Part III

#### ENDNOTES:

NOTE: Endnotes supplied by Prof. Foerster are indicated by "(F.)"; all other endnotes are supplied by W.W. Comfort.

- (16) It is hoped that the following passage may have retained in the translation some of the gay animation which clothes this description of a royal entry into a mediaeval town.
- (17) This idea forms the dominating motive, it will be recalled, in "Erec et Enide" (cf. note to "Erec", v. 2576).
- (18) The parallel between Yvain's and Roland's madness will occur to readers of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso", though in the former case Yvain's madness seems to be rather a retribution for his failure to keep his promise, while Roland's madness arises from excess of love.
- (19) Argonne is the name of a hilly and well-wooded district in the north-east of France, lying between the Meuse and the Aisne.
- (20) An allusion to the well-known epic tradition embodied in the "Chanson de Roland". It was common for mediaeval poets to give names to both the horses and the swords of their heroes.
- (21) For the faithful lion in the Latin bestiaries and mediaeval romances, see the long note of W.L. Holland, "Chretien von Troies" (Tubingen, 1854), p. 161 f., and G. Baist in *Zeitschrift fur romanische Philologie*, xxi. 402-405. To the examples there cited may be added the episodes in "Octavian" (15th century), published in the "Romanische Bibliothek" (Heilbronn, 1883).

(22) This is the first of three references in this poem to the abduction of Guinevere as fully narrated in the poem of "Lancelot". The other references are in v. 3918 and v.4740 f.

(23) Yvain here states the theory of the judicial trial by combat. For another instance see "Lancelot", v. 4963 f. Cf. M. Pfeffer in "Ztsch. fur romanische Philologie", ix. 1-74, and L. Jordan, id. Xxix. 385-401.

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Yvain

or,

The Knight with the Lion

Part III: Vv. 4635 - Vv. 6818

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(Vv. 4635-4674.) Then he goes away in great distress, and there is no one who recognises him save Lunete, who accompanied him a long distance. Lunete alone keeps him company, and he begs her insistently never to reveal the name of her champion. "Sire," says she, "I will never do so." Then he further requested her that she should not forget him, and that she should keep a place for him in his mistress' heart, whenever the chance arose. She tells him to be at ease on that score; for she will never be forgetful, nor unfaithful, nor idle. Then he thanks her a thousand times, and he departs pensive and oppressed, because of his lion that he must needs carry, being unable to follow him on foot. He makes for him a litter of moss and ferns in his shield. When he has made a bed for him there, he lays him in it as gently as he can, and carries him thus stretched out full length on the inner side of his shield. Thus, in his

shield he bears him off, until he arrives before the gate of a mansion, strong and fair. Finding it closed, he called, and the porter opened it so promptly that he had no need to call but once. He reaches out to take his rein, and greets him thus: "Come in, fair sire. I offer you the dwelling of my lord, if it please you to dismount." "I accept the offer gladly," he replies, "for I stand in great need of it, and it is time to find a lodging."

(Vv. 4675-4702.) Thereupon, he passed through the gate, and saw the retainers in a mass coming to meet him. They greeted him and helped him from his horse, and laid down upon the pavement his shield with the lion on it. And some, taking his horse, put it in a stable: while others very properly relieved him of his arms and took them. Then the lord of the castle heard the news, and at once came down into the courtyard, and greeted him. And his lady came down, too, with all her sons and daughters and a great crowd of other people, who all rejoiced to offer him a lodging. They gave him a quiet room, because they deemed that he was sick; but their good nature was put to a test when they allowed the lion to go with him. His cure was undertaken by two maidens skilled in surgery, who were daughters of the lord. I do not know how many days he stayed there, until he and his lion, being cured, were compelled to proceed upon their way.

(Vv. 4703-4736.) But within this time it came about that my lord of Noire Espine had a struggle with Death, and so fierce was Death's attack that he was forced to die. After his death it happened that the elder of two daughters whom he had, announced that she would possess uncontested all the estates for herself during her entire lifetime, and that she would give no share to her sister. And the other one said that she would go to King Arthur's court to seek help for the defence of her claim to the land. When the former saw that her sister would by no means concede all the estates to her without contest, she was greatly concerned, and thought that, if possible, she would get to court before her. At once she prepared and equipped herself, and without any tarrying or delay, she proceeded to the court. The other followed her, and made all the haste she could; but her journey was all in vain, for her elder sister had already presented her case to my lord Gawain, and he had promised to execute her will. But there was an agreement between them that if any one should learn of the facts from her, he would never again take arms for her, and to this arrangement she gave consent.

(Vv. 4737-4758.) Just then the other sister arrived at court, clad in a short mantle of scarlet cloth and fresh ermine. It happened to be the third day after the Queen had returned from the captivity in which Maleagant had detained her with all the other prisoners; but Lancelot had remained behind, treacherously confined within a tower. And on that very day, when the damsel came to court, news was received of the cruel and wicked giant whom the knight with the lion had killed in battle. In his name, my lord Gawain was greeted by his nephews and niece, who told him in detail of all the great service and great deeds of prowess he had done for them for his sake, and how that he was well acquainted with him, though not aware of his identity.

(Vv. 4759-4820.) All this was heard by her, who was plunged thereby into great despair and sorrow and dejection; for, since the best of the knights was absent, she thought she would find no aid or counsel at the court. She had already made several loving and

insistent appeals to my lord Gawain; but he had said to her: "My dear, it is useless to appeal to me; I cannot do it; I have another affair on hand, which I shall in no wise give up." Then the damsel at once left him, and presented herself before the King. "O King," said she, "I have come to thee and to thy court for aid. But I find none, and I am very much mazed that I can get no counsel here. Yet it would not be right for me to go away without taking leave. My sister may know, however, that she might obtain by kindness whatever she desired of my property; but I will never surrender my heritage to her by force, if I can help it, and if I can find any aid or counsel." "You have spoken wisely," said the King; "since she is present here, I advise, recommend, and urge her to surrender to you what is your right." Then the other, who was confident of the best knight in the world, replied: "Sire, may God confound me, if ever I bestow on her from my estates any castle, town, clearing, forest, land, or anything else. But if any knight dares to take arms on her behalf and desires to defend her cause, let him step forth at once." "Your offer to her is not fair; she needs more time," the King replied; "if she desires, she may have forty days to secure a champion, according to the practice of all courts." To which the elder sister replied: "Fair King, my lord, you may establish your laws as it pleases you, and as seems good, nor is it my place to gainsay you, so I must consent to the postponement, if she desires it." Whereupon, the other says that she does desire it, and she makes formal request for it. Then she commended the King to God, and left the court resolving to devote her life to the search through all the land for the Knight with the Lion, who devotes himself to succouring women in need of aid.

(Vv. 4821-4928.) Thus she entered upon her quest, and traversed many a country without hearing any news of him, which caused her such grief that she fell sick. But it was well for her that it happened so; for she came to the dwelling of a friend of hers, by whom she was dearly loved. By this time her face showed clearly that she was not in good health. They insisted upon detaining her until she told them of her plight; whereupon, another damsel took up the quest wherein she had been engaged, and continued the search on her behalf. So while the one remained in this retreat, the other rode rapidly all day long, until the darkness of night came on, and caused her great anxiety. (24) And her trouble was doubled when the rain came on with terrible violence, as if God Himself were doing His worst, while she was in the depths of the forest. The night and the woods cause her great distress, but she is more tormented by the rain than by either the woods or the night. And the road was so bad that her horse was often up to the girth in mud; any damsel might well be terrified to be in the woods, without escort, in such bad weather and in such darkness that she could not see the horse she was riding. So she called on God first, and His mother next, and then on all the saints in turn, and offered up many a prayer that God would lead her out from this forest and conduct her to some lodging-place. She continued in prayer until she heard a horn, at which she greatly rejoiced; for she thought now she would find shelter, if she could only reach the place. So she turned in the direction of the sound, and came upon a paved road which led straight toward the horn whose sound she heard; for the horn had given three long, loud blasts. And she made her way straight toward the sound, until she came to a cross which stood on the right side of the road, and there she thought that she might find the horn and the person who had sounded it. So she spurred her horse in that direction, until she drew near a bridge, and descried the white walls and the



barbican of a circular castle. Thus, by chance she came upon the castle, setting her course by the sound which had led her thither. She had been attracted by the sound of the horn blown by a watchman upon the walls. As soon as the watchman caught sight of her, he called to her, then came down, and taking the key of the gate, opened it for her and said: "Welcome, damsel, whoe'er you be. You shall be well lodged this night." "I have no other desire than that," the damsel replied, as he let her in. After the toil and anxiety she had endured that day, she was fortunate to find such a lodging-place; for she was very comfortable there. After the meal the host addressed her, and inquired where she was going and what was her quest. Whereupon, she thus replied: "I am seeking one whom I never saw, so far as I am aware, and never knew; but he has a lion with him, and I am told that, if I find him, I can place great confidence in him." "I can testify to that," the other said: "for the day before yesterday God sent him here to me in my dire need. Blessed be the paths which led him to my dwelling. For he made me glad by avenging me of a mortal enemy and killing him before my eyes. Outside yonder gate you may see to-morrow the body of a mighty giant, whom he slew with such ease that he hardly had to sweat." "For God's sake, sire," the damsel said, "tell me now the truth, if you know whither he went, and where he is." "I don't know," he said, "as God sees me here; but to-morrow I will start you on the road by which he went away from here." "And may God," said she, "lead me where I may hear true news of him. For if I find him, I shall be very glad."

(Vv. 4929-4964.) Thus they continued in long converse until at last they went to bed. When the day dawned, the maid arose, being in great concern to find the object of her quest. And the master of the house arose with all his companions, and set her upon the road which led straight to the spring beneath the pine. And she, hastening on her way toward the town, came and asked the first men whom she met, if they could tell her where she would find the lion and the knight who travelled in company. And they told her that they had seen him defeat three knights in that very place. Whereupon, she said at once: "For God's sake, since you have said so much, do not keep back from me anything that you can add." "No," they replied; "we know nothing more than we have said, nor do we know what became of him. If she for whose sake he came here, cannot give you further news, there will be no one here to enlighten you. You will not have far to go, if you wish to speak with her; for she has gone to make prayer to God and to hear Mass in yonder church, and judging by the time she has been inside, her orisons have been prolonged."

(Vv. 4965-5106.) While they were talking thus, Lunete came out from the church, and they said: "There she is." Then she went to meet her, and they greeted each other. She asked Lunete at once for the information she desired; and Lunete said that she would have a palfrey saddled; for she wished to accompany her, and would take her to an enclosure where she had left him. The other maiden thanked her heartily. Lunete mounts the palfrey which is brought without delay, and, as they ride, she tells her how she had been accused and charged with treason, and how the pyre was already kindled upon which she was to be laid, and how he had come to help her in just the moment of her need. While speaking thus, she escorted her to the road which led directly to the spot where my lord Yvain had parted from her. When she had accompanied her thus

far, she said: "Follow this road until you come to a place where, if it please God and the Holy Spirit, you will hear more reliable news of him than I can tell. I very well remember that I left him either near here, or exactly here, where we are now; we have not seen each other since then, and I do not know what he has done. When he left me, he was in sore need of a plaster for his wounds. So I will send you along after him, and if it be God's will, may He grant that you find him to-night or to-morrow in good health. Now go: I commend you to God. I must not follow you any farther, lest my mistress be displeased with me." Then Lunete leaves her and turns back; while the other pushed on until she found a house, where my lord Yvain had tarried until he was restored to health. She saw people gathered before the gate, knights, ladies and men-at-arms, and the master of the house; she saluted them, and asked them to tell her, if possible, news of a knight for whom she sought. "Who is he?" they ask. "I have heard it said that he is never without a lion." "Upon my word, damsel," the master says, "he has just now left us. You can come up with him to-night, if you are able to keep his tracks in sight, and are careful not to lose any time." "Sire," she answers, "God forbid. But tell me now in what direction I must follow him." And they tell her: "This way, straight ahead," and they beg her to greet him on their behalf. But their courtesy was not of much avail; for, without giving any heed, she galloped off at once. The pace seemed much too slow to her, though her palfrey made good time. So she galloped through the mud just the same as where the road was good and smooth, until she caught sight of him with the lion as his companion. Then in her gladness she exclaims: "God, help me now. At last I see him whom I have so long pursued, and whose trace I have long followed. But if I pursue and nothing gain, what will it profit me to come up with him? Little or nothing, upon my word. If he does not join in my enterprise, I have wasted all my pains." Thus saying, she pressed on so fast that her palfrey was all in a sweat; but she caught up with him and saluted him. He thus at once replied to her: "God save you, fair one, and deliver you from grief and woe." "The same to you, sire, who, I hope, will soon be able to deliver me." Then she draws nearer to him, and says: "Sire, I have long searched for you. The great fame of your merit has made me traverse many a county in my weary search for you. But I continued my quest so long, thank God, that at last I have found you here. And if I brought any anxiety with me, I am no longer concerned about it, nor do I complain or remember it now. I am entirely relieved; my worry has taken flight the moment I met with you. Moreover, the affair is none of mine: I come to you from one that is better than I, a woman who is more noble and excellent. But if she be disappointed in her hopes of you, then she has been betrayed by your fair renown, for she has no expectation of other aid. My damsel, who is deprived of her inheritance by a sister, expects with your help to win her suit; she will have none but you defend her cause. No one can make her believe that any one else could bear her aid. By securing her share of the heritage, you will have won and acquired the love of her who is now disinherited, and you will also increase your own renown. She herself was going in search for you to secure the boon for which she hoped; no one else would have taken her place, had she not been detained by an illness which compels her to keep her bed. Now tell me, please, whether you will dare to come, or whether you will decline." "No," he says; "no man can win praise in a life of ease; and I will not hold back, but will follow you gladly, my sweet friend, whithersoever it may please you. And if she for whose sake you have sought me out stands in some great need of me, have no fear that I shall not do all I can for her.

Now may God grant me the happiness and grace to settle in her favour her rightful claim."

(Vv. 5107-5184.) (25) Thus conversing, they two rode away until they approached the town of Pesme Avanture. They had no desire to pass it by, for the day was already drawing to a close. They came riding to the castle, when all the people, seeing them approach, called out to the knight: "Ill come, sire, ill come. This lodging-place was pointed out to you in order that you might suffer harm and shame. An abbot might take his oath to that." "Ah," he replied, "foolish and vulgar folk, full of all mischief, and devoid of honour, why have you thus assailed me?" "Why? you will find out soon enough, if you will go a little farther. But you shall learn nothing more until you have ascended to the fortress." At once my lord Yvain turns toward the tower, and the crowd cries out, all shouting aloud at him: "Eh, eh, wretch, whither goest thou? If ever in thy life thou hast encountered one who worked thee shame and woe, such will be done thee there, whither thou art going, as will never be told again by thee." My lord Yvain, who is listening, says: "Base and pitiless people, miserable and impudent, why do you assail me thus, why do you attack me so? What do you wish of me, what do you want, that you growl this way after me?" A lady, who was somewhat advanced in years, who was courteous and sensible, said: "Thou hast no cause to be enraged: they mean no harm in what they say; but, if thou understoodest them aright, they are warning thee not to spend the night up there; they dare not tell thee the reason for this, but they are warning and blaming thee because they wish to arouse thy fears. This they are accustomed to do in the case of all who come, so that they may not go inside. And the custom is such that we dare not receive in our own houses, for any reason whatsoever, any gentleman who comes here from a distance. The responsibility now is thine alone; no one will stand in thy way. If thou wishest, thou mayst go up now; but my advice is to turn back again." "Lady," he says, "doubtless it would be to my honour and advantage to follow your advice; but I do not know where I should find a lodging-place to-night." "Upon my word," says she, "I'll say no more, for the concern is none of mine. Go wherever you please. Nevertheless, I should be very glad to see you return from inside without too great shame; but that could hardly be." "Lady," he says, "may God reward you for the wish. However, my wayward heart leads me on inside, and I shall do what my heart desires." Thereupon, he approaches the gate, accompanied by his lion and his damsel. Then the porter calls to him, and says: "Come quickly, come. You are on your way to a place where you will be securely detained, and may your visit be accursed."

(Vv. 5185-5346.) The porter, after addressing him with this very ungracious welcome, hurried upstairs. But my lord Yvain, without making reply, passed straight on, and found a new and lofty hall; in front of it there was a yard enclosed with large, round, pointed stakes, and seated inside the stakes he saw as many as three hundred maidens, working at different kinds of embroidery. Each one was sewing with golden thread and silk, as best she could. But such was their poverty, that many of them wore no girdle, and looked slovenly, because so poor; and their garments were torn about their breasts and at the elbows, and their shifts were soiled about their necks. Their necks were thin, and their faces pale with hunger and privation. They see him, as he looks at them, and they weep, and are unable for some time to do anything or to raise their eyes from the

ground, so bowed down they are with woe. When he had contemplated them for a while, my lord Yvain turned about and moved toward the door; but the porter barred the way, and cried: "It is no use, fair master; you shall not get out now. You would like to be outside: but, by my head, it is of no use. Before you escape you will have suffered such great shame that you could not easily suffer more; so you were not wise to enter here, for there is no question of escaping now." "Nor do I wish to do so, fair brother," said he; "but tell me, by thy father's soul, whence came the damsels whom I saw in the yard, weaving cloths of silk and gold. I enjoy seeing the work they do, but I am much distressed to see their bodies so thin, and their faces so pale and sad. I imagine they would be fair and charming, if they had what they desire." "I will tell you nothing," was the reply; "seek some one else to tell you." "That will I do, since there is no better way." Then he searches until he finds the entrance of the yard where the damsels were at work: and coming before them, he greets them all, and sees tears flowing from their eyes, as they weep. Then he says to them: "May it please God to remove from your hearts, and turn to joy, this grief, the cause of which I do not know." One of them answers: "May you be heard by God, to whom you have addressed your prayer. It shall not be concealed from you who we are, and from what land: I suppose that is what you wish to know." "For no other purpose came I here," says he. (26) "Sire, it happened a long while ago that the king of the Isle of Damsels went seeking news through divers courts and countries, and he kept on his travels like a dunce until he encountered this perilous place. It was an unlucky hour when he first came here, for we wretched captives who are here receive all the shame and misery which we have in no wise deserved. And rest assured that you yourself may expect great shame, unless a ransom for you be accepted. But, at any rate, so it came about that my lord came to this town, where there are two sons of the devil (do not take it as a jest) who were born of a woman and an imp. These two were about to fight with the king, whose terror was great, for he was not yet eighteen years old, and they would have been able to cleave him through like a tender lamb. So the king, in his terror, escaped his fate as best he could, by swearing that he would send hither each year, as required, thirty of his damsels, and with this rent he freed himself. And when he swore, it was agreed that this arrangement should remain in force as long as the two devils lived. But upon the day when they should be conquered and defeated in battle, he would be relieved from this tribute, and we should be delivered who are now shamefully given over to distress and misery. Never again shall we know what pleasure is. But I spoke folly just now in referring to our deliverance, for we shall never more leave this place. We shall spend our days weaving cloths of silk, without ever being better clad. We shall always be poor and naked, and shall always suffer from hunger and thirst, for we shall never be able to earn enough to procure for ourselves any better food. Our bread supply is very scarce -- a little in the morning and less at night, for none of us can gain by her handiwork more than fourpence a day for her daily bread. And with this we cannot provide ourselves with sufficient food and clothes. For though there is not one of us who does not earn as much as twenty sous (27) a week, yet we cannot live without hardship. Now you must know that there is not a single one of us who does not do twenty sous worth of work or more, and with such a sum even a duke would be considered rich. So while we are reduced to such poverty, he, for whom we work, is rich with the product of our toil. We sit up many nights, as well as every day, to earn the more, for they threaten to do us

injury, when we seek some rest, so we do not dare to rest ourselves. But why should I tell you more? We are so shamefully treated and insulted that I cannot tell you the fifth part of it all. But what makes us almost wild with rage is that we very often see rich and excellent knights, who fight with the two devils, lose their lives on our account. They pay dearly for the lodging they receive, as you will do to-morrow. For, whether you wish to do so or not, you will have to fight singlehanded and lose your fair renown with these two devils." "May God, the true and spiritual, protect me," said my lord Yvain, "and give you back your honour and happiness, if it be His will. I must go now and see the people inside there, and find out what sort of entertainment they will offer me." "Go now, sire, and may He protect you who gives and distributes all good things."

(Vv. 5347-5456.) Then he went until he came to the hall where he found no one, good or bad, to address him. Then he and his companion passed through the house until they came to a garden. They never spoke of, or mentioned, stabling their horses. But what matters it? For those who considered them already as their own had stabled them carefully. I do not know whether their expectation was wise, for the horses' owners are still perfectly hale. The horses, however, have oats and hay, and stand in litter up to their belly. My lord Yvain and his company enter the garden. There he sees, reclining upon his elbow upon a silken rug, a gentleman, to whom a maiden was reading from a romance about I know not whom. There had come to recline there with them and listen to the romance a lady, who was the mother of the damsel, as the gentleman was her father; they had good reason to enjoy seeing and hearing her, for they had no other children. She was not yet sixteen years old, and was so fair and full of grace that the god of Love would have devoted himself entirely to her service, if he had seen her, and would never have made her fall in love with anybody except himself. For her sake he would have become a man, and would lay aside his deity, and would smite his own body with that dart whose wound never heals unless some base physician attends to it. It is not fitting that any one should recover until he meets with faithlessness. Any one who is cured by other means is not honestly in love. I could tell you so much about this wound, if you were pleased to listen to it, that I would not get through my tale to-day. But there would be some one who would promptly say that I was telling you but an idle tale; for people don't fall in love nowadays, nor do they love as they used to do, so they do not care to hear of it. (28) But hear now in what fashion and with what manner of hospitality my lord Yvain was received. All those who were in the garden leaped to their feet when they saw him come, and cried out: "This way, fair sire. May you and all you love be blessed with all that God can do or say." I know not if they were deceiving him, but they receive him joyfully and act as if they are pleased that he should be comfortably lodged. Even the lord's daughter serves him very honourably, as one should treat a worthy guest. She relieves him of all his arms, nor was it the least attention she bestowed on him when she herself washed his neck and face. The lord wishes that all honour should be shown him, as indeed they do. She gets out from her wardrobe a folded shirt, white drawers, needle and thread for his sleeves, which she sews on, thus clothing him. (29) May God want now that this attention and service may not prove too costly to him! She gave him a handsome jacket to put on over his shirt, and about his neck she placed a brand new spotted mantle of scarlet stuff. She takes such pains to serve him well that he feels ashamed and embarrassed. But the damsel is

so courteous and open-hearted and polite that she feels she is doing very little. And she knows well that it is her mother's will that she shall leave nothing undone for him which she thinks may win his gratitude. That night at table he was so well served with so many dishes that there were too many. The servants who brought in the dishes might well have been wearied by serving them. That night they did him all manner of honour, putting him comfortably to bed, and not once going near him again after he had retired. His lion lay at his feet, as his custom was. In the morning, when God lighted His great light for the world, as early as was consistent in one who was always considerate, my lord Yvain quickly arose, as did his damsel too. They heard Mass in a chapel, where it was promptly said for them in honour of the Holy Spirit.

(Vv. 5457-5770.) After the Mass my lord Yvain heard bad news, when he thought the time had come for him to leave and that nothing would stand in his way; but it could not be in accordance with his wish. When he said: "Sire, if it be your will, and with your permission, I am going now," the master of the house replied: "Friend, I will not grant you permission yet. There is a reason why I cannot do so, for there is established in this castle a very terrible practice which I am bound to observe. I shall now cause to approach two great, strong fellows of mine, against whom, whether right or wrong, you must take arms. If you can defend yourself against them, and conquer and slay them both, my daughter desires you as her lord, and the suzerainty of this town and all its dependencies awaits you." "Sire," said he, "for all this I have no desire. So may God never bestow your daughter upon me, but may she remain with you; for she is so fair and so elegant that the Emperor of Germany would be fortunate to win her as his wife." "No more, fair guest," the lord replied: "there is no need of my listening to your refusal, for you cannot escape. He who can defeat the two, who are about to attack you, must by right receive my castle, and all my land, and my daughter as his wife. There is no way of avoiding or renouncing the battle. But I feel sure that your refusal of my daughter is due to cowardice, for you think that in this manner you can completely avoid the battle. Know, however, without fail that you must surely fight. No knight who lodges here can possibly escape. This is a settled custom and statute, which will endure yet for many a year, for my daughter will never be married until I see them dead or defeated." "Then I must fight them in spite of myself. But I assure you that I should very gladly give it up. In spite of my reluctance, however, I shall accept the battle, since it is inevitable." Thereupon, the two hideous, black sons of the devil come in, both armed with a crooked club of a cornelian cherry- tree, which they had covered with copper and wound with brass. They were armed from the shoulders to the knees, but their head and face were bare, as well as their brawny legs. Thus armed, they advanced, bearing in their hands round shields, stout and light for fighting. The lion begins to quiver as soon as he sees them, for he sees the arms they have, and perceives that they come to fight his master. He is aroused, and bristles up at once, and, trembling with rage and bold impulse, he thrashes the earth with his tail, desiring to rescue his master before they kill him. And when they see him they say: "Vassal, remove the lion from here that he may not do us harm. Either surrender to us at once, or else, we adjure you, that lion must be put where he can take no part in aiding you or in harming us. You must come alone to enjoy our sport, for the lion would gladly help you, if he could." My lord Yvain then replies to them: "Take him away yourselves if you are afraid of him. For I shall be well pleased and

satisfied if he can contrive to injure you, and I shall be grateful for his aid." They answer: "Upon my word that will not do; you shall never receive any help from him. Do the best you can alone, without the help of any one. You must fight single-handed against us two. If you were not alone, it would be two against two; so you must follow our orders, and remove your lion from here at once, however much you may dislike to do so."

"Where do you wish him to be?" he asks, "or where do you wish me to put him?" Then they show him a small room, and say: "Shut him up in there." "It shall be done, since it is your will." Then he takes him and shuts him up. And now they bring him arms for his body, and lead out his horse, which they give to him, and he mounts. The two champions, being now assured about the lion, which is shut up in the room, come at him to injure him and do him harm. They give him such blows with the maces that his shield and helmet are of little use, for when they hit him on the helmet they batter it in and break it; and the shield is broken and dissolved like ice, for they make such holes in it that one could thrust his fists through it: their onslaught is truly terrible. And he -- what does he do against these two devils? Urged on by shame and fear, he defends himself with all his strength. He strains every nerve, and exerts himself to deal heavy, and telling blows; they lost nothing by his gifts, for he returned their attentions with double measure. In his room, the lion's heart is heavy and sad, for he remembers the kind deed done for him by this noble man, who now must stand in great need of his service and aid. If now he could escape from there, he would return him the kindness with full measure and full bushel, without any discount whatsoever. He looks about in all directions, but sees no way of escape. He hears the blows of the dangerous and desperate fight, and in his grief he rages and is beside himself. He investigates, until he comes to the threshold, which was beginning to grow rotten; and he scratches at it until he can squeeze himself in as far as his haunches, when he sticks fast. Meanwhile, my lord Yvain was hard pressed and sweating freely, for he found that the two fellows were very strong, fierce, and persistent. He had received many a blow, and repaid it as best he could, but without doing them any harm, for they were well skilled in fencing, and their shields were not of a kind to be hacked by any sword, however sharp and well tempered it might be. So my lord Yvain had good reason to fear his death, yet he managed to hold his own until the lion extricated himself by continued scratching beneath the threshold. If the rascals are not killed now, surely they will never be. For so long as the lion knows them to be alive, they can never obtain truce or peace with him. He seizes one of them, and pulls him down to earth like a tree-trunk. The wretches are terrified, and there is not a man present who does not rejoice. For he whom the lion has dragged down will never be able to rise again, unless the other succours him. He runs up to bring him aid, and at the same time to protect himself, lest the lion should attack him as soon as he had despatched the one whom he had thrown down; he was more afraid of the lion than of his master. But my lord Yvain will be foolish now if he allows him longer life, when he sees him turn his back, and sees his neck bare and exposed; this chance turned out well for him. When the rascal exposed to him his bare head and neck, he dealt him such a blow that he smote his head from his shoulders so quietly that the fellow never knew a word about it. Then he dismounts, wishing to help and save the other one from the lion, who holds him fast. But it is of no use, for already he is in such straits that a physician can never arrive in time; for the lion, coming at him furiously, so wounded him at the first attack, that he was in a dreadful state. Nevertheless, he drags

the lion back, and sees that he had torn his shoulder from its place. He is in no fear of the fellow now, for his club has fallen from his hand, and he lies like a dead man without action or movement; still he has enough strength to speak, and he said as clearly as he could: "Please take your lion away, fair sire, that he may not do me further harm. Henceforth you may do with me whatever may be your desire. Whoever begs and prays for mercy, ought not to have his prayer refused, unless he addresses a heartless man. I will no longer defend myself, nor will I ever get up from here with my own strength; so I put myself in your hands." "Speak out then," he says, "if thou dost admit that thou art conquered and defeated." "Sire," he says, "it is evident. I am defeated in spite of myself, and I surrender, I promise you." "Then thou needest have no further fear of me, and my lion will leave thee alone." Then he is surrounded by all the crowd, who arrive on the scene in haste. And both the lord and his lady rejoice over him, and embrace him, and speak to him of their daughter, saying: "Now you will be the lord and master of us all, and our daughter will be your wife, for we bestow her upon you as your spouse." "And for my part," he says. "I restore her to you. Let him who has her keep her. I have no concern with her, though I say it not in disparagement. Take it not amiss if I do not accept her, for I cannot and must not do so. But deliver to me now, if you will, the wretched maidens in your possession. The agreement, as you well know, is that they shall all go free." "What you say is true," he says: "and I resign and deliver them freely to you: there will be no dispute on that score. But you will be wise to take my daughter with all my wealth, for she is fair, and charming, and sensible. You will never find again such a rich marriage as this." "Sire," he replies, "you do not know of my engagements and my affairs, and I do not dare to explain them to you. But, you may be sure, when I refuse what would never be refused by any one who was free to devote his heart and intentions to such a fair and charming girl, that I too would willingly accept her hand if I could, or if I were free to accept her or any other maid. But I assure you that I cannot do it: so let me depart in peace. For the damsel, who escorted me hither, is awaiting me. She has kept me company, and I would not willingly desert her whatever the future may have in store." "You wish to go, fair sire? But how? My gate will never be opened for you unless my judgment bids me give the command; rather shall you remain here as my prisoner. You are acting haughtily and making a mistake when you disdain to take my daughter at my request." "Disdain, my lord? Upon my soul, I do not disdain her. Whatever the penalty may be, I cannot marry a wife or tarry here. I shall follow the damsel who is my guide: for otherwise it cannot be. But, with your consent, I will pledge you my right hand, and you may take my word, that, just as you see me now, I will return if possible, and then will accept your daughter's hand, whenever it may seem good to you." "Confound any one," he says, "who asks you for your word or promise or pledge. If my daughter pleases you, you will return quickly enough. You will not return any sooner. I think, for having given your word or sworn an oath. Begone now. I release you from all oaths and promises. If you are detained by rain or wind, or by nothing at all, it is of no consequence to me. I do not hold my daughter so cheap as to bestow her upon you forcibly. Now go about your business. For it is quite the same to me whether you go or whether you stay."

(Vv. 5771-5871.) Thereupon my lord Yvain turns away and delays no longer in the castle. He escorted the poor and ill-clad wretches, who were now released from



captivity, and whom the lord committed to his care. These maidens feel that now they are rich, as they file out in pairs before him from the castle. I do not believe that they would rejoice so much as they do now were He who created the whole world to descend to earth from Heaven. Now all those people who had insulted him in every possible way come to beseech him for mercy and peace, and escort him on his way. He replies that he knows nothing of what they mean. "I do not understand what you mean," he says; "but I have nothing against you. I do not remember that you ever said anything that harmed me." They are very glad for what they hear, and loudly praise his courtesy, and after escorting him a long distance, they all commend him to God. Then the damsels, after asking his permission, separated from him. When they left him, they all bowed to him, and prayed and expressed the wish that God might grant him joy and health, and the accomplishment of his desire, wherever in the future he should go. Then he, who is anxious to be gone, says that he hopes God will save them all. "Go," he says, "and may God conduct you into your countries safe and happy." Then they continue their way joyfully; and my lord Yvain departs in the other direction. All the days of that week he never ceases to hurry on under the escort of the maid, who was well acquainted with the road, and with the retired place where she had left the unhappy and disconsolate damsel who had been deprived of her inheritance. But when she heard news of the arrival of the maiden and of the Knight with the Lion. There never was such joy as she felt within her heart. For now she thinks that, if she insists, her sister will cede her a part of her inheritance. The damsel had long lain sick, and had just recovered from her malady. It had seriously affected her, as was apparent from her face. Straightway she went forth to meet them, greeting them and honouring them in every way she could. There is no need to speak of the happiness that prevailed that night in the house. No mention will be made of it, for the story would be too long to tell. I pass over all that, until they mounted next morning and went away. They rode until they saw the town where King Arthur had been staying for a fortnight or more. And there, too, was the damsel who had deprived her sister of her heritage, for she had kept close to the court, waiting for the arrival of her sister, who now draws near. But she does not worry much, for she does not think that her sister can find any knight who can withstand my lord Gawain's attack, and only one day of the forty yet remains. If this single day had passed, she would have had the reasonable and legal right to claim the heritage for herself alone. But more stands in the way than she thinks or believes. That night they spent outside the town in a small and humble house, where, in accordance with their desire, they were not recognised. At the first sign of dawn the next morning they necessarily issue forth, but ensconce themselves in hiding until broad daylight.

(Vv. 5872-5924.) I know not how many days had passed since my lord Gawain had so completely disappeared that no one at court knew anything about him, except only the damsel in whose cause he was to fight. He had concealed himself three or four leagues from the court, and when he returned he was so equipped that even those who knew him perfectly could not recognise him by the arms he bore. The damsel, whose injustice toward her sister was evident, presented him at court in the sight of all, for she intended with his help to triumph in the dispute where she had no rights. So she said to the King: "My lord, time passes. The noon hour will soon be gone, and this is the last day. As you see, I am prepared to defend my claim. If my sister were going to return, there would be

nothing to do but await her arrival. But I may praise God that she is not coming back again. It is evident that she cannot better her affairs, and that her trouble has been for naught. For my part, I have been ready all the time up to this last day, to prove my claim to what is mine. I have proved my point entirely without a fight, and now I may rightfully go to accept my heritage in peace; for I shall render no accounting for it to my sister as long as I live, and she will lead a wretched and miserable existence." Then the King, who well knew that the damsel was disloyally unjust toward her sister, said to her: "My dear, upon my word, in a royal court one must wait as long as the king's justice sits and deliberates upon the verdict. It is not yet time to pack up, for it is my belief that your sister will yet arrive in time." Before the King had finished, he saw the Knight with the Lion and the damsel with him. They two were advancing alone, having slipped away from the lion, who had stayed where they spent the night.

(Vv. 5925-5990.) The King saw the damsel whom he did not fail to recognise, and he was greatly pleased and delighted to see her, for he was on her side of the quarrel, because he had regard for what was right. Joyfully he cried out to her as soon as he could: "Come forward, fair one: may God save you!" When the other sister hears these words, she turns trembling, and sees her with the knight whom she had brought to defend in her claim: then she turned blacker than the earth. The damsel, after being kindly welcomed by all, went to where the King was sitting. When she had come before him, she spoke to him thus: "God save the King and his household. If my rights in this dispute can be settled by a champion, then it will be done by this knight who has followed me hither. This frank and courteous knight had many other things to do elsewhere; but he felt such pity for me that he cast aside all his other affairs for the sake of mine. Now, madame, my very dear sister, whom I love as much as my own heart, would do the right and courteous thing if she would let me have so much of what is mine by right that there might be peace between me and her; for I ask for nothing that is hers." "Nor do I ask for anything that is thine," the other replied; "for thou hast nothing, and nothing shalt thou have. Thou canst never talk so much as to gain anything by thy words. Thou mayest dry up with grief." Then the other, who was very polite and sensible and courteous, replied with the words: "Certainly I am sorry that two such gentlemen as these should fight on our behalf over so small a disagreement. But I cannot disregard my claim, for I am in too great need of it. So I should be much obliged to you if you would give me what is rightly mine." "Surely," the other said, "any one would be a fool to consider thy demands. May I burn in evil fire and flame if I give thee anything to ease thy life! The banks of the Seine will meet, and the hour of prime will be called noon, before I refuse to carry out the fight." "May God and the right, which I have in this cause, and in which I trust and have trusted till the present time, aid him, who in charity and courtesy has offered himself in my service, though he knows not who I am, and though we are ignorant of each other's identity."

(Vv. 5991-6148.) So they talked until their conversation ceased, and then produced the knights in the middle of the court. Then all the people crowd about, as people are wont to do when they wish to witness blows in battle or in joust. But those who were about to fight did not recognise each other, though their relations were wont to be very affectionate. Then do they not love each other now? I would answer you both "yes" and

"no." And I shall prove that each answer is correct. In truth, my lord Gawain loves Yvain and regards him as his companion, and so does Yvain regard him, wherever he may be. Even here, if he knew who he was, he would make much of him, and either one of them would lay down his head for the other before he would allow any harm to come to him. Is not that a perfect and lofty love? Yes, surely. But, on the other hand, is not their hate equally manifest? Yes; for it is a certain thing that doubtless each would be glad to have broken the other's head, and so to have injured him as to cause his humiliation. Upon my word, it is a wondrous thing, that Love and mortal Hate should dwell together. God! How can two things so opposed find lodging in the same dwelling-place? It seems to me they cannot live together; for one could not dwell with the other, without giving rise to noise and contention, as soon as each knew of the other's presence. But upon the ground- floor there may be several apartments: for there are halls and sleeping-rooms. It may be the same in this case: I think Love had ensconced himself in some hidden room, while Hate had betaken herself to the balconies looking on the high-road, because she wishes to be seen. Just now Hate is in the saddle, and spurs and pricks forward as she can, to get ahead of Love who is indisposed to move. Ah! Love, what has become of thee? Come out now, and thou shalt see what a host has been brought up and opposed to thee by the enemies of thy friends. The enemies are these very men who love each other with such a holy love for love, which is neither false nor feigned, is a precious and a holy thing. In this case Love is completely blind, and Hate, too, is deprived of sight. For if Love had recognised these two men, he must have forbidden each to attack the other, or to do any thing to cause him harm. In this respect, then, Love is blind and discomfited and beguiled; for, though he sees them, he fails to recognise those who rightly belong to him. And though Hate is unable to tell why one of them should hate the other, yet she tries to engage them wrongfully, so that each hates the other mortally. You know, of course, that he cannot be said to love a man who would wish to harm him and see him dead. How then? Does Yvain wish to kill his friend, my lord Gawain? Yes, and the desire is mutual. Would, then, my lord Gawain desire to kill Yvain with his own hands, or do even worse than I have said? Nay, not really, I swear and protest. One would not wish to injure or harm the other, in return for all that God has done for man, or for all the empire of Rome. But this, in turn, is a lie of mine, for it is plainly to be seen that, with lance raised high in rest, each is ready to attack the other, and there will be no restraint of the desire of each to wound the other with intent to injure him and work him woe. Now tell me! When one will have defeated the other, of whom can he complain who has the worst of it? For if they go so far as to come to blows, I am very much afraid that they will continue the battle and the strife until victory be definitely decided. If he is defeated, will Yvain be justified in saying that he has been harmed and wronged by a man who counts him among his friends, and who has never mentioned him but by the name of friend or companion? Or, if it comes about perchance that Yvain should hurt him in turn, or defeat him in any way, will Gawain have the right to complain? Nay, for he will not know whose fault it is. In ignorance of each other's identity, they both drew off and took their distance. At this first shock, their lances break, though they were stout, and made of ash. Not a word do they exchange, for if they had stopped to converse their meeting would have been different. In that case, no blow would have been dealt with lance or sword; they would have kissed and embraced each other rather than sought each other's harm. For now they attack each other with

injurious intent. The condition of the swords is not improved, nor that of the helmets and shields, which are dented and split; and the edges of the swords are nicked and dulled. For they strike each other violently, not with the fiat of the swords, but with the edge, and they deal such blows with the pommels upon the nose- guards and upon the neck, forehead and cheeks, that they are all marked black and blue where the blood collects beneath the skin. And their hauberks are so torn, and their shields so broken in pieces, that neither one escaped without wounds. Their breath is almost exhausted with the labour of the strife; they hammer away at each other so lustily that every hyacinth and emerald set in their helmets is crushed and smashed. For they give each other such a battering with their pommels upon the helmets that they are quite stunned, as they almost beat out each other's brains. The eyes in their heads gleam like sparks, as, with stout square fists, and strong nerves, and hard bones, they strike each other upon the mouth as long as they can grip their swords, which are of great service to them in dealing their heavy blows.

(Vv. 6149-6228.) When they had for a long time strained themselves, until the helmets were crushed, and the hauberks' meshes were torn apart with the hammering of the swords, and the shields were split and cracked, they drew apart a little to give their pulse a rest and to catch their breath again. However, they do not long delay, but run at each other again more fiercely than before. And all declare that they never saw two more courageous knights. "This fight between them is no jest, but they are in grim earnest. They will never be repaid for their merits and deserts." The two friends, in their bitter struggle, heard these words, and heard how the people were talking of reconciling the two sisters; but they had no success in placating the elder one. And the younger one said she would leave it to the King, and would not gainsay him in anything. But the elder one was so obstinate that even the Queen Guinevere and the knights and the King and the ladies and the townspeople side with the younger sister, and all join in beseeching the King to give her a third or a fourth part of the land in spite of the elder sister, and to separate the two knights who had displayed such bravery, for it would be too bad if one should injure the other or deprive him of any honour. And the King replied that he would take no hand in making peace, for the elder sister is so cruel that she has no desire for it. All these words were heard by the two, who were attacking each other so bitterly that all were astonished thereat; for the battle is waged so evenly that it is impossible to judge which has the better and which the worse. Even the two men themselves, who fight, and who are purchasing honour with agony, are filled with amazement and stand aghast, for they are so well matched in their attack, that each wonders who it can be that withstands him with such bravery. They fight so long that the day draws on to night, while their arms grow weary and their bodies sore, and the hot, boiling blood flows from many a spot and trickles down beneath their hauberks: they are in such distress that it is no wonder if they wish to rest. Then both withdraw to rest themselves, each thinking within himself that, however long he has had to wait, he now at last has met his match. For some time they thus seek repose, without daring to resume the fight. They feel no further desire to fight, because of the night which is growing dark, and because of the respect they feel for each other's might. These two considerations keep them apart, and urge them to keep the peace. But before they leave the field they will discover each other's identity, and joy and mercy will be

established between them.

(Vv. 6229-6526.) My brave and courteous lord Yvain was the first to speak. But his good friend was unable to recognise him by his utterance; for he was prevented by his low tone and by his voice which was hoarse, weak, and broken; for his blood was all stirred up by the blows he had received. "My lord," he says, "the night comes on! I think no blame or reproach will attach to us if the night comes between us. But I am willing to admit, for my own part, that I feel great respect and admiration for you, and never in my life have I engaged in a battle which has made me smart so much, nor did I ever expect to see a knight whose acquaintance I should so yearn to make. You know well how to land your blows and how to make good use of them: I have never known a knight who was so skilled in dealing blows. It was against my will that I received all the blows you have bestowed on me to-day; I am stunned by the blows you have I struck upon my head." "Upon my word," my lord Gawain replies, "you are not so stunned and faint but that I am as much so, or more. And if I should tell you the simple truth, I think you would not be loath to hear it, for if I have lent you anything of mine, you have fully paid me back, principal and interest; for you were more ready to pay back than I was to accept the payment. But however that may be, since you wish me to inform you of my name, it shall not be kept from you: my name is Gawain the son of King Lot." As soon as my lord Yvain heard that, he was amazed and sorely troubled; angry and grief-stricken, he cast upon the ground his bloody sword and broken shield, then dismounted from his horse, and cried: "Alas, what mischance is this! Through what unhappy ignorance in not recognising each other have we waged this battle! For if I had known who you were, I should never have fought with you; but, upon my word, I should have surrendered without a blow." "How is that?" my lord Gawain inquires, "who are you, then?" "I am Yvain, who love you more than any man in the whole wide world, for you have always been fond of me and shown me honour in every court. But I wish to make you such amends and do you such honour in this affair that I will confess myself to have been defeated." "Will you do so much for my sake?" my gentle lord Gawain asks him; "surely I should be presumptuous to accept any such amends from you. This honour shall never be claimed as mine, but it shall be yours, to whom I resign it." "Ah, fair sire, do not speak so. For that could never be. I am so wounded and exhausted that I cannot endure more." "Surely, you have no cause to be concerned." his friend and companion replies; "but for my part, I am defeated and overcome; I say it not as a compliment; for there is no stranger in the world, to whom I would not say as much, rather than receive any more blows." Thus saying, he got down from his horse, and they threw their arms about each other's neck, kissing each other, and each continuing to assert that it is he who has met defeat. The argument is still in progress when the King and the knights come running up from every side, at the sight of their reconciliation; and great is their desire to hear how this can be, and who these men are who manifest such happiness. The King says: "Gentlemen, tell us now who it is that has so suddenly brought about this friendship and harmony between you two, after the hatred and strife there has been this day?" Then his nephew, my lord Gawain, thus answers him: "My lord, you shall be informed of the misfortune and mischance which have been the cause of our strife. Since you have tarried in order to hear and learn the cause of it, it is right to let you know the truth. I, Gawain, who am your nephew, did not recognise this companion of

mine, my lord Yvain, until he fortunately, by the will of God, asked me my name. After each had informed the other of his name, we recognised each other, but not until we had fought it out. Our struggle already has been long; and if we had fought yet a little longer, it would have fared ill with me, for, by my head, he would have killed me, what with his prowess and the evil cause of her who chose me as her champion. But I would rather be defeated than killed by a friend in battle." Then my lord Yvain's blood was stirred, as he said to him in reply: "Fair dear sire, so help me God, you have no right to say so much. Let my lord, The King, well know in this battle I am surely the one who has been defeated and overcome!" "I am the one" "No, I am." Thus each cries out, and both are so honest and courteous that each allows the victory and crown to be the other's prize, while neither one of them will accept it. Thus each strives to convince the King and all the people that he has been defeated and overthrown. But when he had listened to them for a while, the King terminated the dispute. He was well pleased with what he heard and with the sight of them in each other's arms, though they had wounded and injured each other in several places. "My lords," he says, "there is deep affection between you two. You give clear evidence of that, when each insists that it is he who has been defeated. Now leave it all to me! For I think I can arrange it in such a way that it will redound to your honour, and every one will give consent." Then they both promised him that they would do his will in every particular. And the King says that he will decide the quarrel fairly and faithfully. "Where is the damsel," he inquires, "who has ejected her sister from her land, and has forcibly and cruelly disinherited her?" "My lord," she answers, "here I am." "Are you there? Then draw near to me! I saw plainly some time ago that you were disinheriting her. But her right shall no longer be denied; for you yourself have avowed the truth to me. You must now resign her share to her." "Sire," she says, "if I uttered a foolish and thoughtless word, you ought not to take me up in it. For God's sake, sire, do not be hard on me! You are a king, and you ought to guard against wrong and error." The King replies: "That is precisely why I wish to give your sister her rights; for I have never defended what is wrong. And you have surely heard how your knight and hers have left the matter in my hands. I shall not say what is altogether pleasing to you; for your injustice is well known. In his desire to honour the other, each one says that he has been defeated. But there is no need to delay further: since the matter has been left to me, either you will do in all respects what I say, without resistance, or I shall announce that my nephew has been defeated in the fight. That would be the worst thing that could happen to your cause, and I shall be sorry to make such a declaration." In reality, he would not have said it for anything; but he spoke thus in order to see if he could frighten her into restoring the heritage to her sister; for he clearly saw that she never would surrender anything to her for any words of his unless she was influenced by force or fear. In fear and apprehension, she replied to him: "Fair lord, I must now respect your desire, though my heart is very loath to yield. Yet, however hard it may go with me, I shall do it, and my sister shall have what belongs to her. I give her your own person as a pledge of her share in my inheritance, in order that she may be more assured of it." "Endow her with it, then, at once," the King replies; "let her receive it from your hands, and let her vow fidelity to you! Do you love her as your vassal, and let her love you as her sovereign lady and as her sister." Thus the King conducts the affair until the damsel takes possession of her land, and offers her thanks to him for it. Then the King asked the valiant and brave knight who was his nephew to

allow himself to be disarmed; and he requested my lord Yvain to lay aside his arms also; for now they may well dispense with them. Then the two vassals lay aside their arms and separate on equal terms. And while they are taking off their armour, they see the lion running up in search of his master. As soon as he catches sight of him, he begins to show his joy. Then you would have seen people draw aside, and the boldest among them takes to flight. My lord Yvain cries out: "Stand still, all! Why do you flee? No one is chasing you. Have no fear that yonder lion will do you harm. Believe me, please, when I say that he is mine, and I am his, and we are both companions." Then it was known of a truth by all those who had heard tell of the adventures of the lion and of his companion that this must be the very man who had killed the wicked giant. And my lord Gawain said to him: "Sir companion, so help me God, you have overwhelmed me with shame this day. I did not deserve the service that you did me in killing the giant to save my nephews and my niece. I have been thinking about you for some time, and I was troubled because it was said that we were acquainted as loving friends. I have surely thought much upon the subject: but I could not hit upon the truth, and had never heard of any knight that I had known in any land where I had been, who was called 'The Knight with the Lion.'" While they chatted thus they took their armour off, and the lion came with no slow step to the place where his master sat, and showed such joy as a dumb beast could. Then the two knights had to be removed to a sick-room and infirmary, for they needed a doctor and piaster to cure their wounds. King Arthur, who loved them well, had them both brought before him, and summoned a surgeon whose knowledge of surgery was supreme. He exercised his art in curing them, until he had healed their wounds as well and as quickly as possible. When he had cured them both, my lord Yvain, who had his heart set fast on love, saw clearly that he could not live, but that he finally would die unless his lady took pity upon him; for he was dying for love of her; so he thought he would go away from the court alone, and would go to fight at the spring that belonged to her, where he would cause such a storm of wind and rain that she would be compelled perforce to make peace with him; otherwise, there would be no end to the disturbance of the spring, and to the rain and wind.

(Vv. 6527-6658.) As soon as my lord Yvain felt that he was cured and sound again, he departed without the knowledge of any one. But he had with him his lion, who never in his life wished to desert him. They travelled until they saw the spring and made the rain descend. Think not that this is a lie of mine, when I tell you that the disturbance was so violent that no one could tell the tenth part of it: for it seemed as if the whole forest must surely be engulfed. The lady fears for her town, lest it, too, will crumble away; the walls totter, and the tower rocks so that it is on the verge of falling down. The bravest Turk would rather be a captive in Persia than be shut up within those walls. The people are so stricken with terror that they curse all their ancestors, saying: "Confounded be the man who first constructed a house in this neighbourhood, and all those who built this town! For in the wide world they could not have found so detestable a spot, for a single man is able here to invade and worry and harry us." "You must take counsel in this matter, my lady," says Lunete; "you will find no one who will undertake to aid you in this time of need unless you seek for him afar. In the future we shall never be secure in this town, nor dare to pass beyond the walls and gate. You know full well that, were some one to summon together all your knights for this cause, the best of them would not dare

to step forward. If it is true that you have no one to defend your spring, you will appear ridiculous and humiliated. It will redound greatly to your honour, forsooth, if he who has attacked you shall retire without a fight! Surely you are in a bad predicament if you do not devise some other plan to benefit yourself." The lady replies: "Do thou, who art so wise, tell me what plan I can devise, and I will follow thy advice." "Indeed, lady, if I had any plan, I should gladly propose it to you. But you have great need of a wiser counsellor. So I shall certainly not dare to intrude, and in common with the others I shall endure the rain and wind until, if it please God, I shall see some worthy man appear here in your court who will assume the responsibility and burden of the battle; but I do not believe that that will happen to-day, and we have not yet seen the worst of your urgent need." Then the lady replies at once: "Damsel, speak now of something else! Say no more of the people of my household; for I cherish no further expectation that the spring and its marble brim will ever be defended by any of them. But, if it please God, let us hear now what is your opinion and plan; for people always say that in time of need one can test his friend." (30) "My lady, if there is any one who thinks he could find him who slew the giant and defeated the three knights, he would do well to go to search for him. But so long as he shall incur the enmity, wrath, and displeasure of his lady, I fancy there is not under heaven any man or woman whom he would follow, until he had been assured upon oath that everything possible would be done to appease the hostility which his lady feels for him, and which is so bitter that he is dying of the grief and anxiety it causes him." And the lady said: "Before you enter upon the quest, I am prepared to promise you upon my word and to swear that, if he will return to me, I will openly and frankly do all I can to bring about his peace of mind." Then Lunete replies to her: "Lady, have no fear that you cannot easily effect his reconciliation, when once it is your desire to do so; but, if you do not object, I will take your oath before I start." "I have no objection," the lady says. With delicate courtesy, Lunete procured at once for her a very precious relic, and the lady fell upon her knees. Thus Lunete very courteously accepted her upon her oath. In administering the oath, she forgot nothing which it might be an advantage to insert. "Lady," she says, "now raise your hand! I do not wish that the day after to-morrow you should lay any charge upon me; for you are not doing anything for me, but you are acting for your own good. If you please now, you shall swear that you will exert yourself in the interests of the Knight with the Lion until he recover his lady's love as completely as he ever possessed it." The lady then raised her right hand and said: "I swear to all that thou hast said, so help me God and His holy saint, that my heart may never fail to do all within my power. If I have the strength and ability, I will restore to him the love and favour which with his lady he once enjoyed."

(Vv. 6659-6716.) Lunete has now done well her work; there was nothing which she had desired so much as the object which she had now attained. They had already got out for her a palfrey with an easy pace. Gladly and in a happy frame of mind Lunete mounts and rides away, until she finds beneath the pine-tree him whom she did not expect to find so near at hand. Indeed, she had thought that she would have to seek afar before discovering him. As soon as she saw him, she recognised him by the lion, and coming toward him rapidly, she dismounted upon the solid earth. And my lord Yvain recognised her as soon as he saw her, and greeted her, as she saluted him with the words: "Sire, I am very happy to have found you so near at hand." And my lord Yvain said in reply:



"How is that? Were you looking for me, then?" "Yes, sire, and in all my life I have never felt so glad, for I have made my mistress promise, if she does not go back upon her word, that she will be again your lady as was once the case, and that you shall be her lord; this truth I make bold to tell." My lord Yvain was greatly elated at the news he hears, and which he had never expected to hear again. He could not sufficiently show his gratitude to her who had accomplished this for him. He kisses her eyes, and then her face, saying: "Surely, my sweet friend, I can never repay you for this service. I fear that ability and time will fail me to do you the honour and service which is your due." "Sire, she replies, "have no concern, and let not that thought worry you! For you will have an abundance of strength and time to show me and others your good will. If I have paid this debt I owed, I am entitled to only so much gratitude as the man who borrows another's goods and then discharges the obligation. Even now I do not consider that I have paid you the debt I owed." "Indeed you have, as God sees me, more than five hundred thousand times. Now, when you are ready, let us go. But have you told her who I am?" "No, I have not, upon my word. She knows you only by the name of 'The Knight with the Lion.'"

(Vv. 6717-6758.) Thus conversing they went along, with the lion following after them, until they all three came to the town. They said not a word to any man or woman there, until they arrived where the lady was. And the lady was greatly pleased as soon as she heard that the damsel was approaching, and that she was bringing with her the lion and the knight, whom she was very anxious to meet and know and see. All clad in his arms, my lord Yvain fell at her feet upon his knees, while Lunete, who was standing by, said to her: "Raise him up, lady, and apply all your efforts and strength and skill in procuring that peace and pardon which no one in the world, except you, can secure for him." Then the lady bade him rise, and said: "He may dispose of all my power! I shall be very happy, if possible, to accomplish his wish and his desire." "Surely, my lady," Lunete replied, "I would not say it if it were not true. But all this is even more possible for you than I have said: but now I will tell you the whole truth, and you shall see: you never had and you never will have such a good friend as this gentleman. God, whose will it is that there should be unending peace and love between you and him, has caused me to find him this day so near at hand. In order to test the truth of this, I have only one thing to say: lady, dismiss the grudge you bear him! For he has no other mistress than you. This is your husband, my lord Yvain."

(Vv. 6759-6776.) The lady, trembling at these words, replied: "God save me! You have caught me neatly in a trap! You will make me love, in spite of myself, a man who neither loves nor esteems me. This is a fine piece of work, and a charming way of serving me! I would rather endure the winds and the tempests all my life: And if it were not a mean and ugly thing to break one's word, he would never make his peace or be reconciled with me. This purpose would have always lurked within me, as a fire smoulders in the ashes; but I do not wish to renew it now, nor do I care to refer to it, since I must be reconciled with him."

(Vv. 6777-6798.) My lord Yvain hears and understands that his cause is going well, and that he will be peacefully reconciled with her. So he says: "Lady, one ought to have

mercy on a sinner. I have had to pay, and dearly to pay, for my mad act. It was madness that made me stay away, and I now admit my guilt and sin. I have been bold, indeed, in daring to present myself to you; but if you will deign to keep me now, I never again shall do you any wrong." She replied: "I will surely consent to that; for if I did not do all I could to establish peace between you and me, I should be guilty of perjury. So, if you please, I grant your request." "Lady," says he, "so truly as God in this mortal life could not otherwise restore me to happiness, so may the Holy Spirit bless me five hundred times!"

(Vv. 6799-6813.) Now my lord Yvain is reconciled, and you may believe that, in spite of the trouble he has endured, he was never so happy for anything. All has turned out well at last; for he is beloved and treasured by his lady, and she by him. His troubles no longer are in his mind; for he forgets them all in the joy he feels with his precious wife. And Lunete, for her part, is happy too: all her desires are satisfied when once she had made an enduring peace between my polite lord Yvain and his sweetheart so dear and so elegant.

(Vv. 6814-6818.) Thus Chretien concludes his romance of the Knight with the Lion; for I never heard any more told of it, nor will you ever hear any further particulars, unless some one wishes to add some lies.

[End of "Yvain"]

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#### ENDNOTES:

NOTE: Endnotes supplied by Prof. Foerster are indicated by "(F.)"; all other endnotes are supplied by W.W. Comfort.

(24) A similar description of a distressed damsel wandering at night in a forest is found in "Berte aus grans pies", by Adenet le Roi (13th century).

(25) The lion is forgotten for the moment, but will appear again v. 5446. (F.)

(26) This entire passage belongs in the category of widespread myths which tell of a tribute of youths or maidens paid to some cruel monster, from which some hero finally obtains deliverance. Instances are presented in the adventures of Theseus and Tristan.

(27) The old French monetary table was as follows:  
10 as = 1 denier; 12 deniers = 1 sol; 20 sous = 1 livre

(28) It appears to be the poet's prerogative in all epochs of social history to bemoan the degeneracy of true love in his own generation.

(29) The sleeves of shirts were detachable, and were sewed on afresh when a clean garment was put on. (F.)

(30) This was an axiom of feudal society, and occurs more frequently in feudal literature than any other statement of mediaeval social relations.

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KING ARTHUR'S COURT

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ARTHUR

BALIN AND BALAN

BEDIVERE

BORS

DINADAN

ELAINE OF ASTOLAT / THE LADY OF SHALOTT

ELAINE OF CORBENIK

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## KING ARTHUR

King Arthur is the figure at the heart of the Arthurian legends. He is said to be the son of Uther Pendragon and Ygraine of Cornwall. Arthur is a near mythic figure in Celtic stories such as Culhwch and Olwen. In early Latin chronicles he is presented as a military leader, the *dux bellorum*. In later romance he is presented as a king and emperor. One of the questions that has occupied those interested in King Arthur is whether or not he is a historical figure. The debate has raged since the Renaissance when Arthur's historicity was vigorously defended, partly because the Tudor monarchs traced their lineage to Arthur and used that connection as a justification for their reign. Modern scholarship has generally assumed that there was some actual person at the heart of the legends, though not of course a king with a band of knights in shining armor--though O.J. Padel in "The Nature of Arthur" argues that "historical attributes of just the kind that we find attached to Arthur can be associated with a figure who was not historical to start with." If there is a historical basis to the character, it is clear that he would have gained fame as a warrior battling the Germanic invaders of the late fifth and early sixth centuries. Since there is no conclusive evidence for or against Arthur's historicity, the debate will continue. But what can not be denied is the influence of the figure of Arthur on literature, art, music, and society from the Middle Ages to the present. Though there have been numerous historical novels that try to put Arthur into a sixth-century setting, it is the legendary figure of the late Middle Ages who has most captured the imagination. It is such a figure, the designer of an order of the best knights in the world, that figures in the major versions of the legend from Malory to Tennyson to T. H. White. Central to the myth is the downfall of Arthur's kingdom. It is undermined in the chronicle tradition by the treachery of Mordred. In the romance tradition that treachery is made possible because of the love of Lancelot and Guinevere.

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